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THE KING OVER THE WATER

BY

A. SHIELD

AND

ANDREW LANG

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain
(But these do hold or break
As men are strong or weak).
. . . . .
He nothing common did or mean
. . . . .
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right.

ANDREW MARVELL.

WITH PORTRAITS
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PREFACE

THE subject of this Biography was unfortunate in his life, and perhaps even more unfortunate in the treatment which he has received at the hands of historians. The "weak," the "bigoted," "the obstinate old Pretender," are examples of the flowers which historians scatter on his grave. He is accused of the fatal preference for "favourites," which helped to ruin so many of the Stuart kings; and, in his quarrel with his wife, History has, as is natural, sided with the lady, and accepted the worst of the contemporary rumours against the character of her lord.

Histories succeed each other, and are superseded by fresh rivals, but when a genius like that of Thackeray presents an elaborate portrait of an historical personage in a work which, like *Esmond*, can never wax old, never cease to charm; then, if the portrait be unfavourable, the result is fatal. The King James drawn by Thackeray in *Esmond* is brilliant, is convincing, and leaves the subject with scarcely a shred of character. The courage displayed by James at Malplaquet is confessed, the frank loyalty of his proclamation of fidelity to his creed is applauded; but, for the rest, we are shown a wild, witty, heartless, and ingrate young profligate, seldom sober, and, when sober, running after every pretty face; destroying the plans, and striving to ruin the honour of his most devoted adherents. Colonel Henry Esmond finds the uncrowned king swearing like the meanest of his subjects, at tennis, or "in liquor," at cards with his mistress, Miss Oglethorpe. "He cared more for three honours than three kingdoms; and a half-dozen glasses of ratafia made him forget all his

woes and his losses, his father's crown and his grandfather's head."

What Thackeray's sources for these censures were, we have been unable to discover. We never hear of James's profanity; never even of his tennis-playing. Not one of the fair adventurous Oglethorpe ladies is reported to have been his mistress, though all, according to one lie of the Whigs, were his sisters! The friend of Fénélon (whose account of James we publish) was not apt to run after chambermaids, as Thackeray reports. We never hear that he cared for cards, while, except for a dubious hint in a confused letter concerning his behaviour in camp, when young, he is not charged with intemperance. Unlike his ancestors he is credited with no bastards; indeed his enemies deride him for his chastity during his stay in Scotland. Introduced to two Highland beauties, "to comfort him after the comfort of a man," he dismissed them with a question as to the probable strategy of the Duke of Argyll; so says a pamphleteer—Swift, or, more probably, one of the imitators of Swift.

After reading *Esmond*, Lockhart (the son-in-law of Scott) confided to his Diary that he was amazed by the author's ignorance. On the other hand a critic in one of the two great Quarterlies has praised Thackeray for his intimate knowledge of the Pretender's early life; while betraying his own belief that the prince who fought at Malplaquet was Prince Charles! Thackeray speaks of James's "reckless gaiety and lively youthful spirit," whereas James's melancholy did him much more harm among his adherents than any reckless gaiety would have procured. That his brother, the Duke of Berwick, was not "indeed the sword and buckler of the Stuart cause," as Thackeray declares, becomes only too plain when we examine the facts of the case: the sword was never drawn, the buckler was never raised. Colonel Esmond admired "the manly and magnanimous reply" which James made to his English friends who wished him to give a Mass for three kingdoms. That reply is extant, is magnanimous and manly, and, in his king, Colonel

Esmond would have found *le grand sérieux*, as, in the romance, the prince nicknamed the Colonel.

The famous scenes in which James runs after the sweetheart of the servant, Lockwood, and after Beatrix, the sister of his host, Frank Castlewood, the lady-love of his devoted Colonel Esmond ; the noble picture in which he crosses swords with Castlewood ; all his levity in the kind house that shelters him ; are merely an unconscious reproduction by Thackeray, of Scott's chapters on Charles II., a fugitive sheltered at Woodstock after Worcester fight. Charles, as Louis Kerneguy, is James ; Alice Lee is Beatrix Esmond ; Phœbe is Lockwood's lass ; Joceline is Lockwood ; Albert Lee is Frank Castlewood ; Colonel Everard is Colonel Esmond ; and Charles accepts, while unknown to Everard in his true character, the challenge of that lover of Alice Lee. Charles could do such things, and, a Catholic at heart, would alternately sign the Covenant and accept the Anglican prayer-book ; but James could no more run after the girls, reckless of safety, Cause, and honour, than he could forswear his faith.

If, for one reason or another, Thackeray chose to delight all his readers with a splendid misreading of the character of James ; as concerns Bolingbroke he reached the conclusions at which we also arrive. "He betrayed the one Prince and the other ; but exactly at the wrong time : when he should have struck for King James, he faltered and coquetted with the Whigs : and having committed himself by the most monstrous professions of devotion, which the Elector rightly scorned, he proved the justice of their contempt for him by flying and taking renegade service with St. Germain's, just when he should have kept aloof : and that Court despised him, as the manly and resolute men who established the Elector in England had before done."

The James whom we discover, as we think, in history, is all unlike the weak, wavering, heartless, deceitful bigot of a tradition fashioned out of the pamphlets of his enemies, and ignorance of authentic documents, and errors made in memoirs,

the least trustworthy of testimony. As soon as Mr. Glover published the one volume drawn from the copious Stuart Papers in the Royal Library at Windsor (those containing Atterbury's correspondence), he could not but perceive and declare that James had been unjustly judged in the matter of his domestic misfortunes. His character as a loving father and an honourable man displayed itself in his letters of the period of 1744–1760, these touching and mournful appeals to his wayward son, first published by Mr. Browne in his *History of the Highlands* (1838). The study of these documents and of others in the Royal Library, undertaken while I was at work on the biography of Prince Charles, led me first to conceive that, among his other misfortunes, James had been hardly dealt with by general historians; while he had no modern biographer. Acting on my expression of this opinion, Miss Alice Shield has for several years devoted much time and toil to research in many quarters: manuscript and printed. Her sources are given in her Bibliography; they do not include the whole mass of later Stuart Papers at Windsor, as far as they are still unpublished, for they are now in the very competent hands of Mr. Blackburne Daniel, who has produced three volumes for the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Among the later documents, however, much has been given to the world by Lord Mahon and Mr. Browne, something by myself. Many years must pass before all the documents are printed, but it is hoped that the accessible materials of all kinds are sufficient for biographical purposes. Indeed the purpose has been rather to condense information, when possible, and, as far as may be, to avoid incursions into general history, confining the work to biography. It has not been thought desirable to be diffuse on the years of James's senility; though up to 1759 his letters are entirely in his wonted style, courteous and considerate; one is full of regret for the death of an old friend, O'Brien. "At our age it is a wonder when we live, and none when we die; so that we are yet more obliged than younger people to be always prepared for that great and last hour; but still, as long as we are in this

world, it is our duty to acquit ourselves of the obligations of the station in which Providence has placed us." (To Mr. John Graeme. Rome, November 4, 1759.)

But for this sense of duty, in which he had been educated, it is possible that James would long ago have ceased to trouble his country, for by nature and reflection he was almost a Quietist, and had much less of ambition than of attachment to duty, as he understood it. His was a religious nature ; his heart was set on a crown not of this world ; his birth and traditions were the worst of his misfortunes. Reasonableness, self-control, a "sad lucidity," and, in his own words, "a nice regard to truth and prudence,"[1] were his leading characteristics.

In this book most of the research, and almost all the writing, are Miss Shield's. My part has mainly been that of supervision and of condensation ; for, in its original form, the volume contained much which had to be sacrificed to considerations of space.

For leave to reproduce the frontispiece we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Maxtone-Graham of Cultoquhey, the owner of the portrait of James in youth.

Mr. Cheape of Strathtyrum was good enough to permit us to publish his four miniatures of James, Clementina, and the two princes, probably of about 1733.

A. L.

[1] James to Charles. Rome, January 2, 1748.

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THE KING OVER THE WATER

CHAPTER I

THE STUARTS AND ENGLAND

"O what's the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
And he ga'e her to an Oranger.
Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The lad has into England come
And ta'en the crown in spite o' him."

On June 10 (20), 1688,[1] the peal of bells and thunder of cannon proclaimed to London the birth of a Prince of Wales. The joy-bells rang the knell of a dynasty, and the last echoes of the cannon from the Tower and the Thames boomed through the mists of Culloden Moor.

Louder far than clangour of bells and cannon was the cry of rage with which the tidings were received, the tidings that a Catholic king of Protestant England had at last a son and heir to continue and protect his creed. To us, looking back down the last two crowded centuries of glorious history, of widening empire and envied prosperity, the long accomplished fact of the English Revolution appears a superficial and momentary disturbance; an inevitable consequence, long preparing; a spirited measure justified by success. James II. and VII., a Catholic king, had ascended a throne which for nearly a century and a half had been a citadel of Protestantism. Armed with its power and prestige, he prepared to set constitutional restraints at defiance in his zeal for the protection and propagation of Popery. He was therefore dethroned and

[1] All dates N.S., unless stated otherwise or given in both styles.

banished, to be replaced by the nearest kinsfolk whose religion happened to be reconcilable with that of the country and its laws, and whose political principles were presumed to make for liberty.

In 1688, when the question had to be settled, it did not look so simple. Though the king's own father and great-grandmother had been deposed and executed, mainly through the operation of religious causes, the nation did not look lightly upon such measures. Only twenty-eight years before 1688, after a brief trial of "liberty," the exiled heir of the "man Charles Stuart" had been welcomed home with such rapture of relief and joy as never before nor after thrilled through England. He was of the blood of kings who had reigned in the British Isles since the beginning of their national histories. There had been much rebellion. In England there had been several violent departures from the line of lawful succession. But for all her treasons, warring Roses, stormy Reformers, and defiant Parliaments, England had clung proudly to her Plantagenets and their heirs. For all her turbulent nobles and divines, Scotland had loved her "auld Stuarts," whom she so scourged for their chastening. Loyalty to the dynasty, though it was apt to fail as a principle, as a sentiment was strong and warm in both countries. But England was prouder of her liberty than of all besides: deepest in the rugged heart of Scotland lay her determination to worship God as she chose; and those precious things stood in deadly peril when the Catholic Duke of York became King James II. and VII. The Revolution of 1688 began not with the Exclusion Bill of 1678, but with the divorce of Catherine of Aragon; with the murder of Cardinal Beaton; nay, farther back still—in the old struggles between sceptre and crozier over Investiture. The revolutions of other countries have been the nemesis of ill-government, cruel, careless, or disastrous; the English Revolution was the outcome of the undying English detestation of foreign interference and assumption of dominion, even in the name of Heaven.

Of all the royal houses who, by hereditary right, or by military might, or by trick of political machinery, have sat on thrones, none ever inspired such enthusiastic loyalty, such passionate love, as did the House of Stuart. For no other princes was blood so generously poured forth. Bourbons fell and passed away from throne after throne, and where in

France, or Italy, or even Spain, is their name a name to conjure with? As the representatives of monarchical principle they have had their followers and sympathisers in plenty, but in the hearts of their people they seldom had place. The indignant pity bestowed upon Louis XVI. and his Queen is a poor, cold thing beside the deathless devotion to the Queen of Scots, the reverential loyalty to Charles I. These emotions surely spring not from mere ideas, they rise out of remarkable personalities, and "the sense of tears in human things." Strong, brave nations like Scottish and English do not give their love, even if they give their lives, where it is not somehow deserved.

Kings by right given from God, the Stuarts, since James I. and VI., certainly claimed to be, and to God alone they chose to owe account of their stewardship. They sat on the throne to govern from it. Theirs was not the day of puppet-kings, though Queen Elizabeth foresaw that day. Yet a large proportion of the "oppressed" people who lived under them, and knew them, loved them well, and loved their memories. It is perplexing that a race of oppressors should have lived to inspire such enthusiastic love, such fire-tried loyalty; that their name should be sweetly enshrined in song—the songs, too, not of court poets but of the people. The Stuart name in Presbyterian Scotland had been a synonym for persecution, tyranny, and bigotry, yet Prince Charlie's shoes were wet with tears of joy when the people crowded round him as he rode to the palace of his fathers, clamouring and crying to kiss his feet.

Nevertheless, a cheap theory of heredity is accepted to justify the Revolution. How hopeless must have been the people's patience under a Stuart king!

To examine the multitudinous and contradictory charges brought against the whole Stuart race would fill many volumes rather than serve to introduce that Stuart, James II. and VII., whose character and government immediately concerns us, as having precipitated the downfall of his house.

The charge of political tyranny against the whole line of Stuart, set forth to strengthen the case for the Revolution, was mainly a red herring dragged over the trail of religious intolerance. For the people against their oppressors, the great nobles, the Scottish kings, as a matter of fact, struggled and died. The charge of individual incapacity comes less of

intolerance than ignorance. John Richard Green, an historian certainly not prejudiced in favour of absolute monarchy and Divine right, finds the Stuarts to have been a race of singularly able rulers, and declares that the English people never understood them, while the Stuarts did themselves much injustice by their inability to understand their English subjects. He sums up, in a few striking lines, the work they did in their native land—"the building up of the Scottish realm, its change from a medley of warring nobles to an ordered kingdom. . . . The wresting of Scotland from the grasp of its nobles was only wrought out in a struggle of life and death. Few figures are more picturesque than the figures of the young Scotch kings as they dash themselves against the iron circle which girds them round in their desperate efforts to rescue the crown from serfdom. They carry their doom in their hands; they die young, and by violent deaths . . . but hunted and slain as they were, the kings clung stubbornly to the task they had set themselves." They strengthened themselves by alliance with the Church, at her best the ally and protector of the people; "but a greater force than that of the Church lay in the dogged perseverance of the kings themselves. Little by little their work was done"—to be all undone by the storm of the Reformation—and "James VI. in his boyhood looked on the ruin of all that his fathers had wrought."[1]

Hence came the Stuart faith that the paramount power and independence of the crown must be maintained for the sake of law and justice: hence the Stuart alliance with the Church. But in England the old nobility had been almost obliterated by the Wars of the Roses; the Commons had grown into power; a new nobility was backed by the wealth of the Church lands; and the very name of the Church, of priestly power, was odious to the proud island nation, flushed with still unforgotten victory over the great Catholic power of the Old and New Worlds. Hence with the English crown the last turn of ill-luck came to the Stuarts, who failed to see that the autocratic procedure necessary for the maintenance of an independent crown against a powerful and disloyal baronage in Scotland and for the ruling of a simple, loyal people, was a dangerous experiment in England, a nation of more complex character, instinct with the spirit of self-government, yet ever ready to spring forward,

[1] *History of the English People*, vol. iii. 40, 41, 57.

shoulder to shoulder, in the name of threatened freedom. England was accustomed to using sharp procedure with her sovereigns if they withstood her will. Since the Saxon dynasty was cut short by the sword of the illegitimate son of a foreign feudatory duke, the succession had been at least eight times turned out of the natural and legally ordained channel. Besides these violent disturbances of law and frequent violent deaths of inconvenient princes, the sacredness of sovereignty had not saved three queens from the indignity of trial and execution in the century preceding the Stuart accession. The death of Anne Boleyn, startling as an innovation, had made a still more startling precedent. Thus it behoved a new dynasty to bear itself very warily at the head of a nation which, despite the Tudor theory of regal rights, was accustomed to making short work of royal *méchanceté;* even to turning the law upon its sovereigns.

It is with amazed admiration that one contemplates the tact and skill by which Charles II. kept his jibbing, plunging people in hand. Profligate, careless, given up to amusement, he held not only his throne in the teeth of Puritan opposition, but the affection of his people in the teeth of their esteem for duty-doing, and their high moral standard. Beset by scared Protestants befooled by Titus Oates, all but losing his own popularity by standing for the right of his unpopular brother, he found popular affection rushing back, hot and strong, when serious illness threatened to deprive his people of the blessing of his rule. Charles II. was wept for at last with sorrow nearly as passionate as the joy with which, before her twenty-five years' experience of his methods, the nation welcomed him home.

He inherited his grandfather's shrewdness, with the graces of French ancestry and education. His ministries are a byword for tyranny and misgovernment, yet they have been compared favourably with those appointed after the Revolution, when "the most important posts were given to men in all respects unworthy: such as a Lord High Admiral who could not go to sea because the smell of pitch and tar made him sick, and a First Commissioner of the Treasury who could not 'tell ten.'"[1]

For all the gay riot of Charles's life he was the most solitary of sovereigns, says Lord Ailesbury, who knew him so well. His keen eye took the measure of his councillors, and he found

[1] *Memoirs of Lord Ailesbury* (1655–1741), Roxburghe Club, 1890.

not one on whom he could rely for counsel in the difficult part he had to play, save the brother whose loyalty might so little serve him.

On February 6, 1685, James, Duke of York, succeeded to this king who had held his throne through such difficult days by the forces of a most popular personality, keen tact, and a knowledge of men "beyond any sovereign prince, though people imagined his pleasures his only thoughts."[1] "He knew men to a hair; it had been wished his brother had enjoyed the same useful talent!" writes Ailesbury. Strongly attached as the brothers were to one another, so that the careless, self-indulgent Charles stoutly risked life and crown in his unflinching support of James's right, while James patiently and loyally submitted to being "sent like a vagabond about the world," that Charles might conciliate his angry ministers, their characters were as unlike as their complexions. Charles was winning, and gracious above all men, and "had words at will"; James was usually cold and reserved—though Pepys and others found him kind and accessible. Lord Ailesbury admits that he "had the misfortune, on occasions when he was angry, to be snappish for the moment, and wholly resembling his royal father."[2]

In spite of these natural disadvantages, there was nothing in James's record that seemed incompatible with the making of a good king. As a sincere, conscientious man, exact and able in business, he shines beside his brilliant brother, though his capacity and plodding industry were in a manner counterbalanced by slow understanding. "The most honest and sincere man I ever knew," says Lord Ailesbury. "A great and good Englishman. . . . There was no prince more punctual to his word." "Of the strictest truthfulness," says that most upright of witnesses, his natural son, the Duke of Berwick.[3] "Had he been less devout it had been better for him," his friends agree. "A kind husband, the best father, and the most unfortunate in some of his children; the best master, and the worst served; the most constant friend, yet never prince found fewer in his need."[4]

[1] Ailesbury.

[2] *Ibid.* Charles I., said the Venice ambassador, never obliged any one, either by word or deed.

[3] Berwick's Memoirs are in places inaccurate, as documents prove, when he writes from memory.

[4] Clarke, *Life of James II.*

His courage had been proved both on land and sea. Turenne, under whom he served in his youth, had testified to his fearlessness. He had not only been a skilful and victorious naval commander, but an industrious and capable Admiralty chief. When the nation regained some sort of reasonableness after its Meal-tub scare and the failure of its insistence upon Exclusion, it settled to give James fair play, Catholic though he was. After all, he was the lawful heir of the ancient dynasty, son of the lamented Martyr, brother of the late most popular sovereign; and it was admitted that he had been shamefully used by the profligate politicians of the preceding reign. It was carrying Protestant preference too far when an attempt was made to set him aside for a Protestant bastard (Monmouth); and the nation's sympathy stood by the prince who during long persecution had remained a patient and loyal subject. He was an elderly man. After him stood his two Protestant daughters. Even some encroachment upon the national Protestantism might have been submitted to with patient tolerance while there was a prospect that it must end with his life. Such mischief as he might work could be undone before it had time to take root. And James himself had the less courage and confidence in planning and working, knowing it could be but for a time. However earnest he might be, however patient the nation in its loyalty to its lawful prince, what availed all devotion, all cautiously attained success, when it was but for a few years? The successful revolt against Charles I. had awakened the people to a sense of triumphant power, but the subsequent repentance, too, was within living memory.

At the beginning of James's reign he went warily, having had painful experience of the temper of the country in his regard. His confessor was a gentle Franciscan, who counselled prudence.[1] There is no reason to doubt the intention of so honest a man when he declared his hatred of persecution, even of compulsion, in religious matters. As the Church did not pretend to be infallible, he said,[2] it would be unreasonable to force her dogmas upon his subjects.

But the then powerful Society, which held the soul and policy of Louis XIV. in its hand, was not slow to possess itself

[1] Ailesbury.

[2] *Mémoires de Jacques II.*, vol. i. 169. Until 1870, infallibility was an open question.

of the policy of his cousin and ally. During his brother's reign James's house had been a refuge for the Jesuits. The famous Jesuit meeting of April 24, 1678, was held at his residence, St. James's Palace—James told the fact to Reresby, who records it. The Jesuits had received James into the Church, and they had continued, in spite of the law, to minister to and direct him and his Italian wife. And where could such a machine be found to the hand of a crowned Apostle, fighting for the Church against tremendous odds, as the mighty organisation, founded and formed by a master-mind for the express purpose of crushing the Reformation, and which had so far, certainly, succeeded in stopping its progress?

A change came over the royal policy. James, loyal to his engagements, was slow to violate the law, but soon it was startling to see how much he could do in contradiction to its spirit, while keeping strictly within its letter. He had, from his accession, attended Mass publicly, for he himself was constitutionally above the law. The dispensing power became, in his hands, arbitrary power, one-man power, absolute power—tyranny. The Court was filled with priests and friars in their long proscribed, and still proscribed, habits: a Jesuit, Father Edward Petre, was forced upon the Privy Council in the teeth not only of law and Protestant feeling, but of the advice of best friends; Catholics were thrust into public offices, universities, mayoralties, even the smallest menial posts, so that it seemed impossible that while James was on the throne any Protestant might hope for power or place. And as all power and place had been in Protestant hands for a century and a half, it was intolerable to see even a share of either pass to Catholics.

The Queen, Mary of Modena, was an Italian and a Catholic; quite enough to convince the people that she was her husband's evil genius, the confederate of the hated Jesuits. Yet she was no politician; had never been allowed even a voice in politics. She was only a simple woman, passionately devoted to her elderly husband, and deeply, unobtrusively, unaffectedly religious. Out of the wise instinct of love she disliked and distrusted Father Petre and warned the king against him. But the voices which three years ago had hailed her youth and beauty in the glory of her coronation robes, shouting, "Vivat Regina Maria," now reviled her as "Mother East" (Este), while her name was coarsely and absurdly coupled with Petre's in

the songs and lampoons shouted all over London, and a contempory political novel styled her "Messalina." Absurd as were the attacks on Mary of Modena, it *was* against the law to send a legate to Rome and to receive a papal nuncio in full state; and this, while incessantly harassing corporations and private persons, James persisted in doing, in the very teeth of papal opposition itself.

The last straw piled on the national patience was the Act of Indulgence. As for the promise of universal toleration, had they not all promised toleration who were themselves untolerated; even Mary Tudor; even Mary Stuart while she was promising, as a condition of dispensation for the Darnley marriage, that "she and her husband would defend the Catholic religion to the utmost of their power." Again, when she was imploring help from the King of Spain "to frustrate the establishment of the unhappy errors, she and her husband were resisting to the hazard of their crown."[1] Freshest and most ominous remembrance of all, Louis XIV. had recently revoked the Edict of Nantes (October 22, 1685), in spite of his own solemn pledge to uphold it; and this at the difficult and critical moment when King James was most deeply concerned to persuade his people of his own good faith,[2] and to engage their confidence in the naturally obnoxious French alliance on which he relied for financial power to resist parliamentary opposition. Who after the perjuries of Louis could trust the word of a Catholic king?

It is a nation of great patience, but of patience that needs hope for support. Elizabeth was waiting to deliver it when the childless Mary Tudor should have passed away, and this king was worse than childless. Child after child of his had died in infancy; *mala stamina vitæ*, said the doctors. His young second wife was in wretched health, undermined by hereditary cancer and gout, and was constantly hovering between life and death. He himself had given up hope of ever again having a child that would live. His two daughters believed their position as his heirs to be impregnable. So, in spite of the conspicuous appearance of nuncio and priests at St. James's, and the wide stretching of the royal prerogative, the country remained quiet, and the people loyal. Hence the shock to Protestantism of the

[1] Labanoff's *Recueil.*
[2] He helped very liberally out of his own pocket the Huguenot refugees in England.

promise of a Catholic Prince of Wales—for neither party professed to doubt what the child's sex would be. "No one who did not see would believe the passions it excited," Terriesi, the Tuscan ambassador, wrote to his Grand Duke, when in January it was officially announced that the queen of James II. once more expected to have a child. "Even men of sense and candour seem to have lost their superiority of mind in the prejudice of the vulgar," wrote Barillon, the French ambassador.[1] The Protestants, from the king's two daughters to the rabble in the streets, met the news with a storm of angry incredulity and ribald mockery. It was impossible that another child could be born to the king and queen, they cried; the affair was a planned imposture.

The king and the Catholics, with fatal exultation, hailed the coming prince—for it would certainly be a prince—as the child of miracle, the answer of St. Winefrid to her royal pilgrim's prayers. If St. Winefrid had a hand in the matter, she proved herself, indeed, a sair saint for the crown! The queen's mother had recently visited Loreto on his behalf. "Our Lady of Loreto and St. Winefrid would not throw a miracle away by sending another daughter to the king." The Jesuits would not take the trouble to foist a useless girl upon the succession, retorted the Protestants. Was not the provision of a prince absolutely necessary for the ultimate success of their schemes? Did not the Catholics themselves admit the birth to be against nature, by declaring it miraculous? The air was thick with the wildest fears and fancies: the coarsest squibs, lampoons, and pasquils were sown broadcast over the streets. There was afloat a mass of lies, all greedily devoured without any examination, and however inconsistent one might be with another.[2] Every movement of the king and queen, every boast of the Catholics, was forced to give evidence for those who were determined that no child could or would be born.

It was an old story. In 1682, when the Orange party had had a four years' respite on that score, the announcement was

[1] Campana de' Cavelli, *Les Derniers Stuarts.*

[2] "More art is necessary to convince the People of a Salutary Truth than a Salutary Falsehood," says Dr. Arbuthnot in his witty pamphlet on the *Art of Political Lying.* "It often happened that no other means than lying was left to the good people of England to pull down a government they were weary of, therefore abundance of political lying is a sure sign of English liberty."

made that the Duchess of York again expected to present the nation with a Catholic heir. The news then was met with the same loud assertions that such a birth was impossible ; that a spurious child was to be imposed upon the nation. The baby itself did all it could for the prosecution, for it arrived so unpunctually and unexpectedly that there was no time to summon witnesses. But as it was a girl, it was nobody's interest to disbelieve in her, and the proofs of her impossibility were put by for the next occasion. She died eight days after her birth.

The circumstances were the occasion of a remarkable passage in the *Observer* (No. 194) of Wednesday, August 23, 1682, written, according to Mackintosh, by L'Estrange : "If it had pleased God to give His Royal Highness the blessing of a *son*, as it proved a *daughter*, you were prepared to make a *Perkin* of him. To what end did you take so much pains, else by your instruments and intelligence to hammer it into the people's heads that the Duchess of York was *not* with child ? And so, in case of a son, to represent him as an *impostor:* whereas you have now taken off the mask in confessing the daughter. I would have the impression of this cheat sink so far into the heads and hearts of all honest men, as never to be defaced or forgotten. For we must expect that the same Flam shall at any time hereafter be trumpt up again upon the like occasion."[1]

It is difficult to realise the terror which possessed the nation at the prospect of indefinitely prolonged Catholic rule —a terror so wild as to persuade a people, particularly level-headed yet susceptible to the charm of ancient and splendid tradition, and loyal in its heart of hearts to the native dynasty, that a British prince, known to be a brave, patriotic, and honourable gentleman, should attempt to foist a supposititious child upon the throne of his fathers by a vulgar and foolish trick. It is less difficult to understand how the fact of his being a Catholic was held to outweigh all natural qualifications for kingship and that claim of ancient hereditary right which has always been so close to the heart of England.

The Reformation was a century and a half old, but England was hardly yet settled into her new religious creed. Under the Tudors, she had tossed among many conflicting

[1] Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland.* Appendix.

beliefs and preferences. Henry VIII. had defied the Pope and persecuted the remnant faithful to the Holy See, but had insisted upon the teaching of Catholic doctrine by an independent Church. Edward's regents based the State Church upon purely Calvinistic lines. After the fiery interlude of Mary came the politic temporising of Elizabeth and James; both sovereigns who loved far too dearly their own high rights to feel anything but fierce and unbending hostility towards a Church which claimed supremacy over princes. Charles I., insisting as strongly upon his Divine right and independence of any superior on earth, startled his people by his determination to use the State Church as the channel of authority over their consciences. Hence came trial of strength between traditional loyalty and newly awakened spiritual independence; next, the discovery of the old wolf of spiritual despotism disguised in Puritan clothing. Charles II. bowed his soul to the national will rather than be "sent on his travels" again; and finding the Established Church sufficient for "the religion of a gentleman," kept his Catholic preferences for death-bed confession. To James such double-dealing with both worlds was impossible, when once he was on the throne, a vessel divinely chosen for the bringing back of his kingdoms to the Church.

And to England this meant not only the putting on of chains she had burst with pain unspeakable, but the bowing of her proud soul to accept a rule which she had learnt to regard as a system of blasphemous lies and vulgar tricks. Here is the second motive, the secret of the horror of the British nations for the Church which had been the nursing-mother of their heroes and saints for so many centuries. If sham miracles might upon occasion be got up to advance the Church's interests—and such miracles had been proved false; if lies abounded, ostensibly told in her interests, in spite of her official and emphatic prohibition of lying under any circumstances, what trick and what lie might not be used, if it seemed impossible to attain the Church's end by honest means?

Behind James stood the Jesuits, the vanguard of the Church, against whom the national hatred and fear of Catholicism were centred as its most formidable agents, the chief representatives of the anti-Reformation spirit. It was death

to them to come into England ; death to hide them, death to accept their ministrations. Therefore they were constrained to visit the country in disguises many and various that they might minister to proscribed Catholics, secretly preach the faith, secretly strive for the overthrow of Protestantism and the advancement of their religion. Hence they were held for liars, traitors, subtle intriguers ; men who stole into houses in borrowed coats, who bore many names—a necessary precaution against identification—who hid tonsures under plumed hats : above all, who stuck at nothing, neither trick, nor fraud, nor murder, whereby they might insinuate and establish the Catholic Church in a Protestant country.

And behind royal enthusiasm and Jesuit intrigues and all the seething frenzy of ignorant credulity and anxious fears for the safety of a menaced Church, there watched and worked a mind and a will, sternly calm, cold and strong as iron : persistent, ruthless. In 1677 William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, chief champion of continental Protestantism, who had already waded through the blood of the two valiant de Witts to the Stadtholdership of the Netherlands, insisted upon marrying his cousin Mary, eldest surviving child of James, Duke of York, and presumptive heiress of the English throne. He himself was the only child of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., and so stood next in the English succession after the Duke of York's children. Ambitious as he was unscrupulous, crippled by the smallness of his resources from successfully contesting the overwhelming power of his inveterate enemy, Louis XIV., it did not suit his schemes to wait on the chance of a man of fifty-five[1] with a wife of twenty-nine having no more children. As consort of an English queen-regnant—if no more—his military power and prestige and his finances would be enormously increased.

The dark, strong, determined figure of William had stood behind all the troubles of Charles II.'s reign. He had had his secret agents in England ; Frymens, a Dutchman, and William Howard, M.P. for Winchelsea, afterwards Lord Howard of Escrick. He had aided and abetted Monmouth, who served his purpose of stirring the national hostility to James, until

[1] It was asserted that James was already, from a dissipated life, an old man in broken health. Against this stands his own handwriting much later; his note of thanksgiving due to God, "For giving me a healthful body"; again, "For having given me such good health."

the time came when Monmouth stood in his own way to the throne, and then he sent his poor tool to his doom.[1] And it was his ambition that would be balked, his lifelong scheme that would be thwarted, should a Prince of Wales be born and live to reign.

[1] Ailesbury says that William sent Bentinck over to tell James that Monmouth had sailed, and offered to come over and command the army against the Duke. Bentinck, says James, never was at quiet till Monmouth's head was off, though he found he had said nothing of his master.

CHAPTER II

THE WHITE ROSE

"... See the dragon, wingéd on his way
To watch the travail and devour the prey.
Or if allusion may not rise so high
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
The snakes besieg'd his young Divinity.
. . . . . .
Born in broad daylight, that th' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt:
Truth which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun."

From "Britannia Redivivia." *Ode on the birth of the Prince of Wales, by* JOHN DRYDEN, *poet-laureate.*

THE prince so earnestly desired, so frantically dreaded, arrived (after several perils by the way) at ten o'clock on the morning of June 10 (N.S. 20). All the omens were bright for him. It was the Feast of the Holy Trinity, the high feast of the Black Prince, probably his birthday;[1] a coincidence to be hailed as most auspicious for this new Prince of Wales, who was born "when our white Roses do appear," as says the old song. It was also the feast of the translation of St. Margaret, Queen of Scots, though at that time the Saxon princess was commemorated on July 8; also, less generally, on the anniversary of her death, November 16.[2] It was the high noon of the year, the summer solstice—

"Just on the day when the high-mounted sun
Did furthest in its northern progress run,"

[1] The tradition is alluded to by Dryden.

[2] Early in the seventeenth century St. Margaret had been commemorated on June 10 (Alban Butler). In 1697 Mary of Modena obtained from the Pope that for the future, St. Margaret's Day should be universally kept on June 10, her son's birthday (Carte MSS. 209, f. 64). Yet owing to the confusion between O.S. and N.S. the celebrations never coincided, James's birthday being always kept on June 20 and 21, N.S., while St. Margaret's feast was kept June 10, N.S. In Rome, at the Scots College, they are now reverting to November 16.

Dryden cheerfully notes.[1] For seventy-eight long years that Tenth of June was kept as their high and sacred day by the faithful of England and Scotland; is remembered even to this day as the great festival of Jacobitism. James himself, following the New Style with France and Rome, invariably wrote the date June 21, and June (20 and) 21 was the day called June 10 in England and Scotland until the New Style was accepted. The Old Style day of the month advances with each century, and White Rose day should now be kept on June 23.

He hurried into the world that midsummer morning with an impatience which had nothing in it of foreboding of the weary pilgrimage that lay before him. A month before he was due, he seized upon the most inopportune of moments to enter the stormy political arena. The steadily fanned flame of Protestant terror and Whig hostility had just been stirred to fever height by the imprisonment of the Seven Bishops, the heroes of the hour, champions of British independence and liberty of conscience against bigotry, tyranny, and foreign aggression. The king, only too fully aware of the rumours afloat, of the certain refusal of the Orange party to accept a Prince of Wales, had taken the utmost pains to provide evidence which must establish the genuineness of his child beyond doubt. The queen, equally aware of and distressed at the calumny, had proudly refused to heed it or to satisfy the coarse curiosity of the enemies in her household.[2] She was extremely desirous that her confinement should take place at Windsor, her delicate health requiring country air. When it was represented that a London palace would be more readily accessible to the necessary witnesses, she selected St. James's, where her husband and all her other children had been born. She disliked Whitehall, as "the biggest and most uncomfortable house in Europe," noisy and crowded as it was with the Court. But nothing that was done could satisfy the furious Protestants. "She should have been delivered at Charing Cross," some angry voices cried,[3] while

[1] "As everybody knows," said a writer in the *Mercure* (quoted by Dangeau), on the occasion of the birth of Louis XV., "children born during the day are much luckier than those born during the night."

[2] Letter of the Princess Anne to her sister the Princess of Orange, printed in the Appendix to Dalrymple's *History of Great Britain*. Also Eachard's *History of England*, iii. 863.

[3] Eachard's *History of England*, iii. 895.

the Princess Anne found St. James's Palace "much the properest place to act such a cheat in."

The queen, playing basset at Whitehall on the night of June 9 (19), had sudden warning of a crisis, and was carried to St. James's, where hasty preparations were made. She was taken ill at nine next morning; of set purpose, the enemy declared, her ladies being absent at church. The king sent immediately to fetch household, doctors, Lords of the Privy Council, and the queen-dowager.

The queen was sitting shivering by the bed when the nurse arrived; one does too often shiver in a London June, though the Orange party professed to think such a thing incredible, and that the famous warming-pan then brought into the bed could contain nothing but a supposititious child. In spite of the suddenness of the summons, the witnesses all arrived in time—sixty-seven in a moderately-sized room; sixty-seven pairs of eager eyes in the broad light of a mid-summer morning; sixty-seven tongues to keep a secret, should watchfulness or accident reveal a glimpse of the machinery of imposture. The absence, wilful or accidental, of the Princess Anne, of the Dutch ambassador, and of the imprisoned Archbishop of Canterbury, could hardly weigh against such a cloud of witnesses. But so many of the witnesses were Catholics or married to Catholics, complains Macaulay. So many of them were the king's deadly enemies —the queen-dowager was no friend;[1] and the king's most trusted minister, who stood with his wife close by the queen's bed, was the false and venal Lord Sunderland, President of the Council, deep in intrigue with the Prince of Orange; of whom Lord Ailesbury wrote, "Pen cannot describe worse of him than he deserved."

As soon as the child was born he was exhibited to Lady Sunderland and two other Protestant ladies, and then carried into the adjoining room. Thence another story arose, that a girl had been born, to be exchanged for a boy in the few minutes before the king and the Court followed. The baby was pronounced to be a fine, healthy child—indisputable proof for the Orange party that he could not be the brother of all those dead babies! Unhappily for himself, this estimate proved over-sanguine. The Nuncio Adda and the

[1] "She never loved me more than she was obliged," writes James in his Memoirs.

Venetian ambassador were among those who saw him on the day of his birth. The king, beaming with happiness, removed his coverings to show the perfectly formed little body. Voice, eyes, colour, all gave promise of health and vigour.[1]

Dr. William Walgrave, knighted for his offices, was the chief physician present. Much was made of the absence of Dr. Chamberlayne, who had presided on previous occasions. He was out of town, but arrived an hour after the prince's birth, and was able in 1713 to testify in a letter to the Electress Sophia to the authenticity of the child, whom he saw "undrest in Lady Powis's arms"—all the stronger witness as he was bitterly opposed to the king and popery, and affronted at not having had timely notice.[2]

On the following day, at four in the afternoon, the prince was baptized privately at his mother's bedside by Bishop Leybourne. No name was given nor was there any other ceremony. The queen-dowager and the Pope, represented by the nuncio, were sponsors. The Venetian ambassador and some lords and ladies of the household and inferior servants were present. The radiant queen called the nuncio to her bedside to assure him, in her innocent faith, how happy were such auspices for her little son. "I cannot express the joy on the king's face," writes Terriesi to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. But joy was chequered and promise discounted from the first by frequent and grave anxiety.

The death of the prince's little brother, the Duke of Cambridge, from carelessness, had caused the parents to take extreme pains in selecting the governess on whom the chief responsibility would fall. Their choice was Lady Powis, a person well fitted for a charge of such importance. The prince was a delicate child, and to his father's intense distress he nearly died in the night after his birth. "Gripes and some fits" continued to imperil the precious little life which hung by a thread, and the child seemed as little likely to survive infancy as his many brothers and sisters had done. Regardless of consistency, the Orange party found that each

[1] The Venetian ambassador to the Doge. Rizzini to the Duke of Modena. Ap. Campana de' Cavelli, *Les Derniers Stuarts*.

[2] Stowe MSS. 225, f. 211.

of these illnesses killed off a real but never before acknowledged Prince of Wales, and occasioned the substitution of another baby; so that there was quite a bewildering succession of supposititious infants. "Few reflected how improbable it was that so affectionate a father as the king would injure his daughters by such an imposture."

On June 20 (30) seven Whig lords—Henry Sidney, the Earls of Devonshire, Shrewsbury, Danby, Bishop Compton, Lumley, and Edward Russell—signed an invitation to the Prince of Orange to come with an army to England, "to deliver the country from popery, tyranny, and fraud"—as to whether by conquest and usurpation, or by armed expostulation, their own statements considerably differ.

The mob, wild with enthusiasm over the acquittal of the Seven Bishops on June 29, went on swallowing the most preposterous lies that could be invented by an angry political party. As they had been terrified by suggestions that the regiments encamped on Hounslow Heath were for crushing their liberties and religion, so now they were persuaded that the fireworks provided to celebrate the prince's birth were for the bombardment of the city, to avenge its exultation over the acquittal of the bishops!

Abroad, the rejoicings over the heir of Great Britain were splendid and enthusiastic. Rome, with natural but untactful glee, made three days' high holiday under the auspices of Cardinal Howard.[1] A fountain ran with wine, oxen were roasted whole; illuminations, armorial devices, and *vivas* saluted the babe in whom Rome saw a Morning Star, heralding the return of England to the Holy See. Lord Lansdowne, ambassador at Madrid, was lavish with "figures, fireworks, a conduit running with wine, banquets and plays on occasion of the birth of the Prince of Wales"; and presently sent in the bill to the Orange government![2] In London there were fireworks and illuminations and distributions of bread and wine to the people for three evenings, while great flocks of ladies crowded daily to St. James's Palace to see the prince;[3] publicity being eagerly courted.

The child was at first brought up by hand, as wet-nursing

[1] Philip Howard, Protector of England, a Dominican, son of the third Earl of Arundel, forfeited Duke of Norfolk; brother of the fifth and sixth Dukes of Norfolk.

[2] Treasury Papers, February 5, 1690.

[3] Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports; letter from Charles Bertie; Belvoir MSS. ii. 119.

had been blamed for the death of the queen's other children in convulsions. The miracle of his life was that he survived the extraordinary experiments in diet that were practised upon him. In July he was taken dangerously ill at Richmond. He was saved by the good offices of a tile-maker's wife, who, as a last expedient, was fetched from the village to nurse him. "It is incredible the quantity of matter vomited from that tiny body at the first taste of the milk," writes Terriesi. He had been fed on oatmeal and barley-water, currants and canary wine, and other strange foods! He recovered, and was taken to the purer air of Windsor, leaving the Orange party to exult in a new story. The tile-maker's wife was his real mother. Some said a real Prince of Wales died then, and was replaced by hers; others, that she had given her son to the king in June, and was now called to nurse him, as the mother of Moses was called. This story had a great vogue, living on till 1697, when it aroused the wrath of Sir Godfrey Kneller. "Vat de devil," he cried to Dr. Wallis, who had professed to decipher a letter which proved the child to be the son of a bricklayer's wife; "de Prince of Wales the son of a brickbatt woman? Be Got, it is a lie! I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him. I am satisfied with what de Parliament has done, but I must tell you what I am sure of, and in what I cannot be mistaken. His fader and his moder have sat to me about thirty-six times a-piece, and I know every line and bit in their faces. I say, the child is so like them both that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs to father or mother; this I am sure of . . . nay, the nails of his fingers are his mother's, de queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines."[1]

Immediately after the child's birth the king had ordered letters patent to be made out for his creation as Prince of Wales,[2] but according to Luttrell, it was only in July that the creation took place. The Scottish titles became his at birth. In August "it was said he was to have the title of Admiral of England." On October 15 he was baptized publicly, but

[1] Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian. Rawlinson was a Non-juring bishop, consecrated 1728. He lived as a layman at London House, Aldersgate, once the mansion of the Bishops of London. He bequeathed miniatures of James III. and his queen to the Bodleian.

[2] Barillon to Louis XIV. Campana, ii. 224.

without full ceremony, owing to the disturbed state of public feeling, which was chafed more than enough by the sight of the indispensable pomp which must surround a Prince of Wales, combined with the inevitable ritual of the Catholic rite. He was named James Francis Edward; Francis being the name of his uncle, the Duke of Modena; Edward, given in memory of the Black Prince, with an unfortunate glance at the Confessor, whose piety and French policy brought foreign conquest upon England.

The warming-pan story was honestly believed in by the common people and officially accepted by the Orange party at Court. Fuller, the son of a butcher at Gravesend, who had been taken into the household of Lady Powis because he became a Catholic, published an elaborate and persuasive account of the child's origin as the son of Mary Grey, a gentlewoman in waiting on Lady Tyrconnel, who in July had been taken to a French convent by Father Sabran, a Jesuit of the royal household. For a few weeks the prince was officially recognised and prayed for at The Hague,[1] but in spite of all precaution and evidence, the Prince and Princess of Orange, the Princess Anne and their allies, refused to believe in his authenticity. On October 10 (20) Terriesi writes to his master, "The designs of the Prince of Orange are no longer secret." The Marquis d'Albeville,[2] English ambassador at The Hague, wrote continually to Sunderland of William's preparations.[3] Louis XIV. sent warning to James that the Dutch fleet was being prepared to invade England. This provoked an allied "demonstration," and James, deeply annoyed but not seriously alarmed, being deceived by Sunderland says Berwick, sent two small frigates to the Downs, while the dockyards had orders to bestir themselves. Louis offered troops, but James declared the offer to be the most unfriendly turn that France could have done him. He needed none but his subjects to defend him. Many of the people believed the report of the Orange prince's sailing to be a false report, set afloat by the

[1] James complains to his daughter, July 31, that the prayers had ceased. The princess replies, August 17, "It had only bin sometimes forgot."

[2] Albeville, an Irishman, created marquis by the Emperor, was pensioned by both William of Orange and Louis XIV., betrayed James to William and William to Louis. Macpherson, i. 268.

[3] Campana de' Cavelli, ii.; July 9. Also Hoffmann to the Emperor, *ibid.*, p. 231. Macpherson, *Original Papers*, i. 269.

king as a pretext for increasing his army and "calling down the French and Irish upon them."[1]

Though James refused to rely on arms to uphold his son's right, he recognised the reality of danger. Preposterous as the doubt seemed to him, it must be met and extinguished by presentation of abundant and incontrovertible evidence. On October 22, with the business-like energy and thoroughness which had always characterised him, he had the deposition taken of every person present at his son's birth—evidence overwhelming for minuteness of detail. Nevertheless his son-in-law refused to be convinced, and his determination to stand for the "rights" supposed to be injured by the royal fraud was eagerly hailed by those politicians whose interests were in a Protestant succession, and by those members of the Church of England who trembled for its pre-eminence, even for its existence, under a line of Catholic kings. On October 26 (O.S.) William sailed from Helvoetsluys. On November 5 he landed with a Dutch army at Torbay. The messenger who brought the news to the king was so exhausted by the fatigue of his rapid journey and so affected by the tale he had to tell that he fell speechless at James's feet.

The king even now was slow to believe that his son-in-law really meant war and deposition.[2] Even the angry nation did not for some time grasp that idea. For a fortnight after his landing the prince, to his disappointment, was joined by no one of consequence, and thought of turning back.[3] Louis XIV. advised James to fight at once. Feversham,[4] commander-in-chief of the army under the king, said no. Thanks to prejudiced and persistent opposition to James's measures for effective national defence, there was no English army that could stand against William's trained troops.[5] Father Petre,

[1] Letter from Francis, Viscount Radclyffe, to his father, the Earl of Derwentwater. Record Office, October 23, 1688, Bundle III. He adds that one Quaker brought intelligence from Holland very useful for the king, while another presented forty good horses to the royal cause, telling the king that their principles were against fighting, but that he might put on the horses those that would fight. Also, that the Quakers were making a very considerable collection of money to present the king with.

[2] At the beginning of November there was a proclamation that no one was to place faith in the report that the Prince of Orange was coming to invade England. Treasury Papers.

[3] *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick.* Also Dodd. "It was commonly declared in the Dutch army that William had been betrayed, for none came to join him." Macpherson's extracts from James II.'s Memoirs.

[4] "A worthy man, but of no great head or very great experience," says Lord Ailesbury. Formerly the favourite of Queen Catherine of Braganza.

[5] Barillon to Louis XIV., December 9.

wise for once, urged James in any case to stop at Westminster ; then fled to save his own execrated person. It was hoped by all that the prince had brought his Dutch battalions only to force conditions upon the King of England. The Princess of Orange herself declares she never thought of her father's banishment and her husband's assumption of the sovereignty—she hoped there might be a regency.[1] William, indeed, pretended he had come neither to fight nor to reign. Why then did he come, and come in such array ? A foreign prince would hardly come with a fleet and all the troops he could raise, merely to expostulate with another sovereign, his uncle and father-in-law, for trying to convert his own subjects to his own religion. His own personal interest in the crown was now too remote to give him any pretext to dictate. But he refused to accept the fact of such remoteness and depended on the English love of right which surely must not be with a "little bauble Prince of Wales" but with him who came to defend his wife's incontestable rights ; and his own, such as they were.

War now being inevitable, such an army as the king could muster was summoned to Salisbury, and thither James rode to join it on November 17 (27). But he dared not leave his little son in London ; and that same day, noted as Queen Elizabeth's birthday, really her Accession Day, the welcome day of her sister's death, a high day of the Church of England, the prince was sent to Portsmouth in charge of Lord and Lady Powis, accompanied, says a newsletter, by his burly brother-in-law, Prince George of Denmark. The king's brave and loyal son, the Duke of Berwick, was in command at Portsmouth until ordered to join the army at Salisbury, when Lord Dover replaced him. Lord Dartmouth, whose heart was with the king but whose principles were with the Prince of Orange, commanded the fleet at Spithead. He had led out the English ships to intercept the Prince of Orange, but had allowed the Dutch fleet to pass in sight of the king's fleet at the Nore. Berwick absolves Dartmouth from all suspicion of treason, on the word of the Vice-Admiral Strickland who declared the wind and the sandbanks to have been the traitors. Portsmouth was, in any case, on the way to France and safety.

The Prince of Wales was at first left at Lord Gains-

[1] *Memoirs of Mary, Queen of England.* Richard Döbner, 1886.

borough's house at Itchfield, six miles from Portsmouth. On the 24th he was removed to the fortress at Portsmouth, where he was received with thunders of cannon, every ship in the fleet firing a royal salute, while Lord Dartmouth and the chief officers went on shore to wait on His Royal Highness.

The king, escorted by his sworn servants, John Lord Churchill, Ailesbury, Peterborough, and others, drove to Salisbury, intending to ride on the following morning to Warminster. Sir George Hewitt of the Life Guards, who rode on one side of the royal coach—Captain Wood rode on the other—is said to have made dying confession of the appalling plot in which he was engaged with some of the escort, and with Compton, Bishop of London,[1] who was just then arranging the carrying off of the Princess Anne to Nottingham. It was presently known beyond all doubt that it had been the deliberate purpose of the escort to deliver the king prisoner to the Prince of Orange at Warminster, where guards were posted for the purpose under Colonel Kirke of the "Lambs."

Hewitt's dying confession throws a still more lurid light upon the plot. He had attended a meeting on the landing of the prince, where were present also Compton, Bishop of London, Churchill, Kirke, and some others. Here plans were concerted.[2] Churchill, being goldstick in waiting, rode in the carriage with the king, as did William Maine, staff-officer in waiting. Should a rescue be attempted by Dumbarton or any other loyalist, Wood, the other equerry, and Hewitt were to shoot the king. Should they miss, Churchill was provided with pistol and dagger to despatch him in the coach. Hewitt also wrote a "Narrative" of the occurrence.[3] In September 1745 a certain Malet sent the two accounts to Carte, found in different pocket-books; "but what relates to Sir George Hewitt's confession is just the same," he writes, "only in the first I took the person to be stabb'd or pistoll'd to be Maine, but the latter account fixes it on the king."

Erasmus Lewis, Harley's secretary, confirmed the story as Hewitt gave it. Lewis told Carte that he knew of it from

[1] Sir George Hewitt's dying confession of a design to take the life of James II. Carte MSS. 198, ff. 17, 18, 19.

[2] Bishop Sheridan's conversation with Carte in 1709. Carte MSS. 266 (or 231), ff. 118, &c.

[3] Carte MSS. Printed by Macpherson, i. 280, 284.

Churchill himself, who said he must have stabbed the king in the coach.[1] Ambrose Norton also confirmed it.[2]

Hewitt did not wait till his death-bed to tell the story that so troubled his conscience in after days. After the coronation of the Prince of Orange, he "admitted that had the king gone to Warminster his business would have been done," for he and Wood had to guard the carriage, Churchill being inside, and deliver the king up to the Prince of Orange, or shoot him if a rescue were attempted. It had also been planned that Rochester[3] should attend the king on his march, as a fit person to betray the king's counsels to the prince. Sir George's confession was seen by Dr. Sheridan, deprived Bishop of Kilmore. Signed by Hewitt's own hand, and sealed, it was transmitted to "the old Earl of Peterborough" to send to King James. The commission was executed, the bishop told Carte. King James must have been incredulous, for though on his landing in France he told the Duc d'Aumont of his discovery of treason on the part of Churchill, "hardly possible to be believed,"[4] he merely notes in his Memoirs that "it was generally believed that Churchill, Kirke, and Trelawney, had designed to seize the king and carry him to the Prince of Orange," and makes no charge of attempted murder. Berwick confirms, doubtfully, the design of betraying the king into William's hands, but says nothing of murder, nor does Lord Ailesbury, who also confirms the project of betrayal. If the king believed the story, it was certainly hushed up, perhaps to make Marlborough's repentance easier, for it was news to Malet and Carte in 1745. Berwick was Marlborough's nephew and careful for great military reputations. But Providence interposed to save, so far, the honour of Englishmen. The king fell seriously ill at Salisbury with violent bleeding at the nose, the beginning of the sanguineous apoplexy which finally killed him, now brought on by extreme distress, and he was unable to ride to Warminster.

Then the great desertions began. Lord Lovelace first, who was caught and imprisoned; Lord Colchester of the king's bodyguard; Lord Cornbury, Rochester's son and Anne Hyde's nephew, with most of his regiment of dragoons; Lord Delamere,

[1] Carte MSS. 266; Memoranda. Macpherson, i. 284.

[2] Narrative by Colonel Ambrose Norton of events, incidents, and negotiations, 1688–89. Carte MSS. 261, ff. 28–31. Copy in Carte's hand. Macpherson, i. 283.

[3] Brother of the king's first wife, Anne Hyde.

[4] Campana de' Cavelli, ii., January 7, 1689. Letter from the Duc d'Aumont.

the first at a distance who declared for the Prince of Orange ; then, by November 25, Prince George of Denmark, the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde, had deserted the king ; and Churchill, prince of traitors. The king, unable to trust the army at Salisbury so near the Orange camp, returned to London, to hear that his daughter Anne had fled to Nottingham with Lady Churchill, Lady Berkeley, and Bishop Compton, not daring to face her father after her husband's treason.

After that startled pause of a fortnight, the enthusiasm of revolt spread over England. Everywhere the cry was for "A free Parliament and the Protestant religion." On November 29 the king was compelled to summon a meeting of the lords spiritual and temporal, who were unanimous in recommending an explicit abandonment of the dispensing power and the calling of a really free parliament. It was too late for such measures.

CHAPTER III

FLIGHT

"The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wame,
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
Shall blaw our good King hame.
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I daurna name."

THE king's most pressing anxiety was now for the safety of his son, whose existence was proclaimed the immediate and most urgent pretext for invasion and rebellion. On November 29, Lord Dartmouth received orders to send the child to France on Tuesday, December 4 (O.S.), in the *Mary* yacht, in charge of Lord Dover. The queen would leave London to join him on the same day. Dover consented at first, and the prince's attendants and baggage were at once put on board. Then Dartmouth invited Dover to dinner, and reminded him that it was high treason to convey the Prince of Wales secretly out of England, and he wrote urgent letters to the king, entreating him to reconsider his command. He was now admiral only in name, and practically a prisoner. The sailors of the fleet were heart and soul with the Prince of Orange—a cruel blow, this, for the king who had done so much for the navy. To send the child out upon the sea would therefore be to thrust him into the very jaws of danger. It would be quite as dangerous to let him stay at Portsmouth, where Colonel Norton, of Cromwell's days, occupied the heights of Portsdown, and he might be cut off from the sea by the Dutch forces. He must be sent back to town at once, secretly, and by land, for no military escort could be trusted, nor was the river safe. Men were hardly one day and the next in the same mind.

So the king sent orders to Lord and Lady Powis, and two

newly equipped Irish Catholic regiments were to fetch the little prince whose long record of perilous adventure now began. The orders reached Portsmouth a day sooner than the regiments could get there, and Lord Dover was in much too great a fright for his charge's safety to wait. He first ordered Colonel Clifford, with a few soldiers, to be ready at six next morning, December 7 ; then, in an agony of restlessness, he persuaded Lord and Lady Powis to set off at five with the prince himself and an Irish officer, MacCarthy, so that before daylight they were three miles from the town. Uneasy at not yet having been overtaken by Clifford, the prince's guardians pushed on as far as the forest of Beares, then sent MacCarthy back to hurry the escort. MacCarthy met a peasant, who had seen no soldiers, except a detachment of cavalry the previous evening, seeking Colonel Norton. The soldiers had rested near for the night, and had just gone into the wood. MacCarthy, suspecting a trap, was directed to another road skirting the wood, by which the carriage safely reached Petersfield before the escort came up. This seemed like another merciful interposition of Heaven ; for it turned out that the Prince of Orange, knowing of the plan of escape, had sent a hundred horse, with the six officers lurking in the wood, to take the child. If the escort had been with the royal party, the peasant had remained unquestioned, and the prince must have fallen into the ambush.[1]

Upon entering Southwark the soldiers of the escort were recognised as Catholics by the populace, and so threatened and insulted that they were forced to disband. At last, crossing Kingston Bridge, the party met a squadron of guards from Whitehall, who conducted the prince to the palace at 3 A.M. of Saturday, December 8 (O.S.).

The king was determined, in spite of all peril and all counsel, to send his son to France ; far less out of the deep policy attributed to him by Louvois, French Minister of War,[2] than out of simple fear of losing his child, either by kidnapping or by that forcible conversion to Protestantism which was so urgently recommended by his despairing friends. With Caryll,

[1] Dartmouth Papers. Hist. MSS. Comm., Report XI.

[2] "Pour créer vis à vis de ses sujets hostiles à la France un pretexte valable qui lui permet à la fois de se soustraire à la ligue d'Augsbourg vers laquelle l'entraînait le courant Anglais et de ne pas porter atteinte a l'alliance qu'il avait jurée a Louis XIV." Louvois to M. de Beringhem. Rizzini says the king told him at Gravesend that he had sent the queen and prince to France to have a legitimate reason never to go to war with France. Campana.

the queen's secretary, and M. de Lauzun, arrangements had been making since the preceding Sunday for the flight of the queen with her son as soon as he should arrive at Whitehall. Lauzun, banished from the French Court upon the discovery of his secret marriage with La Grande Mademoiselle, first cousin to the kings of France and England, had come to London hoping to make himself useful to James.[1] The best service he found to his hand was to serve the queen and prince, and a more intelligent and trustworthy servant could not have been found, for that business, at least, say his colleagues. In war he was less successful.

At first no one was taken into the secret, besides these and the Count de St. Victor, Terriesi, and the Abbé Rizzini, envoy of the Duke of Modena. The queen got leave to confide it to her confessor, Father Giudici. Then Francesco Riva, purveyor and keeper of the king's wardrobe, was called into council. He, Rizzini, and two others anonymous, each wrote a full account of the great adventure.[2]

The queen at first refused to leave the king. It would surely be enough to send the prince to France. James, infatuated to the last, promised to follow in twenty-four hours.[3] Thus comforted, she bore herself through those critical days with the greatest courage, and lulled vigilance to sleep by pretending she had sent for the child to amuse her. Rizzini praises her, not only for securing the safety of the prince by her courage and wit, but for the ignoble safety of the king against the wiser counsel which urged him to stay in London. Terriesi and Hoffman, the Tuscan and Imperial ambassadors, also attribute to her predominance over his mind the fatal mistake of King James's flight. The royal pair were bound together by such passionate affection, that the king's heart was tied to the yacht which carried his wife and child as fast and as fatally as was Antony's heart to Cleopatra's galley.

It was at first planned that the fugitives should travel by

[1] *Mémoires de Jacques II.*

[2] Published at length in *Les Derniers Stuarts* by Campana de' Cavelli. Riva's narrative is from the archives of the House of Este at Modena, and the archives of the Empire at Paris, K. 1302, liasse, No. 9; the Second Account is from the archives of the French Foreign Office; the Third Account, from the Bibliothéque (now) Nationale, MS. Fr. 12,160, pp. 99–119. Riva's account was discovered by Miss Strickland in the French archives, but as it was unsigned, she attributed it to St. Victor. She also mistakes the names, writing "Ferichi" for Terriesi, and "Givelui" for Giudici.

[3] *Mémoires de Jacques II.*

land to Dover, but on Sunday evening, December 2, Lauzun heard that Dover had declared against the king and was unsafe. Gravesend was then selected. Lauzun, pretending there was nothing for him to do in England, had his yacht made ready there as for his own use.

On Saturday the prince arrived, and others were taken into confidence: Pellegrini Turini, who was in waiting; Anna Vittoria Davia, Countess de Montecucoli, afterwards Lady Almond, and the ever faithful Lady Strickland, under-governess to the prince. At two in the morning of Sunday, December 9, the queen disguised in common clothes, the prince made up into a bundle and carried by his nurse, Mrs. Labadie, with Pellegrina Turini, Lady Strickland, the other nurse, and Riva, stole out of Whitehall by the great gallery and private garden to the gate where Terriesi's carriage awaited them with Lauzun.[1] Riva had thoughtfully brought a parcel of jewels to provide against accidents, though their Majesties had objected. Six sentinels challenged them on their way to the gate. Riva answered "a friend," and showed the key of the gates. The queen, with the child, his nurses, and Lauzun, got into the carriage, and Riva rode on the box to look out. They reached Horseferry safely, where a ferry-boat had been engaged by Riva to wait. The boatman was accustomed to take Riva up the river by night on hunting expeditions, and for a blind had been ordered to provision the boat and have his gun ready as usual.

It was a wild winter night of wind and snow and rain and bitter cold, and so dark that they could not see one another, crowded though they were in the little boat. But God protected them, says Riva, for even the tender little baby never betrayed them by one single cry.

On the Lambeth shore Lauzun had arranged that a coach and six should await them,[2] but no coach was there; only Dufours, page of the back stairs, who was not in the secret, but who recognised his royal mistress and entreated to be allowed to go with her. The coach was in the inn yard, and the servants were carousing until Riva went to fetch them. A man in the inn was too inquisitive as to Riva's entry at such an hour and in such a flurry, and hurried out to take observa-

[1] The persons of this party are differently given by the various authorities.
[2] Some accounts say Lauzun joined them here.

tions. Riva saw him going towards where the queen and her party were waiting, and hustled him down into the mud, as if accidentally. The man, appeased by money, apologised, and went back to the inn to wash off his mud, and Riva went on, followed by the coach.

The queen was waiting with her babe and her women in the storm-lashed darkness, under the lee of Lambeth church, looking towards the lights of London and Whitehall. The rain had happily ceased. The party entered the carriage, and passed the guards safely at the various posts outside the town. Sometimes waggoners cried, "Surely that is a coach full of papists escaping with the national funds, who must be knocked on the head." A carter disputed the road; he would not give way to papists. Within three miles they came up with Leybourne, the king's equerry, whom the king had thoughtfully sent with horses and a change of boots. Further on, near Gravesend, they met three Irish captains, also sent by the king to serve on the yacht, to which they carried the queen in a little boat. On the yacht they found waiting Lord and Lady Powis, Vittoria Davia, and her brother the Marquis de Montecucoli, Lord and Lady Clare (O'Brien), and the rest of the Court, with the queen's confessor, Father Giudici; Sir William Walgrave, the prince's chief doctor; Mr. Sheldon; a Frenchman, Guttier François, and Riva.

Vittoria Davia called the queen her sister, and pretended to grumble at having been kept waiting. St. Victor, who had followed on horseback to Gravesend with Leybourne, returned to Whitehall to tell the king they were safely off.[1]

Lauzun offered the captain two hundred golden doubloons, begging him to set ashore in France some French Catholics, friends of his. The captain fell in with Lauzun's wishes, pretended to see nothing, and allowed himself to be engaged in political gossip while the queen and prince were taken on board. He little knew that Lauzun had the king's orders to shoot him through the head if he showed any symptom of giving up the queen and prince to the Dutch;[2] and that the fugitives, who now numbered twenty-three, had resolved to throw him overboard should he give cause for suspicion of his

[1] Third Account. Campana. This is the only account that mentions St. Victor, saying he had come to the Court with Lauzun.

[2] *Mémoires de Jacques II.*

good faith and goodwill.[1] But the captain was staunch. Some say he never suspected, but Rizzini says he confessed to Lauzun, as soon as they were safely in sight of the French coast, that he not only knew all about it, but counted himself too happy to have helped to save the family of his king, and asked only one favour in return—that he might be given the royal warrant, which he supposed to be in the hands either of the queen or of Lauzun, to keep as an heirloom in his family. There exists a curious and beautiful jewel given by the queen to the captain.

Though hostile ships were in sight[2] they passed safely in a strong but favourable wind. At five in the evening they arrived at the Dunes of Calais, where they stopped for the night, for though the wind had gone down the sea was rough. They were startled at hearing two cannon fired. They signalled the retreat of two English frigates sent by Lord Dartmouth to watch the mouth of the Thames to stop the prince leaving England. They also heard the bells of the frigates ringing for prayers. They landed at Calais on the morning of December 11 (21), just missing being wrecked in port, shaving a sand-bank.

One may surely remember against the many sins of Louis XIV.—and he sinned strongly enough for the commendation of Martin Luther—the beautiful way in which he behaved to the "poor fugitive queen, bathed in tears,"[3] who flung herself and her babe upon his most kingly compassion. From the welcome clothes she found awaiting her at Calais,[4] to the full royal honours of reception which she declined, everything that might soften and sweeten the hardship of her plight was placed at her service by a monarch who in his friendship, as in his splendour, was always grand. The citizens of Calais, too, received her with such warm welcome that she exclaimed, "How happy must the rulers be who govern such a kindly people!" As the house of the governor, the Duc de Charost, was in the hands of masons, she was taken in by the king's

[1] Third Account. Campana, ii. 394.

[2] Rizzini says they passed through a fleet of fifty Dutch men-of-war, not one of whom questioned the boat, and also by the English fleet, the captain abstaining from saluting the royal standard. But the royal standard would not have flown there unless the king had been on board, as he was not. Another and more probable account says they passed only one battleship at anchor.

[3] Letter from the queen to Louis XIV. Campana, ii. 416.

[4] Second Account. Campana.

procureur, M. Ponton, attended by Charost's officers. Sinking into an easy-chair she sighed that she had not felt such a sense of rest and safety for three months. Then she went to hear Mass at the Capuchin Church, whither, by command of the Duc d'Aumont, an armed escort of all the gentry of the neighbourhood attended her.

She intended to wait at Calais for the king, expecting him next day, but as two days passed and he did not come, she left Calais for Boulogne with the prince and three attendants, saluted by artillery and escorted by dragoons and cavalry of Boulogne. She would have preferred to wait quietly for her husband at the Ursuline convent, but could not refuse the hospitality of the Duc d'Aumont, in whose house she spent eight days of intense anxiety, for neither did the king arrive nor Rizzini who should have followed at once ; while report came of Kent in revolt, and of the king having been taken by the mob and barbarously handled ; while storms raged at sea, the ports were closed and guards were doubled all along the coast.[1] She wanted to send the prince on to Paris and return to England, but d'Aumont and Lauzun persuaded her not to do so, as her presence would be worse than useless. The people would soon return to their duty, they assured her. Better to wait till good news came. So she waited, outwardly calm and dignified, but sad and solitary, refusing society and spending much time with her little son in the Duc's apartments. On Christmas Eve (N.S.) she heard the three Masses at midnight in the Castle Chapel. At last she consented to leave Boulogne for Paris, tearing herself most unwillingly from the sea, without having had news of "her king" ; her one comfort that the child kept well. Louis had sent carriages and horses for her use, and everything for her comfort, so that her journey was made in magnificence much more in accord with the greatness of the French king and the birth of his guests than with their melancholy condition. The roads were under snow, and in such a terrible state that pioneers went in front to make a way over the fields ; but at every stage on the route the queen found lodging and entertainment prepared as sumptuously as in palaces. Far more welcome was the news which overtook her at Beaumont, that King James had landed safely in France.

The King of France came with the Dauphin and Court to

[1] Hoffmann to the Emperor. Campana de' Cavelli.

meet her a league from St. Germain's, having waited five hours at Chaton. Louis took the Prince of Wales in his arms, and warmly assured the grateful queen of his protection and help. Then he accompanied them to the château of St. Germain-en-Laye, where he established them with guards and everything necessary for their comfort. His first intention had been to give them Vincennes, which had been made ready; then he suddenly changed his mind in favour of St. Germain's, which he had recently left, to establish himself at Versailles.

The ancient hunting palace of the Valois kings, destined to be the seat of English royalty for a quarter of a century, stands upon a promontory made by a sweeping bend of the Seine, surrounded by a forest twenty-one miles in circumference—a bleak situation in spite of park and gay parterres. The noble terrace, a mile and a half long, commands a view over the plain of Paris, "and all the dim rich city" towered and domed, including that distant glimpse of St. Denis which had so depressed Louis XIV. with its perpetual intimation of mortality as to drive him away to the splendid cheerfulness of his own new Versailles.

On January 4 (N.S.) King James landed at Ambleteuse; three days later he arrived at St. Germain's. The story of his flight is well enough known: how with Sir Edward Hales he was captured at Faversham, submitted to the greatest indignities, and sent back to Whitehall, to be received with wild enthusiasm by the people of London; how Dundee and Balcarres entreated him to meet the Prince of Orange at once in battle, when, with a repentant army and the recovered sympathy of a nation loyal at heart, victory under such a general must be sure. Had he not himself declared his resolve to fight as long as he had breath, at the head of his army, preferring to die sword in hand, to calling a parliament that would send him to the scaffold like his father? But now he refused to loose the dogs of war—believed even yet that his people would come back to him.

The Prince of Orange wanted his uncle's head as little as he wanted war. It was his object to drive James out of the kingdom. Exasperated at the king's returning popularity, he sent his own guards to take possession of the posts at Whitehall, at eleven on the night of December 16 (O.S.), without giving the king any notice; merely, as James describes it,

"The sending to me at one o'clock after midnight, when I was in bed, a kind of order by three lords to be gone out of mine own palace before twelve that same morning."[1] On the 17th he fled again to Rochester, where Middleton[2] and Dundee once more urged him to stay;[3] but despair drove him, his fatal promise to the queen drew him.[4] In the night of the 22nd he sailed with Berwick, and landed at Ambleteuse at half-past one on Christmas morning, O.S. (January 4, N.S.).[5]

He left the kingdom in the utmost disorder. Nobody had any orders, except that Feversham had been commanded to disband the army.[6] The High Tories under Sancroft declared that though James still remained king, he had forfeited the right to the nation's obedience, and they suggested a regency.[7] The Moderate Tories under Danby declared that he had abdicated by flight, and that the sovereignty was now with his daughter Mary. Statesmen could not agree. Some were for crowning the Prince of Orange, others for crowning only the Princess; a third section were for leaving his nominal dignity and certain revenue to James, and for entrusting all active government to the princess as regent only, but with a declared right of succession to the crown.[8] But William refused to be either regent himself, or his wife's "gentleman usher." On February 13 he and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of England. On April 11 they were crowned.

NOTE.—For his services in the flight, James created Lauzun Knight of the Garter with great solemnity in Notre Dame, February 27, 1689. Louis XIV. partially forgave him his presumption in marrying Mademoiselle, and made him a duke at the earnest request of the grateful queen. But his marriage was never recognised; was simply treated as if it had never taken place. Vittoria Davia's husband was created by James, Earl of Almond.

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[1] Carte MSS. Bodleian.

[2] Charles, second Earl of Middleton.

[3] Carte's notes of conversation with Middleton. Bodleian Library. James II., being at Rochester with Dundee, Dumbarton, and Middleton, a fire being made up by one David Middleton, who overheard Dundee urging the king to stay in England and make a stand. "It is true the army is disbanded by your own authority, but give me your commission and I undertake to raise 10,000 men to march through England, your standard at the head, and drive the Dutch before us." But the king would not cause war. The English would soon come to their senses again. Carte MSS. 231, ff. 37–44.

[4] Terriesi, Hoffmann, and Rizzini all attribute his flight to the queen's insistence.

[5] The Duke d'Aumont from Boulogne. Campana.

[6] Berwick to Dartmouth. Hist. MSS. Comm., Report XI.

[7] "Public opinion in and out of Parliament applauded the primate standing up so bravely for the fundamental laws of the realm."—Carte MSS.

[8] Carte MSS. Letter to Sancroft.

CHAPTER IV

THE BOYHOOD OF JAMES

It was a' for our rightfu' king
  We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
  We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
  We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that man can do,
  And a' is done in vain ;
My love an' native land farewell,
  For I maun cross the main, my dear,
  For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right an' round about,
  Upon the Irish shore;
An' gae his bridle-reins a shake,
  With adieu for evermore, my dear,
  With adieu for evermore.

. . . . . .

When day is gone, an' night is come,
  An' a' folk bound to sleep ;
I think on him that's far awa',
  The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
  The lee-lang night, an' weep.

BURNS.

THE settlement of the English Court at St. Germain's naturally excited the greatest interest in French society and roused inexhaustible discussion. According to Madame de Sevigné, the king was considered to be lacking in manner and tact, the queen to be rather proud, but gracious and exceedingly dignified ; the prince a very beautiful and merry child, though brought up in the astonishing English fashion, *en dansant*, and dressed like a marionette—not swaddled like French babies, but in little suits of silk and velvet and gold lace. Lady Almond, too, was distressed that he should be brought up so differently from Italian babies, and vainly tried to persuade the queen against such extraordinary customs. The English fashion of the keeping of royal birthdays also puzzled the French Court, though they courteously honoured the whim. A rumour came

to England that the King of France had contracted a daughter of the Dauphin to the Prince of Wales. For a while St. Germain's seemed merely a temporary shelter, a *loge d'attente*. In February 1689[1] the king was off to Ireland with money and troops provided by Louis XIV., and until July in the following year there was reasonable hope that he might be restored. But though Ireland was faithful, she was helpless against her enormously predominant partner. The brave voice of Dundee was powerless to call the British kingdoms to the royal standard. He could only call the clans who wanted to fight Argyll; and the "silver bullet" at Killiecrankie, July 17 (27), made loyalty, valour, and victory of no avail. On July 1 (11), 1690, hope and substance were scattered to the winds at the Boyne. James hurried back to France by the advice of his generals, who trusted that while the Prince of Orange was engaged in Ireland, the king might make a more successful descent upon England, assisted by new supplies from France.[2]

But Louis had redeemed his promise, and though he received James with extreme kindness and respect, he would say nothing about further supplies. It is pretty certain that after the disaster of the Boyne, France never had any serious intention of helping the Stuarts, though so many expeditions were from time to time promised, even set on foot. Louis was far from blind to the fact that persons of importance were slow to come over to solicit his help;[3] that power in England, rank, money, influence, had gone to the cause of the Protestant Church, and that it was useless to put more money into a hopeless concern.

But so long as Louis refused to recognise the Prince of Orange as King of England, there must be war between William and France; and in the repentances, treasons, and vacillations of English generals and admirals there was always hope for the faithful remnant in the islands that, as an incident of French victory over the usurper, the king might be brought

[1] In June 1689 the queen sent £2000 to Dundee, and promised £2000 more, to his lordship's extreme surprise, who "did not know the queen knew anything of our affairs." In this year a pamphlet was published in French, translated into English, and printed at Cologne, entitled *The Great Bastard, Protector of the Little One*, throwing doubt upon Louis' own legitimacy. A proclamation was issued in France, offering 5000 louis-d'or for the discovery of the author.

[2] When the Irish from Limerick arrived at Brest—13,400, including women and children—James went thither to receive them, and took them 300,000 livres for subsistence. Carte MSS. 76, ff. 179–180.

[3] Ailesbury's Memoirs.

home. Towards the end of 1691, a new expedition being on foot, came the joyful news that the queen expected another child.

This was news of the highest importance to the royal cause. It proved false the most cherished excuse of the Orange party for their treason, that the king could have no more children. Of course, it was at once asserted by the enemy that the coming child also would be supposititious, and the king again took every pains in his power to meet the libel. On April 2, 1692, he sent a summons to all those persons in England who had the right to be present at the queen's accouchement, including the Princess of Orange, promising the safe conduct of the King of France. According to the Treasury Papers, the letters to Privy Councillors were delivered to their lordships, who sent them to the Secretary's office.

In spite of the queen's ill-health and great depression of spirits, James left St. Germain's for Caen and the coast on April 21. Before his departure he invested the little Prince of Wales with the Order of the Garter. At the same time, the Duke of Powis, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Melfort, Secretary of State, were invested. At La Hogue, James received a penitent and dutiful letter from his daughter Anne,[1] dated December 1, 1691. But on May 19, the King's hopes were again destroyed by the defeat of the French fleet at La Hogue, and after a stunned pause he returned to St. Germain's on June 1 (11). On June 18 (28) was born the youngest daughter of the House of Stuart—in the presence of all the ladies of the French Court, all the princesses of the blood except the dying Dauphiness, the President of the Parliament, the Archbishop of Paris; and, with others, the Danish ambassadress, selected as a hostile witness, her country being allied with the Prince of Orange. The princess was baptized in great state at St. Germain's by the names of Louisa Mary, Louis XIV. returning from the siege of Mons to stand godfather.

The royal cause, thrice struck so heavily—for Killiecrankie was as black a day as the Boyne and La Hogue—had sunk to the ground. Plots might amuse the too much leisure of politicians out of place and schemers eagerly seeking it, but for armed action there must be recuperative pause. At the

[1] *Life of James II.*, by himself. Macpherson's extracts, *Original Papers*, i. 241. Floyd brought the letter.

beginning of 1692 the Highlands had laid down arms.[1] About a hundred and fifty of Dundee's officers came to France, hoping still to find opportunity of loyal service. Finding themselves only a burden upon the nearly exhausted resources of Louis XIV., and that for their own master all was done that man could do, they obtained reluctant leave to enter the French service as private sentinels. They came to St. Germain's for review and God-speed. It was a heart-breaking scene. Tears might well rush to the eyes of the king who had borne his own sorrows with such wonderful calm. He addressed them in dignified and touching words; spoke of his grief for their distresses, and of his deep and enduring gratitude; of the example and debt that would never be forgotten by his little son. The prince was not with his father at this scene; but two years later, when by the king's command some of that company of valiant Scottish gentlemen returned to St. Germain's from a service of terrible privations and splendid heroism, they met him at the gate of the château where his carriage waited. Amédée Pichot tells the touching story: how he noticed them, paused, inquired, called them up; how they knelt to kiss the gracious little hands, and cover them with tears. He raised them and spoke to them, child as he was, with the dignity and intelligence of a mind early impressed by daily living in the midst of great sorrows and great self-sacrifice; with that heart-to-heart sympathy of his race, which is the kingliest of graces. He hoped they would find some day they had served no ungrateful prince, and he gave his little purse, containing about twelve pistoles, to be divided among them, bidding them drink to the king. Their brothers-in-arms were the heroes of the Isle of Scots, whose valour set Europe ringing yet again with the fame of Scottish chivalry (December 1697).

In February 1693 there arrived at St. Germain's, secretly, one of the best and most faithful gentlemen who ever served a king[2]—Charles, second Earl of Middleton, of the Middletons of Caldhame, in Scotland. He had held various high offices in England since the Restoration; and though he had opposed the violent measures of James II. to his own detriment at Court,

[1] In February 1692 the Macdonalds of Glencoe were massacred.

[2] It must be stated that this is far from the view entertained by Lord Ailesbury (Memoirs, p. 329) or by Claverhouse.

his loyalty was proof against all William's overtures. He remained in England after the king's flight, where he led the "compounders"; those who were for a restoration, with guarantees against repetition of the former fatal policy. He was imprisoned in the Tower for a few months in 1692, though he had been concerned in no plots; was released on bail, and in November was discharged, but was presently (1694) outlawed by the British Government and his property forfeited (1695). Burnet thinks he went to St. Germain's to propose the king's abdication in favour of his son, who should be sent to England. He was a little black, rosy man; very amusing, one of the pleasantest companions in the world; a very valuable man, and a good scholar, Sir William Temple told Swift. Saint-Simon found him "one of the most polished gentlemen in Europe; has a great deal of wit, mixed with a sound judgment and a very clear understanding." He was a Protestant of the sceptical school of Mulgrave and St. John, and contemptuous of conversions. "A new light never came into a house but through a crack in the tiling," he would say. To the annoyance of Ailesbury, he was now appointed Secretary of State, with Caryll, the queen's secretary, for under-secretary; *vice* the incapable, non-compounding, and detested Lord Melfort.[1]

At Easter Lord Ailesbury came over to discuss the chances of a new attempt. He found the queen looking worn and old for her thirty-six years, though the king bore his six decades well. The prince was sent for—a lovely child, nose and upper features all his mother's, mouth and lower features like the king. Lord Ailesbury was joyfully surprised that he should so infinitely surpass all descriptions. He was bidden kiss the princely hand; then the king ordered the prince to kiss and embrace Ailesbury, and dismissed him to the antechamber, where he was immediately surrounded by inquisitive courtiers, asking whom he had seen. He had no idea, except that it must be some person of consequence, as he had had to kiss him, and that he was the tallest man he had ever seen.[2]

Louis gave Ailesbury little comfort to take back to Eng-

[1] Second son of the third Earl of Perth, brother of the duke. The brothers had become Catholic converts. For three years they had ruled Scotland. Melfort had gone with James to Ireland, where he made himself so hated that Louis XIV. had to send him on embassy to Rome, though he returned to St. Germain's at the end of 1691. Middleton ended his ascendancy, and he was banished to Angers in 1701.

[2] Ailesbury, i. 326.

land, but plots went busily on. "The Jacobites could never be quiet," says Ailesbury. They were "so flashy, that if they did but dream King James was coming over, they imagined it when they wakened." The Jacobites of Exeter, in 1693, had a toast to "Limp"; meaning, says Luttrell, Louis, James, Mary, Prince. On May 4, 1694, was the affair of Camaret Bay, Marlborough's great treason, the betrayal of the Brest expedition to France; possibly meant to prove to James a sincerity of repentance as to which the king was excusably sceptical.[1]

Poverty pinched terribly in 1694: the queen had to sell her jewels to support the crowd of exiles dependent upon the king. Louis XIV. had offered a large pension, but only £15,000 was accepted,[2] upon which that careful and exact business man, King James, managed to keep his Court with sufficient dignity. There were those who accused him of stinginess; importunate persons, preoccupied by their own cares or covetousness, who never recked what was the misery of those proud, affectionate people, with hearts wrung for those who had suffered for them, who had actually to beg money to supply demands which were too often based on the slightest pretext of service.

"Nothing can be warmer and more sincere than the feelings of gratitude and affection the King and Queen bear for their friends," writes Sir William Ellis in 1696. Their letters were full of anxious care for them in sickness, poverty, and bereavement.

On December 28, 1694, died Mary, Princess of Orange, *de facto* Queen of England.[3] James wept much that she had died impenitent, but the queen "uttered some passionate words."[4] Louis XIV. put his Court into mourning, but St. Germain's did not mourn officially. The French feared William would marry the Princess Royal of Sweden, which would make the Allies absolute masters of the three seas. Her death stirred

[1] Ailesbury. Marlborough wrote to James, August 23, 1693, making proposals; again in December, advising him to bring 25,000 men, and arms for 7000. He wrote again, February 28, 1694. Macpherson, *Original Papers*, i. 244, 245.

[2] Sevigné. In June 1694 Cardinal Howard, Protector of England, died. Cardinal Caprara succeeded to the position. Ellis says of Cardinal Howard, "That heart full of nothing all its life but of God and the king himself." The queen tried to get the post for Cardinal d'Este, who in the following September became Duke of Modena, on the death of Duke Francis.

[3] See Note, p. 51.

[4] Carte MSS. 76, ff. 592–599; *Huntingdon Papers* (Macpherson), i. 246.

to more violent action the schemes and plots which never ceased to simmer for nearly the whole hundred years after the Revolution. William, now reigning alone to the exclusion also of the Princess Anne, was much more universally intolerable as a usurper. A new obloquy fell upon the Stuart cause by the intemperate and disloyal zeal of those adherents who, twisting out of James's commission a meaning impossible to be honestly or even intelligibly found there,[1] planned the assassination of William, and Sir John Fenwick's loyal head fell on the scaffold in murderous violation of all laws of evidence. "By indirect ways I knew for certain that King James detested that action," says Ailesbury of the plot, and the king never would see Berkeley, who managed it.[2] For the third time King James set off for the French coast. One of his ardent Quaker adherents was moved by the Spirit to appear suddenly before the queen at St. Germain's, to bid her take the young child and fly to England, for they were dead who sought the child's life.

Once more the king returned in disappointment; now to give himself up to devotion and the penances of La Trappe. In the miseries of the years that followed, the prolonged ache of anxiety, the recurrent pain of disappointment, the little Prince of Wales naturally did not share, though the shadow of it hung over his spirits all his life.

It was a gloomy Court to grow up in. Middleton called it "the dreadfullest place in France next to the Bastille." In spite of the tender care of his parents and the companionship of the troops of children at St. Germain's, the atmosphere of hope deferred and bitter disappointment, of penances and austerities, must have oppressed a young spirit cabined in a body which from the first was so very frail. The keen bracing air at St. Germain's, exposed as it stands to the bitter blasts that sweep the plain of Paris, was cruel to his weak lungs, and he was often brought by fever to the very gates of death. The small events in which he was personally concerned during these years of storm and stress are tenderly chronicled by the queen in her letters to the Chaillot nuns,

[1] Charnock and the other conspirators, as dying men, cleared James of all complicity, even by knowledge of the designed violence. Carte MSS. 181, pp. 650–655, verso. See also the king's instructions to Mr. Cross, "Going by our command into England." Carte MSS. 208, pp. 60 and 70. Copy in Nairne's hand.

[2] Ailesbury, 305–306 (vol. ii.).

and formally by Dangeau in his courtly journal: his several serious illnesses and his many slighter ailments; his assumption of a periwig on the day when his little sister discarded her pinafore; his visits to Versailles to see the fountains play, and to play with the Dauphin's three boys.

He was taught from the first to be brave, and to honour courage and loyalty. The queen told her friends, the nuns of Chaillot, that the only time she had ever seen her husband in a passion was when the boy, at four years old, had shown some little childish terror. No heir to a throne was ever more carefully trained by wise and tender parents than this exiled Prince of Wales. Devoted to both his children, the king especially delighted in his son, finding in him, with a father's optimism, "a genius capable of arriving at the highest accomplishment." He was really a promising little boy, but not nearly so clever as his sister, a strong, active girl, gifted with the hereditary charm of the Stuarts, in which her shy, delicate brother was at first sadly deficient; his tutors urging upon him to learn and practice that grace of manner which to her was natural. The prince probably did his best, but charm of manner and pleasant grace do not come except by nature. James II. had not these gifts; his son did not shine by them. The two Oglethorpe girls, who were brought up with him at St. Germain's, described him as very witty; drawing somewhat partisan comparisons between him and his little brave, over-worked nephew, Anne's son, the Duke of Gloucester. According to their chatter, his wit was on occasion pointed in a direction unexpected in a martyr for Catholic conscience' sake. "When he was very little, and somebody gave him a toy like a church of silver and gold, he cried, 'The devil take the church! it had cost him three crowns!'" These Oglethorpes, Anne and Eleanor, were daughters of Sir Theophilus of Bothwell Brig and Sedgemoor, a busy but trimming Jacobite; exiled; then, for three years, a qualified Parliament man, and at the same time a constant intermediary between England and St. Germain's. The girls were to play their small, fussy, persistent parts through more than sixty years of James's life. Neither of them was at any time his mistress, as the common myth declares that one or other of them or of their two sisters was.

Another playmate, one destined to take a great and tragic

part in that drama, was James, Viscount Radclyffe, son of Francis, second Earl of Derwentwater, and Mary Tudor, daughter of Charles II. by Moll Davies. He was a year younger than the prince, upon whom he remained in close attendance, by special request of the queen, from the death of James II. until 1705, when he succeeded to his father's earldom and left the Court to complete his education by making the grand tour; then, in 1710, to return to his estates in Cumberland and Northumberland; marry, and make high history.

In 1691 the prince's first governess, the Duchess of Powis, had died; to be succeeded by Lady Errol, who escaped from Scotland for the purpose. She died October 1693. On his seventh birthday, June 10 (20), 1695, the prince was transferred from women's hands to men's. Dr. Betham was appointed preceptor, with Dr. Ingleton sub-preceptor. He then began to learn French, having so far been taught only English.[1] Next, his household was selected with great care and wisdom. The Duke of Perth, who had been Chancellor of Scotland—"a very holy man," says the queen (Scotland was of the opposite opinion)—was appointed governor, August 19, 1696. He was fully sensible of his great responsibility, both for this world and the next. He describes the prince, September 1696, as full of "every charm that can engage hearts, and all capacity that can be wisht to make a great prince and his father's dominions happy."[2] Colonel Dominic Sheldon, his sub-governor, is described by the Duc de Saint-Simon[3] as one of the handsomest, bravest, and best of Englishmen, pious, wise, and learned; an excellent officer, and of unflinching fidelity. Perkins, "a very ingenious, honest man," and pleasing, and Plowden, were deputy-governors; Nevil, Bellasis, and young Strickland, Sir Thomas's son, grooms of the bedchamber; Symes and Dupuy, "warters."[4] Dr. Fenwick, a Protestant,[5] was added to the tutorial staff to satisfy Protestants, though the king could not yield to their much urged advice to bring his son up in that religion. But nothing pleased the political Protestants, who were really sceptics, of no religion; and highly coloured accounts were published of the crowds

[1] Berwick. [2] Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian. [3] *Mémoires*, vol. vi.
[4] Rawlinson MSS. [5] *Mémoires de Jacques II.*

of priests at St. Germain's; of the king's folly in refusing to educate his son as a Protestant, even to "put Protestants about him"; of Protestants at St. Germain's starving and dying of grief, "so that in ages to come people will hardly credit the existence of Protestant Jacobites."[1]

Elaborate rules, twenty-eight in number, were drawn up by the king and queen for the "family" of their dearest son. Besides the usual rules as to ceaseless surveillance and the routine changes of service, embargo was laid upon presents of eatables, flowers, perfumes, or sweet waters without the governor's leave, a precaution against poison as well as indigestion; whispering to the prince and private conversation also were forbidden; also books and writings, and especially songs, must pass the governor's censorship. No children, uninvited, might play with the prince, and never more than two or three at a time, and none might run into corners and whisper with him.[2]

Portraits of the prince in his childhood are innumerable—canvases, miniatures, and medals; a smiling little boy, with his mother's great black eyes and dark curling hair; the little "Blackbird" toasted so enthusiastically in England and Scotland when his birthdays came round. Largillière, who painted him often, shows him to us at seven years old, with his little sister, in the great picture now in the National Portrait Gallery, scarlet coated, ruffled, and gartered; the princess in stiff white cornette and long stiff womanly dress.

On Christmas Day 1697, the Prince of Wales made his first communion. The children had a little chapel of their own in the palace, to which their confessor, Father Saunders, S.J.,[3] was attached; also Father Michael Constable, who gave religious instruction and taught Latin to the princess and mathematics to the prince.

In 1697 came the Peace of Ryswick and the compulsory recognition by France of the Orange monarchy. Louis proposed to King James that if he would leave his nephew in undisturbed possession of the throne, France would ensure

[1] See *A View of the Court of St. Germain-en-Laye*. Pamphlet, London, 1696, 4to.

[2] Stuart Papers, i. 114–117.

[3] Lord Ailesbury testifies to "the great and excellent character of Father Saunders, the pearl of all that order;" who always impressed upon the king that there was much difference to be made between governing a kingdom not of his religion generally, and governing a kingdom whose subjects were of the same religion as himself.

the succession to the Prince of Wales. James objected that his son's sole right was his father's; that those who set him up might pull him down again, and that he never would consent to make an hereditary crown elective. On the other hand, Berwick says the queen would not give the king time to answer, and protested passionately that she would rather see her son dead than put in the place which belonged to his father; for which Berwick, opportunist and always believing in the sincerity of all men, severely blames her.

It was expected that by a secret article in the treaty, the queen's dowry of £50,000 granted by Parliament might be paid to her as if she were really the widow of the king, who was dead in law. William did not deny the claim, but would give verbal promise only for its fulfilment. Middleton expected they would be "tricked out of it," unless it were paid into the King of France's hands during the queen's life. He had no confidence in William's good faith. On the plea of having this £50,000 to pay to the exiled queen, and at the same time an establishment to form for his heir, the Princess Anne's son, the little Duke of Gloucester, he obtained a grant of £100,000 a year from Parliament. At the first demand for payment of the dowry, he backed out on pretence of unfulfilled conditions, though Boufflers swore the concession had been unconditional. The Duke of Gloucester got £15,000 a year, and that not without some delay. The rest of the money, as Lady Marlborough says, never found its way further than William's pockets;[1] to be applied to his own military and personal expenses.

Peace being signed, William offered to adopt the Prince of Wales and bring him up as his heir and a Protestant. According to a *Review of the Treaty of Ryswick*, enclosed in Macpherson's *History of Great Britain*, William did not insist upon Protestantism—had indeed promised by a secret agreement with Louis XIV. that he would recognise the younger James as his heir and procure the repeal of the Act of Settlement; thus giving away his whole position as Deliverer by bequeathing the nation to a Catholic prince, whom he was bound to believe a supposititious child.[2] It really mattered

[1] *Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.*

[2] Ailesbury says William had never doubted the prince's birth. He asked to see a portrait of him, and remarked, "About the mouth he is most like my uncle King Charles, and his eyes are most like to his mother's."

nothing to him who came after him. He would as soon see James his heir as Anne and her boy, whom he hated. The offer was refused; no doubt with a shuddering glance at precedents in the paternal benevolence of John and Richard III. The man who had made himself master of Holland as a result of the butchery of the two valiant de Witts—a crime from the condoning of which even Macaulay does not attempt to clear him[1]—was hardly, people may have expected, to be trusted with the custody of a delicate child, for whose sake many of his subjects were longing to hurl him from the throne.

Later, in December 1700, it was reported that the boy himself had been tampered with by emissaries from Scotland, who persuaded him that would he but come over the sea and show himself, he would be immediately set upon the throne; and that the prince was so eager to swim into the net that his guards had to be increased.[2]

William still sat uneasily on the throne, observing these things. The rivals were too attractively in view. In May 1698 Bentinck, Lord Portland, his first Dutch favourite, who had represented him in the Ryswick negotiations, was sent on special embassy to Louis XIV. to expostulate on "the harbouring of a band of assassins at St. Germain's"; particularly pointing at the king and the Duke of Berwick! Louis refused absolutely to withdraw his hospitality from his distressed relations, though he entertained the ambassador by a splendid review on the plain of Grésilles near Poissy, at which, as if in defiance, the banished King of England and his son were present on horseback. Lord Portland and his son, Lord Woodstock, did not stop away on that account, nor did the English of Lord Portland's suite. All these English, says Dangeau, greatly admired the pretty little prince, who by his father's orders tried to enter into conversation with Lord Woodstock. That youth, however, had had his orders to avoid such overtures.

The beautiful portrait of James in Holyrood, and another of

[1] "De Witt" (there were two, John and Cornelius, but Macaulay finds one enough to confess to) "was torn in pieces before the gate of the palace. The Prince of Orange, who had no share in the guilt of the murder, but who on this occasion, as on another lamentable occasion twenty years later, extended to the crimes perpetrated in his cause an indulgence which has left a stain on his glory, became chief of the government without a rival."—Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. i. p. 219.

[2] *Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon.* Strickland (Mary of Modena), vi. 366; quoted from Lord Manchester's report to his Government.

which there is a print in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, represent him at this time a slender boy of twelve or thirteen, bright and sweet of countenance ; only too gentle, too refined, to withstand and subdue the storms that raged between him and success. His exceeding delicacy kept him later in life from a healthy sufficiency of athletic exercise, but in youth, like all the Stuarts, he delighted in sport, rode well, and went boar-hunting with his father and the French Court.[1] James II. in exile hunted with the ardour of a young man, noted the astonished French. His son's boyish sporting record was full of honour. English Non-jurors at Oxford and elsewhere triumphed in the story of his high courage, which came over at the end of 1699, how one November day he went shooting in the parks near St. Germain's, which belonged to the Convent of Poissy, on the invitation of the Lady Abbess, Madame de Chaulnes.[2] He went for hares and rabbits, the abbess being unaware of bigger and more dangerous game. But the day before, a lay brother had told him of a wild boar in the park, and the prince found hares and rabbits poor sport in such thrilling neighbourhood, and insisted upon seeking out the boar. The boar made no sign, and the anxious attendants wanted to give him up, but the prince refused. Then, a great triumph for a sportsman of eleven ! he himself found the cover in an old quarry, full of briars and other bushes, where there was a cave. He sent down two of his gentlemen beaters, one of them Charles Booth of Herefordshire, who shouted and flung stones to rouse the boar. The beast suddenly rushed out, straight at the prince. The boy never flinched. With astonishing skill and judgment, with the coolness of Fitz James himself, he let the boar come within shot ; then fired and hit him in the back, shouting, "I've hit him ! I've hit him !" and jumping for joy.[3]

[1] "Very few men among the French Court excelled him in shooting,—running or flying."—*Memoir of the Chevalier de St. George.*

"The next day I saw the pretended Prince of Wales, who is a handsome, sprightly Youth. He performs all his exercises to perfection, and is one of the best Marksmen in France. He delights so much in Shooting, that when he is Abroad he will make shift with any sort of Victuals, and sat on the grass without Linnen, perhaps on a sheet of white Paper. He bears Fatigue so well that he tires all his Attendants with Walking. He is not like the late King, but very much resembles the Queen ; the young Princess, his sister, is inferior to him in Beauty. King James is very much decay'd, and always seems to Force a smile." From *A View of Paris*, &c. &c. Written by a gentleman lately residing at the English ambassador's. London, 1701.

[2] "Enticed by her," the anxious Non-juror expresses it.

[3] The mark was more difficult because he was upon the lower ground, says the second account, also among the Non-jurors' papers in the Bodleian.

The boar turned and ran, the prince after him, following close, till he forced him to swim a moat. The prince, wild with the ardour of the chase, would not let a moat come in the way. It was wide, and too deep for him to ford, but he made Booth carry him over. They drove the beast into the Seine, where some fishermen finished him off, and brought him dead to the triumphant young hunter waiting on the shore. One of his attendants complimented him on his brave action, and assured him it would certainly be in the *Gazette*. "I believe it will," cried the enchanted prince. "I don't believe the Duke of Burgundy ever did so much." He and his attendants carried the boar home with a wild huzza, where he ordered it should be cut up and distributed among his friends in the household; its head to be salted and presented to his father.

"Why did you expose yourself to such danger?" asked the proud though startled king. "Sir," the prince replied, "we must not be more backward to attack our enemies because they are stout and strong, but take our hazard!" So the story was told.[1]

On the following May he was taken to Fontainebleau to make his first appearance at Court, where he acquitted himself charmingly. On May 22, the English in Paris rushed in crowds to see him attend High Mass at Notre Dame in state, where he was received by the Archbishop of Paris with the same honours as were due to the King of France. A great hunt was commanded by Louis at the beginning of August for the purpose of showing him off to his countrymen, but this was postponed, owing to a sad bereavement which befel the English royal family.

On July 29 died the little Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Anne's son. At first the position of James and his children seemed immensely improved by this sad event. Since Mary's death, William had been rapidly losing popularity and influence; he was also in bad health. But the immediate consequence was the Act of Settlement, which, failing further issue from the Princess Anne, passed over not only James II. and his children but all the elder descendants of the Queen of Bohemia, more than forty persons, to settle the crown of Great Britain upon

[1] English Hist. MSS. (Bodleian), C. 2, fol. 265. Also Hearne MSS. (Bodleian), Oxford; and Letter signed R. T. (Ralph Thoresby), Paris, March 10, 1700. Second account almost identical with the first. The story is also given in the *Memoir of the Chevalier de St. George*, published at Cologne, in a French translation, 1712.

her youngest daughter, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, and her heirs, being Protestants. The Act became law, June 21, 1701.

It was an immensely unpopular measure. The Houses themselves had acted reluctantly.[1] Far from pleasing the Jacobites, as some oddly averred it did (Hardwicke MSS.), it turned the hearts of many waverers, and even of many strong Revolutionists, to James. Another foreign sovereign was more than English blood could stand. Sophia was a stately and clever woman, courteous and affable, much resembling Charles II.; but she was by training and feeling wholly German, in spite of her Stuart mother. She had warmly sympathised with the dispossessed king; now she admitted to Lord Ailesbury that a crown was a glittering thing; adding with a sigh, "But it would be still more if it arrived by a natural succession."[2]

The next heir after the children of James was Anne of Orleans, Duchess of Savoy, only surviving child of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. She cared so little for her rejected right that Berwick had to be sent to Turin by the Kings of England and France to persuade or frighten Victor Amadeus II. into making formal protest by his ambassador before the Houses of Parliament. Swift mentions a report that the Duke of Savoy suggested to the English Court that his eldest son should be selected as Anne's successor, promising that he should at once turn Protestant if accepted; while the women hawkers, who in times of political scandal would cry, "Buy my fresh pla(i)ces," now cried, "Buy my Savoys." Some hoped Anne might send for her little sister, to bring her up as a Protestant and her heir; perhaps marry her to a Hanover prince. Mr. Graham, brother of Lord Preston, was actually sent to St. Germain's to negotiate the restoration of the Prince of Wales, and many English now visited St. Germain's who had hitherto avoided that Court. But poor weak Princess Anne was no staff to lean upon.

In the first agony of bereavement she had written another penitent letter to her father.[3] Now she wrote asking his leave

[1] Stanhope.

[2] "It is little likely that I shall survive two persons who are much younger, though much more ailing than I!" she wrote to Mr. Stepney. "It seems as if [the Prince of Wales] would easily recover what his father has so carelessly lost. . . . It seems to me that there are so many factions in England, one can be sure of nothing."—Hardwicke Papers, Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports.

[3] Correspondence in Macpherson, Hanover Papers. Macpherson says that Anne had been corresponding with her father until William's bad health gave her a prospect of the crown.

to succeed William, that she might restore her brother at a favourable opportunity. James refused ; he would land directly after William's death if only three men followed him ! Of this proposal God disposed.

On November 13, 1700, Charles II. of Spain died ; another death in that same year of high importance to Jacobite fortunes. At the beginning of 1701, Philip, Duke of Anjou, entered Madrid as King of Spain. Indirectly, and half unexpectedly, this culminating point of the ambition of Louis XIV. in the end told heavily against the Stuart cause. It had been partly to smooth the way for his grandson's succession that Louis XIV. consented at the Peace of Ryswick to recognise William of Orange as king. Now another recognition came to be the ostensible pretext of England for breaking the peace of Europe ; and in the Twelve Years' War of Succession which followed, the means of Louis XIV. were entirely required to uphold the kingdom of his grandson against the allied opposition of England, Holland, and the Empire.

NOTE.—The Princess Mary's position as the Goneril of the Revolution was thrust upon her. In her Memoir, published by Döbner, we find her self-revealed as a very different person from the portrait drawn by the hostile Duchess of Marlborough, who accused her of "wanting bowels," in spite of her good qualities. Lochiel says (Memoirs), "She had all the sweetness of the Stuarts in her blood, and was naturally a good princess" ; kind for her father's friends, though she dared not show it. Her husband commanded her to look happy when they took possession of Whitehall, lest people should say she disapproved. A nervous, cowed wife, she overdid the part given to her ; hence the conduct so shocking to lookers-on, when she "looked into every closet and conveniency, and turned up the quilts of the beds, as people do in hotels." After all she had become a Dutch housewife ! Her Memoir is full of morbid self-analysis. She hated leaving Holland, where she was a personage of sufficient consideration ; sad about her father, but believing absolutely in her husband and the "Deliverance." The people of England all censured her and made her unhappy. When she believed herself dying from a throat malady, she was glad ; concerned only for her unpaid debts. Here she showed some knowledge of her husband's views as to such liabilities. The war in Ireland distressed her terribly. She had never thought of her husband and her father meeting in the field ; had hoped the business would have been settled by Act of Parliament, and a regency established. Though deeply and sincerely pious in her extreme Puritan way, she was brighter and gayer than Anne until she came to her lonely throne ; lonely by her tyrant-consort's side, surrounded by a censorious people, as if she were in a strange land. She grew weary of anybody who would not talk a great deal, said the Duchess of Marlborough, whereas Anne was so silent that she rarely spoke more than was necessary to answer a question (*Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough*).

CHAPTER V

KING BY RIGHT DIVINE

"But there's a bud in fair Scotland,
A bud weel kend in Glamourye;
And in that bud there is a bloom,
That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three;
And in that bloom there is a brier,
Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye,
Or there is neither faith nor truth,
Nor honour left in our countrye."

THE evil days of James II.'s pilgrimage now drew to their close. In March 1701 he was attacked by apoplexy. A sojourn at the waters of Bourbon brought no improvement, and on Friday, September 2 (N.S.), in the chapel at St. Germain's, the death-stroke fell. We have many accounts of the touching scenes that followed: the king's patience and peace, even the joy with which he prepared to leave a world that had been for him "a sea of storms and tempests"; the queen's uncontrollable grief; the deep sorrow and unfailing affection of Louis XIV.

The dying king lingered for a fortnight, and was able in intervals of consciousness to speak a great deal and with singular clearness; even with more vivacity than before his illness, says Dangeau. He sent at the first for the little prince, who burst into tears at the sight of his pale father and the bed covered with the blood of his hæmorrhage. The king spoke to him so tenderly and solemnly, that the dying adjuration shaped and strengthened his son's conduct all through life. He bade him, in whatever temptations might arise, to be true to his Catholic faith; charging him, the child of vows and prayer, never to set the crown of England in competition with his eternal salvation. However dazzling a crown might appear, a time would come when it would seem a very indifferent thing. There was only God to love and eternity to desire. He must be respectful and obedient to the queen, the best of mothers; and

for ever grateful to the French king, to whom he owed so much.

The doctors feared the king talked too much, and wanted the prince removed. "Do not take my son away until I have given him my blessing," James entreated. He made the sign of the Cross upon the boy, repeating, "Never separate yourself from the Catholic Church. No one can lose too much for God."[1]

The little Princess Louisa, his "Consolatrice," was brought next, bathed in tears, to be blessed and bidden tender farewell; but for his son James sent several times, though the doctors forbade many such exciting visits.

The King of France, with the princes and the Court, came thrice to weep at the bedside of his old friend. The most urgent question for the dying king, to his Court, and also to Europe at large, as it waited those fourteen days, was what would be the action of Louis when that old friend and cousin was dead. He was bound by treaty to recognise the *fait accompli* of the English Revolution, and without his support the claim of the Prince of Wales upon his father's lost throne would look nearly hopeless; yet Louis was already severely crippled by the long and costly wars he loved too well, and he had another great war almost certainly impending.

Louis behaved once more *en grand Monarque*. Policy was whistled down the wind; generosity triumphed. He called his council. Seven only of the twenty-three present were against proclamation at once. One great difficulty in the way, besides Louis' undoubted obligations by the Treaty of Ryswick, was the proclamation of the prince as King of France upon French ground. It had been suggested to his father that it were a gracious concession to give up the ancient, empty style, in consideration of his position as guest of Louis XIV.; but James refused to renounce that treasured shadow of Plantagenet glories. Indeed, it did not lie in the power of any King of England to renounce a hereditary title of his own absolute will. It was the Dauphin, who, with the less than lukewarm assent of the other princes, and in the teeth of strong ministerial opposition, warmly declared that to forsake the righteous cause of the young heir of England would be dishonour. For his own part, he was resolved to

[1] Somers Tracts, xi. p. 342; Stuart Papers (F. C. Madan), ii. 338.

hazard not only his life, but all that was dear to him, for the prince's restoration. "I am of Monseigneur's opinion," said the king. The matter was settled, and Louis himself carried the news to St. Germain's.[1]

The rapture of gratitude with which it was received, the faint hand-pressure of the fast-sinking king, the tears of the Court, touched deeply the really warm heart of a monarch whose colossal selfishness through a long life almost made a grandeur of itself. The prince was sent for to the queen's rooms. Louis held out his arms to the boy, who ran to embrace him, and assured him that though he was going to lose his father, he would always find a father in himself. When his Majesty had gone, the prince sat down to write. Perth, his governor, asked him why he had been summoned. He replied, that was a secret he must keep. What was he writing? All that the French king had said to him, that he might read it every day and not forget it all his life.[2]

James II. died at 3 P.M. on Friday, September 6 (16). From his bedside his household went at once to bend their faithful knees to the young king, now by undoubted right of birth James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland. Louis, in departing, had given orders to Terry, the Captain of the Guard, to render to the young prince the same honours as to a crowned head as soon as his father should die. Now Terry, with the heralds, followed by a crowd, proclaimed with trumpets at the Castle gate, and at other places in the town of St. Germain's, James the Third, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, by the grace of God; Defender of the Faith. He was also recognised at once, enthusiastically, by the King of Spain, and by the Pope, Clement XI.

The late king's body was removed very quietly at midnight after his death to the chapel of the English Benedictines at Paris. He had begged of Louis to bury him in the parish church of St. Germain's without any ceremony, like the poor; his only epitaph, "Here lies James II., King of England"; but his wish was not thus respected. The king was left, unburied under his pall, awaiting removal to Westminster

[1] Somers Tracts, from Sion College Library, A.B. 5, No. 43; *Letter from an English Gentleman in France to a Friend in London. Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon*, iii. 225.

[2] Dangeau.

—until the French Revolution scattered his ashes to the winds.

He had appointed the queen as regent for the young king, who would come of age as usual at eighteen; though by his will, made in Ireland in 1690, he had fixed the royal majority at fourteen, when he had also drawn up long and wise instructions for his son.[1] In these he charged him, first, to be a father to his people when he should be called to govern them: to serve God as a perfect Christian and worthy child of the Catholic Church: to govern kindly: to live at peace abroad: to do his utmost to establish new laws of Liberty of Conscience: to preserve innocence by avoiding temptation: to be on his guard against women—"I speak with a dear-bought experience"—of all the vices the most seducing and the most difficult to be conquered, and one to which his rank specially exposed him; which would not only draw upon him many difficulties of provision for children, but grave political dangers, such as Monmouth brought to crown and nation. As to drinking, it was "not necessary to enlarge upon that point, since few princes among the civilised nations are addicted to so foul a vice." ("He himself was a most sober prince," says Ailesbury.) He must not let himself be drawn into offensive war, not evidently just. His expenses must not exceed his revenue. Oppressive ministers must be dismissed. He must apply himself to the study of the British Constitution; and "above all things, endeavour to be and to remain superior at sea, without which England cannot be secure." So spoke a sailor-king, wise for his own day and for all time.[2]

Middleton, appointed under the will of James II.[3] one of the council to assist the queen-regent, formally resigned the seals of office as Secretary of State. They were immediately returned to him, and he was created Earl of Monmouth by the new king.

[1] Macpherson's *Original Papers*, i. 77. Ailesbury was told that these instructions were drawn up by Father Saunders.

[2] "There is no man of common sense in our island who does not or ought not to know that England can never be secure and at ease without she be master of the seas, at least to such a degree as that no prince or state might alone dispute the superiority with her." James II., 1676. Macpherson's extracts from his writings, *Original Papers*, i. p. 81. "England has no gold mines or silver mines," Middleton wrote to De Phelippeaux (December 1694). "All its treasures are afloat." Carte MSS. "He was so great an Englishman about the navy," says Ailesbury, "that even against him he insisted that they must do their duty."

[3] Add. MSS., British Museum, 20,311.

This first minister of the new reign was as heartily hated and distrusted by the Jacobites at home as he was warmly esteemed and trusted by his master. His unpopularity was the natural result of his office. The Jacobites were divided into so many parties which contained or consisted of so many would-be leaders, that no ruling minister could possibly please all, or indeed any. Middleton had superseded Melfort to satisfy the English, who now declared he had ousted Melfort unfairly. His wife, a Catholic and governess to the Princess Louisa, was Catherine, daughter of Lord Cardigan, sister of the wicked Lady Shrewsbury of the famous Buckingham duel. Saint-Simon describes her as a tall well-made woman of austere bearing; she and her husband clever as two demons at intrigue, and extremely popular in society. In spite of outlawry and forfeiture, the Middletons were the only members of the English Court who enjoyed their revenues in full.

Middleton, gaily but sincerely sceptical and careless in his way of living, had been stoutly honest in resisting the continuous, earnest, and affectionate pressure put upon him by James II. to become a Catholic, up to his very death-bed. "If you believe in the Trinity, why do you stick at Transubstantiation?" asked one of the priests. "How do you know that I do believe in the Trinity?" asked Middleton whimsically. The Orange party in England, never weary of railing at the king's exclusive bigotry, admitted that Middleton, though a Protestant, was loved and trusted.

A few months after the king's death, Middleton became a Catholic under somewhat remarkable circumstances. He told the queen that his old master had appeared to him during the night, and informed him that by his prayers he had obtained his friend's salvation. The vision made so deep an impression upon the obstinate but practical minister, no morbid visionary but a cheery soul, that he professed himself a Catholic—the greatest joy the queen had known for years. He resigned office, went into retreat, and then made his abjuration.[1]

It was this affair which made him most abominable in English eyes. The queen insisted on returning to him the seals. Her confidence in him was now unbounded, and he ruled everything at St. Germain's. He was offered the Garter,

[1] Saint-Simon, *Mémoires*.

but refused it, Saint-Simon says, out of modesty; more likely out of common-sense dislike of empty honours.

To ascribe his conversion to desire of power would be absurd. When James II. pressed the seals upon him, he accepted only on condition that he should return them in the event of a restoration. All his advantage would have been in loss of office, which would have allowed him to return to his great estates in England where, as a man of great parts, he was well known and esteemed. He took his new creed very seriously, and at first talked of ending his days in retirement and penance, but he soon fell into his old easy-going ways, though he kept his faith. He returned to office in the nick of time to save the too credulous queen from being drawn into a great danger.

The queen-mother had also for her assistance the counsel of the Duke of Berwick, in whom she had always perfect confidence. Unfortunately for her and her son, his great military talents might not be buried in a council chamber, and he was presently sent by Louis to the French army in Flanders.

To describe Berwick from the dispassionate accounts of those who knew him intimately or as a great contemporary, is to draw the picture of Tennyson's "own ideal knight." From his father he inherited a dogged determination to act according to conscience and duty, no matter how private affection might pull at his heart. From the Churchills he inherited his splendid military talents, in his case particularly demonstrated in the conducting of sieges. Unlike Marlborough, his mother's brother, he was absolutely devoid of avarice. No money could buy the raising of his little finger. No motive of interest could tempt him from the law he had prescribed to himself. He was scrupulously just, perfectly truthful, save when deluded by memory, in his Memoirs; of inviolable secrecy, of stainless morality; exempt, since early youth, says Bolingbroke, from the vices which beset those of his age and profession.[1] The "cold, Brutus-like virtue" which determined his actions made him none the less lovable. "A harmless young man, greatly beloved by the king," Burnet calls him. "I love the Duke of

[1] His son, in his Memoirs, says Berwick had lived an immoral life, but was persuaded by his anxious father (see "Fatherly Advice to N.N.," Somers Tracts), and influenced by his first wife to renounce such sins for ever.

Berwick," Middleton writes to him. He was humane, generous, and frugal; naturally affable, but dignified; sweet-tempered; gentle and tolerant in religion, though most devout. "His faults were so few, so slight, so fugitive, as to be almost invisible and not worth mentioning," says Bolingbroke. "Like his royal grandfather he was the most docile of sons, the best of fathers, the most tender of husbands, the most sincere of friends, the most considerate of masters, the most faithful of subjects, the best great man who ever existed." He was of a very noble presence, personally resembling Charles I.[1]

Immediately upon the death of James II., the queen as regent, with her council, published a formal declaration of the right of the Prince of Wales to the throne of his fathers. An attempt was made by a few irresponsible persons to proclaim him in London, which resulted only in fiasco.

The news of his proclamation by Louis XIV. set England and Scotland in a flame, though after all it had been expected as confidently by foes as by friends that "the young gentleman would be proclaimed."[2] Addresses were prepared, promising to stand by William against the "pretended Prince of Wales." France in general disapproved. It was a great mistake, says Saint-Simon, inspired rather by pity than wisdom, useless to James, and wantonly provocative to England. Dangeau approved; but the fact was that that impulsive generosity brought to James only a weary series of disappointments and not one substantial benefit, while it drew his protector into a raging sea of diplomatic difficulties.

William received the evil tidings at Loo, where he was dining with a party of English and Dutch officers and German princes. He spoke no word, but reddened angrily and pulled his hat down over his eyes. His ambassador, Lord Manchester, was at once instructed to quit Paris without taking leave at Versailles;[3] and Poussin, the French Secretary, had notice to quit England.

For assuming the kingly title, James was attainted by the

[1] *Portrait du Maréchal de Berwick*, Bolingbroke. Berwick's printed portraits do not show such resemblance.

[2] Ellis MSS.

[3] Dalrymple, iii. 226. William put his Court into mourning for James II. as for a relation. Coke MSS. The Princess Anne saw no visitors. When, a few months later, William died, Louis XIV. forbade all official mourning—a thing without precedent; but he took precautions that no such indecent rejoicings should be made in Paris as had celebrated a report of his death at the battle of the Boyne.

English Parliament, and all correspondence with him or sending him money was declared treason. The lords in committee wished to include the queen in the attainder, as pretending to be regent. The Bill passed quickly through the Houses. Many who would have shrunk from an act by which a boy of thirteen could be put to death without trial at any moment when he might fall into the hands of his enemies, assented out of anger that the King of France should dictate to them the choice of a king.

So began that long reign, which was a reign, though without crown and kingdom ; a sovereignty which, though it made no laws and bestowed no lands, was recognised, officially if intermittently, by reigning sovereigns and their governments, and with all the soul's conscience and the heart's devotion by so many thousands of British and Irish subjects ; was watched with pitying sympathy, held aloof by religious dread, by many thousands more. So the last James Stuart came into his inheritance.

Of this there was left something more than shadow of majesty and reality of misery. He succeeded beyond dispute to the inalienable dignity of chieftainship of a royal race, the splendour of great traditions ; and to a very reasonable and living hope of coming into a kingdom real and wide and glorious. But the larger part of his inheritance was less desirable.

There was first the accomplished fact of the Revolution, in which he had no voluntary concern, but whose forces and consequences bent and blighted a life which might otherwise have been useful and beneficent. There were the sharp uses of adversity which trained him to wisdom and great patience : without this constraint and experience his character and knowledge must have far otherwise developed and extended. There was the legacy of trouble, bequeathed by Reformation and Rebellion, not yet paid in full. There was the political tradition of his race which he could not altogether renounce ; which in his heart he must reverence. There was the personal reputation of his forefathers, made chiefly of their mistakes, shaped and coloured and presented for the faith of the nation by their successful enemies. There were the characters and physical constitutions of his father and mother. And there was the bad luck of the House of Stuart, if luck is real and

heritable; for, after all, the annals of royal houses are as a rule darkened by much tragedy. Plantagenets, Valois, Bourbons, all occasionally suffered assassination and deposition. But surely of all his star-crossed race, none was ever more pitilessly pursued by fates and furies, by domestic sorrows, and by the ill-luck that comes of apparent accident as distinct from blameworthy mismanagement, than this last British-born Stuart prince. The reader of his many letters is most impressed by his "sad lucidity," his patience, his reasonableness, and the warm affections of his lacerated heart.

For the present, there was nothing more to be expected from the King of France. The Emperor had refused to recognise Philip of Anjou as King of Spain, and claimed the crown for his son, the Archduke Charles. War therefore raged in southern Europe. William of Orange set to work to form a Grand Alliance with Holland and the Empire, to recover the Low Countries from France and Spain, and the old Spanish possessions in Italy for the emperor; and Louis was more concerned in establishing his grandson on the throne of Spain than in setting his cousin on the throne of Britain. He could prove his sympathy with the exiled family only by warm kindness and stately courtesy, treating the young king with the consideration he had shown his father, "only with the more tenderness because of his youth"; a grand courtesy "which he never would have condescended to pay to a less unfortunate prince." He visited and received him in solemn state, and took him boar-hunting and stag-hunting in the forest of Fontainebleau; a cheerful relief from the gloom of St. Germain's, whither the young king returned regretfully, says Dangeau, who calls him "a very pretty prince, who made himself much beloved" at the French Court. "The sorrows of (the royal family) are allayed by the hopefulness and good qualities of the young master," writes a correspondent in October 1701. "He charms everybody who sees him, and [seems] designed to be a useful man in his generation."[1]

Louis undertook the expenses of his education, and ordered proper masters to instruct him in navigation, fortification, &c., "the former of which he is said to be an exquisite master of, likewise of most of the European languages, . . . riding, dancing, fencing, shooting," says Alexander Rankine, author

[1] Rawlinson MSS., D 849, Bodleian.

of a contemporary *Memoir of the Chevalier de St. George.* A detachment of fifty French guards was appointed to his service, besides twelve Yeomen of the Guard and six bodyguards, with a staff of domestic servants at 50,000 livres a month—which sum was conveyed to St. Germain's in an iron cart. His allowance as Prince of Wales was almost entirely continued in addition. Rankine probably overstates Louis's kindness in saying he promised to draw his sword for James, never to be sheathed till it had set him on his throne.

The Duke of Hamilton and a party of Scottish lords at once set about organising a rising on behalf of the young king. Scotland, ruined by the Darien speculation, her independence threatened by the impending parliamentary union, began to remember her native prince. In November 1701 Lord Belhaven was sent to St. Germain's, where he remained three months, representing to the queen that if her son could only be induced to embrace the Protestant faith it would be perfectly easy to restore him at once. The English Parliament might be trusted to recognise him as William's successor; the Duke of Hamilton and his party would proclaim him King of Scots at once, without waiting either for William's death or the consent of the English Parliament. The queen refused. Her son, young as he was, would rather die than change his religion. Then, if the prince should remain a Catholic, would he promise to suffer only a limited number of Romish priests in the kingdom, and engage to make no attempt to alter the established religion in either realm? This the queen freely promised on his behalf. Next, would she at least send him to Scotland, that his faithful people might see and know and crown him? To nearly all of them he was but a name; his presence was certain to stir loyalty to fighting point. An invisible chief was useless, urged Belhaven, backed by Perth's son, the Marquis of Drummond, ever so feverishly forward as to be an easy prey to false and flattering counsel; also by Sir John Murray and Sir Robert Stuart. The queen would not consent to an experiment so dangerous at his age. She had little confidence in Lord Belhaven, who was a very recent convert to Jacobitism. He had been one of William's most subtle instruments in bringing about the Revolution, since which he had been neglected and personally slighted and had suffered in his patriotism by seeing none of William's

promises kept with regard to Scotland. A rumour presently reached the startled queen that her daughter was to be set up as a rival to her son; by Lord Arran,[1] as the Duke of Hamilton was called at St. Germain's, who, the story ran, proposed to revive the old Hamilton pretensions to the Scottish crown, and to strengthen that claim by the marriage of his son and heir[2] to the princess.

In February the Church of England party sent Dr. Leybourne to St. Germain's to obtain from James guarantees for the safety of the established religion. Leybourne returned with royal instructions, in which James promised government according to law, security and protection to the Church of England, with full enjoyment of all its legal rights, privileges, and immunities, and possession of the churches, universities, colleges, and schools; none but the best men of that communion to be appointed to benefices and dignities; even the royal right of nomination to bishoprics to be waived in recognition of loyal endeavour on the part of the Church towards the restoration, though without prejudice to the future rights of the crown. The Archbishop of Canterbury and four bishops would be appointed to propose three candidates for each vacancy for the royal selection. Tithes due to the crown would be remitted, "for our reign only," to all who should return to duty and endeavour to atone for error by trying to reclaim errant flocks, but to those only, and the bounty would not be made a precedent. No one should be persecuted for conscience' sake; and it might be left to "our first parliament" to settle the laws against Roman Catholics according to a just and equitable moderation.[3] To the temper and lines of these instructions James remained faithful for the whole of his life.

[1] James Douglas, fourth Duke of Hamilton, born 1658; eldest son of Lord William Douglas, created Earl of Selkirk and Duke of Hamilton for life, by his marriage with Anne, daughter of James, first Duke of Hamilton, and Duchess of Hamilton in her own right. Called Lord Arran until 1698. Four years after his father's death, when his mother resigned her honours in his favour, he was created by William Duke of Hamilton, with precedency from the original creation. He had remained faithful to James VII., and refused the new oaths. As his mother lived, his patent of dukedom was not recognised at St. Germain's. The Hamiltons, being descended from Mary Stewart, daughter of James II., King of Scots, stood next in the succession to the line of James III., whose heirs, like himself, never left more than one legitimate child, until James VI., whose heirs in 1701, with the exception of James VII.'s children, were all supposed by certain Scots to be disqualified as foreigners.

[2] Born about 1699.

[3] Rawlinson MSS. Poet. 207; also MSS. 14,698, f. 1, Bodleian.

It was hardly to be expected that these proceedings should not at least result in further exasperating the *de facto* government. The attainder was followed by the Act of Abjuration. This was accepted less readily than the previous act,[1] but on February 20 it passed the Lords. On that momentous day the famous mole tripped up Whig ascendency with the horse of William, who fell with his stumbling steed and broke his collar-bone. On March 7, at 7 P.M., he signed the abjuration—the last act of his life. He died on March 8, and the Princess Anne was proclaimed his successor. On April 23 she was crowned.

The "little gentleman in black velvet," toasted so long by the Jacobites as the agent of William's death, really served against his rival. William had been expensive and unpopular.[2] Under his rule England touched the nadir of her greatness;[3] the affair of Darien had ruined Scotland; he bequeathed to the nation the National Debt. There was no sorrow at his death.[4] Anne was welcomed with joy. Only in the previous month, Fuller, who upon the proclamation of James had published a new edition of his pamphlet proving the prince to be the son of Lady Tyrconnel's waiting-maid, had been declared, after examination by the House of Lords, to be a cheat, a false accuser, and an incorrigible rogue. Yet, according to Hearne, even at this date some Non-jurors were doubtful of the prince's birth, and preferred his sister as a genuine competitor for the crown. The doubt, at least, encouraged the Non-juring conscience to accept Anne, a genuine, genial English princess, neither Dutch like William, nor German like Sophia, nor French, as James was by residence; and Tories and High Church cheerfully swore fealty to their late king's daughter.[5]

[1] The Scots Parliament would abjure James only for the life of William, "which were to leave a large gap for the Prince of Wales to enter at."

[2] Luttrell. Hearne says in his Diary: "The exchange of an English for a Dutch king cost us £1,200,000. Besides the many military paid, a great deal of money went to foreign troops for services to the Dutch."

[3] Macaulay.

[4] It is surprising to read the unanimous Whig testimony to the utter lack of lamentation over the loss of this much desired of the nation. "People were a little shocked at first," Sir R. Tracy writes to Harley (Portland MSS., Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports, vol. iv.), "but they are now very well satisfied." "The loss of so great and good a king is little felt at present," writes Lady Pye (*ibid.*). "I never saw so short a sorrow was here (Edinburgh), and the same in London." Such is political gratitude.

[5] There was a rush of petitions to the British Government for relief of outlawry immediately after James's death. Carte MSS.

Anne's succession was an unpleasant surprise at St. Germain's, but it gave something of a breathing space. The king had nearly five years of minority before him. The regency of his Italian mother would be unpopular, if not impossible. His prospects were far from hopeless. His half-sister was elderly, gouty, and childless. Before he should be old enough to reign, she might be dead. She detested the idea of Hanoverian heirs, and her heart turned to the young brother for whose wrong she is said to have believed that her last child's life was required of her.[1] The hearts of multitudes in England and Scotland turned to the innocent boy who, at least, had done nothing to forfeit his birthright. Besides the large and devoted party whose allegiance to the native dynasty had never wavered, there were many more or less in sympathy with the Revolution and political Protestantism who had been too sorely tried by the financial disasters of the Orange government; and there were those opportunists who, officially faithful to the Protestant succession, did their best to let the St. Germain's people know that when the "psychological moment" should arrive they might be counted friends.

So, failing present help from France, and confident in the almost universal preference for the Prince of Wales to the Electress Sophia as a candidate for the reversion of the crown, the eyes of St. Germain's turned to England: to the queen, whose remorseful affection must surely outweigh the desire of sovereignty; to her Government, with Godolphin at the head, dark, distrustful, procrastinating, and dissembling, but always a Jacobite at heart, who had corresponded with James II. during the whole of his exile; and most of all they looked to those who governed the queen—to Marlborough and his wife.

Though John Churchill's sword had always been drawn for William, he had, as every one knows, corresponded constantly with King James; assured him of his repentance and heart-allegiance; promised him his whole service. Though William made him an earl, he and his wife shared in the sullen ill-will borne by that prince towards their friend and patroness, the Princess Anne; who also corresponded secretly with St. Germain's. From the date of her accession Marlborough rose to a greatness and a glory which have never been surpassed in

[1] In 1711 a story was whispered among the faithful at Oxford that James was present at Anne's coronation, and that she kissed him. Hearne's Diary.

the annals of the empire—a real greatness, a righteous glory, though the one was deformed, the other tarnished by the ugliest of sins and the meanest of faults.

It is not that the incomparable splendour of Marlborough's glory dazzles the eyes and magnifies a lump of common clay to the proportions of a hero. The truest English heart must thrill with pride and admiration as it contemplates that godlike figure, Addison's great angel of war, beautiful, serene, and confident, riding in the whirlwind and directing the storms of battle and politics; godlike in the power of sure success ("he never besieged a fortress he did not take, never fought a battle he did not win, never conducted a negotiation he did not bring to a prosperous close"[1]); godlike in the large patience with which, having done all that was possible, he submitted the issue to destiny;[2] godlike in the awful calm which nothing could ruffle, in the stately sweetness of his intimate intercourse, in the final grace of his great personal beauty. But since he was no god, but a man of clay, his wonderful gifts were counterbalanced by hideous shortcomings. He was wholly, thoroughly false, save and savingly to the wife who adored and henpecked him: traitor, doubled, trebled, over and over, always, through and through. He craved for money with a thirst inexhaustible. The honour of England, even his own military honour, stood after the satisfaction of that greed.[3] Yet the human part of him touched the godlike in the high purity and temperance of his private life in an age so corrupt; in his deep, undying love of wife and home; in the unfailing gentleness of his care for the vanquished, wounded, and captive.

Three days after her accession, Anne gave him the Garter; then made him captain-general of her armies at home and abroad. She sent him to Holland, where he restored the Grand Alliance, helplessly wavering since William's death. He returned to England to restore the Tories to power.

Early in 1701 the Tories had come into office, trusted

[1] Voltaire.

[2] Marlborough to Godolphin, 1709 (Stanhope's *Reign of Anne*, p. 69): "As I think most things are governed by destiny, having done all that is possible, one should submit with patience."

[3] When Monk, Earl of Albemarle, died, James Duke of York advised Charles II. to have no commander-in-chief; it was too great a trust, even for himself. Long after, Marlborough gave the same advice to George I. His mind had failed then, but his memory was not extinct.

with power as a national protest against the partitioning of the Spanish dominions by foreign treaties ; also against the Dutch favourites who ruled the political roast and dragged England into continental wars in which she had little concern. Godolphin was Lord Treasurer. Rochester, Anne Hyde's brother, still the recognised leader of the Tories, remained Viceroy of Ireland ; and Robert Harley, considered their best man, was elected Speaker. The proclamation of James III. provoked a dissolution, and the Whigs were sent back to office by an angry electorate ; in office Anne found them on her accession, there being for the first time in history no dissolution upon the demise of the crown. By Marlborough's advice, on his return from The Hague, Godolphin was reinstated as Lord Treasurer. On May 4 (15) England, Holland, and the Empire simultaneously declared war against France and Spain.

The war was a Whig war, the continuation of William's foreign policy, and the Tories hated it. They had no wish to quarrel with the protector of the young prince whom nearly all England expected to return to reign, at least after his sister's death. On July 2 Marlborough took command of the allied armies. His unbroken series of military successes against the French, under the young Duke of Burgundy and Marshal Boufflers, was brilliantly supported by a general expedition to Cadiz under Sir George Rooke and the charming and popular Duke of Ormond, who captured the Spanish galleons in Vigo Bay on October 20. On November 12 Queen Anne went in state to St. Paul's for thanksgiving. Ormond was hailed by the people as the hero of the hour, Marlborough being not yet returned. Rochester, refusing to remain exiled in Ireland as Viceroy, resigned, and in 1703 Ormond was sent there in his place. Marlborough was made a duke.

Almost immediately fell the dark shadow of death and bitter disappointment. On February 20, 1703, Marlborough's only son died. Ambition, unexpectedly chilled, revived to spring higher. Negotiations presently passed between the bereaved father and the Court of St. Germain's concerning the marrying of his third daughter Elizabeth to the young James ; the elder sisters being already married, one to Godolphin's son and heir, the other to Lord Sunderland, son of the traitor. The proud queen-mother was not likely to consider such a marriage for a moment. The Whigs on their side schemed to

marry the young Elizabeth Churchill to the Electoral Prince of Hanover ; such was the high value of Marlborough's alliance. But though a Churchill might possibly have sat on the throne of Elizabeth Woodville, Anne Boleyn, and others, no German princeling might ever marry out of sovereign caste. The lady married the Duke of Bridgewater, and two years later the Electoral Prince was married to the Princess Caroline of Anspach.

CHAPTER VI

INTRIGUE AND THE UNION

"What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

THE years between 1703–1707, though full of events important in themselves, and rich in the high hopes which are the bread and wine of exiles, contain little of importance as regards the biography of James. He was still in tutelage, mainly in that of his worthy and pious but unbusiness-like mother, and of advisers embittered by the jealousies of a mock Court. Scotland seemed to offer the surest basis of expectations. Sore from the ruinous failure of the Darien scheme, the country, though intensely Protestant, passed the Act of Security, providing that, on Anne's death, a free Parliament should elect a successor, of the Stuart blood: not necessarily the new monarch of England, but one who would uphold the independence of the Scottish kingdom, the safety of Scottish religion, trade, and colonies. General military training was decreed, and affairs looked warlike. The Act of Security was not "touched" and passed into law by Queensberry, the Royal Commissioner, and four confused years went by in the struggle for the Union of 1707. But these confusions could not give an opportunity to the Jacobites. Votes on a wide popular franchise (which did not exist) would have rejected the Union, and rejected James, by equally sweeping majorities. Secretly and evasively, the Scottish Jacobites, much at odds among themselves, made approaches to France. One of their leaders, the cautious, wavering Duke of Hamilton, was suspected of posing as a Protestant candidate for the Scottish throne. Not ambition of this kind, but fear for his great possessions, made

him always desert the sturdier Cavaliers at the last possible moment, and counteract their schemes. It is needless here to tell again the story of the futile visits, reports, and manœuvres of Colonel Hooke, who, more in the interests of France than of James, kept flying to and fro, bringing unsatisfactory promises from the French, returning with hardly more satisfactory replies from the disunited Jacobites. Nor is "the Scots Plot" of Simon of Lovat essential to our theme. It ended in the temporary disgrace of Queensberry, while Lovat, a detected traitor, was immured in France, till he returned home to ruin the risings of 1715 and 1745. All the plots, in the long run, merely served to destroy the confidence of James's friends in each other, and a broken, melancholy party could, at last, only look on and bewail the death of their country, when the Union became a fact in May 1707. Nobody knew where to find Hamilton, Atholl, Breadalbane, and other great peers, naturally opposed to the Union. But on all sides was discontent, caused by details in the Treaty of Union, and sanguine Jacobites even hoped much from the Cameronians and Covenanters, who were, in fact, irreconcilable by the partisans of either dynasty. The soundest Jacobites were the Episcopalian gentry in the Lothians, Fife, and Forfarshire, led by the able and cynical Lockhart of Carnwath, while the fighting clans were "ready, aye ready." In England, Jacobitism was a sentiment, many of the Tories were Hanoverian Tories, while Marlborough was always ready to promise much, and give a little in money. France was reeling under his blows, and could do little, but the great commander had a foot in both camps.

In all this period, the most important and unfortunate event for James was the naturalisation, as a French subject, of his natural brother, the Duke of Berwick. Like James V., James VII. had left a natural son who would have been a valuable king: while, in the legitimate line, as James V. had but a girl, Queen Mary, so James VII. had a son incapable of restoring a lost cause by force, or of purchasing his own triumph by perjury in the matter of religion. Berwick was a great general, an honest gentleman, but when James, at the age of sixteen, was advised to grant Berwick leave to become a French subject, the foundations of a fatal quarrel between the brothers were laid. "No man can serve two masters," "a door must be open or shut,"

but the advisers of James forgot these maxims, and, in January 1704, made him grant to Berwick a license of naturalisation, in which the door was ajar, and two masters were illogically assigned. A legist averred that, while Berwick was to owe allegiance to Louis, at the same time he could not possibly cease to owe allegiance to James. Consequently James was induced to give Berwick a full license to be a Frenchman, with a saving clause to the effect that Berwick, always and everywhere, was to be at James's service when required.[1] Berwick should not have accepted a warrant of which James, probably, did not perceive the absurdity. In 1715, when Berwick's services were required, there came the bitter choice between being true to the saving clause, which Berwick had accepted, or true to the general purpose of the warrant, and to his duties as a Frenchman. He stood by the latter alternative, and was lost to his brother. He was not Quixotic.

The years 1704–1707 were marked by maladies which haunted James, despite his marked vitality. Great anxiety, too, arose at St. Germain's over a suspected attempt at poisoning his soul. Jansenism was the bugbear of the French Court —that is, of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, and of the devout queen-mother of England, and Port Royal was, perhaps unjustly, identified with Jansenism. At the end of 1703, Dr. Betham, James's preceptor, was accused of instilling the pernicious doctrine into his pupil's mind. Jansenism was trying to establish itself in the holy Court of England, sighed the Bishop of Toul. The queen appealed to Madame de Maintenon ; exclaimed with horror that Dr. Betham preferred Port Royal literature even to the works of St. Francis of Sales, and would have had Arnauld canonised; that he also declared he would rather have lived under Cromwell or the Prince of Orange than under the present French Government. At the queen's request, Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, talked with Betham and pronounced the preceptor's orthodoxy to be satisfactory. The cardinal himself presently became suspected of Jansenism. It need not now be stated that these charges of Jansenism were unfounded or exaggerated ; that persons were accused of the heresy against whom no evidence could be brought except antagonism to the Jesuits and sym-

[1] Carte MS. 209, Bodleian, "A Draught of the King's Warrant," &c. The draft is antedated October 21, 1703.

pathy with Port Royal. But the influence of Betham and Port Royal governed the development of James's religious character ; made him as deeply earnest in his personal religion as he was staunch to his creed. De Noailles led to Fénélon, the two religious influences after his father's that were to direct his spiritual life.

In September 1704 he went with his mother in great state to pay a fortnight's visit to the King of France at Fontainebleau. Day after day the splendid revels went on, in all of which the delicate boy joined with delight—in the mornings, boar-hunts, stag-hunts, shooting ; in the evenings, plays and games. The queen, being only partially recovered from prolonged illness, spent much of her time in chapel. On the 29th James returned so wearied from hunting that he could not sup as usual with the king, his host. Luttrell says he had had a bad fall, but Dangeau is silent as to any accident, though other letters allude to his rashness in riding. He was ill next morning; unable even to share in games at shuttlecock except as a spectator. After two days' nursing he rejoined the hunting daily, but returned early or in a carriage. On October 6 he left Fontainebleau with his mother, declining invitations to stop till night for more hunting. Over-exertion or damp had affected his lungs. He did not recover, but grew worse and worse, spitting much blood, and by December was pronounced by the doctors to be in a most precarious condition. The news of his being far gone in consumption reached the exultant Whigs in England, while the Jacobites and the French began to look upon Princess Louisa as the coming queen. Her native charm of manner, which James was advised to acquire by studied exertions, made her universally beloved.

He was confined to the house and unable to be present when his sister made her début at the French Court at Marly, at the great Carnival balls. She was not yet thirteen ; a tall, good-looking girl, witty, good-humoured, and most winning. She was given precedence as a king's daughter, even before her cousin, the young Duchess of Burgundy, Adelaide of Savoy,[1] granddaughter of Henrietta of England, with whom

[1] The Duchess of Burgundy was then the first lady in France, the King and the Dauphin being both officially widowers, though both married—morganatically, as Germans would say—the one to Mme. de Maintenon, the other to Mlle. de Choin.

she danced *contre-danses* to the admiration of the Court. The *Mercure*, reporting, rejoiced that the presence of the King of France guaranteed the propriety of these diversions in which the young princess shone so brilliantly.

On February 20 (1705) James seemed to be at death's very door. His frantic mother entreated the nuns at Chaillot to pray for him, especially to beg the intercession of his father, canonised in her loving heart; but he recovered suddenly, as consumptives do, and was able to accompany his mother and sister to Marly on February 23, where he opened the ball, one of the most splendid of the series. He danced with the princess the first minuet, in which they were both immensely admired; it being the fashion to admire everything they both did, says the *Mercure*. The King of France insisted upon standing while James danced, until the queen-mother begged him to sit, though all the Court stood.

For the present we hear no more of his hunting. He was constrained to find what amusement he could in drawing-room games with the princess and the ladies at Marly and Trianon. Political business, too, was for the present an indoor amusement. The queen was very ill indeed; James's own health required great care. A policy of waiting was all that might be pursued for the present. Marlborough "corresponded," but Hamilton was supposed to be trimming with the other side.

By February 1705 a new source of private information had been placed at the disposal of Harley and the British Government. At some date between the Act of Indemnity and Harley's accession to office in May 1704—probably at the time of the Lovat and Queensberry Plot, though that is unconfessed in the statement endorsed by Harley[1]—a certain Captain John Ogilvie, "of the Airlie branch," came over with his family from St. Germain's and landed from a fishing-boat on the Sussex coast. On his own showing he had been the only Scot refused a pass and travelling expenses. As he gives no reason for this exceptional refusal, one is left to gather that St. Germain's considered him undeserving of assistance, or had grave reason for keeping him out of England. The Carstairs State Papers mention a Mrs. Ogilvie at St. Germain's who acted as a spy for the English Government in 1699. Alas!

[1] Portland MSS., Hist. MSS. Comm., Reports, vol. iv.

for a loyal name and a brave cause, Ogilvie had been of the very flower of heroic loyalty; he had "fought by the side of the great Dundee," been exiled to France, and become one of the heroes of Las Rosas. According to his own official account, immediately upon landing he was clapped into prison with his family upon an order from Lord Nottingham, then Secretary of State, where they remained six months[1] "at extravagant charges," and got into debt.

Ogilvie presumably bought his liberty and solvency by voluntarily offering information as to all correspondence passing between England and St. Germain's; stipulating that he might be sent to reside on the Sussex coast, the better to watch measures and intercept communications. Harley suggested that residence in Scotland or abroad might be as useful; and though Ogilvie held out for the Sussex coast, we find him going between Hamburg and Rotterdam in October, much in the society of Lord Drummond and of Count Belke, an officer in the French service, a Swede; sending reports of their doings to "Mr. Robert Bryan" (Robert Harley of Brampton Bryan), under cover to his faithful but, he protests, unpurchasable wife, left in Drury Lane; an excellent point of outlook upon Jacobite tongues, loosed by the vintages of the "Dog Tavern," the "Horse Shoe," and other favoured hostelries.

In autumn 1705, war on land and sea, plots and perfidies all round, left St. Germain's in the peace of a Niagara pool. The Court pursued its monotonous way, relieved by gentle diversion, haymaking romps and strawberry feasts; caring little that only thanks for kind interest, and promises vague and conditional, timorous and boastful, came back with Hooke from Scotland. There was a merry little water-picnic one July evening at Marly, when the young king and his sister, with a troop of boys and girls, eighteen in all, chaperoned by the gay young Duchess of Burgundy, sailed off from elders and etiquette down the lake to the Menagerie, where they danced to their own singing, feasted at gay ease, played games, and then sailed back late in the dusk of the summer night to the fauteuils and the cadenas and the majesty.

On October 1 James again made one of the hunting party

[1] If he landed in December 1703 (the Report suggests 1702), more than a year must have elapsed before his statement was received by Harley.

at Fontainebleau, but the queen was ill and the princess stayed at home with her. James since his last illness had grown very tall ; strong, too, it was hoped, though his inability to abstain from flesh-meat, which obliged him to dine alone at Fontainebleau on Fridays, proves small ground for that hope. His devotions, weekly confession and communion, were in marked contrast to the French Court custom of fulfilling only the Easter obligation ; but his simple practical piety won for him as little honour among the loosely-living Catholics of Fontainebleau as among the Catholic Jacobites, who lamented that his mother had brought him up rather for heaven than earth.

He went daily with the king to hunt wolf, boar, and stags, but was obliged to rest at home the last day of his stay ; "that he might make an early start next morning for St. Germain's," says Dangeau, not daring to hint that any one could fall ill at Fontainebleau.

Sport and pastime were poor compensation for the quest of a lost crown and the violent delights of war. He was eager to respond to the incessant summons, to share in the stir which was throbbing through his kingdoms. Indeed, the Duchess of Marlborough writes on November 19 that he had sailed for Scotland a week before, and that the Duchess of Ormond confirmed the news on her husband's authority. He was less agreeably engaged. On November 3 he had joined the great Court hunt at Marly in honour of the Feast of St. Hubert, accompanied by his sister, but he fell ill again shortly after, and remained at St. Germain's. He had recovered by the middle of December, though he does not seem to have been able to ride until the following March. Besides the delicacy of his lungs, which the bracing air of St. Germain's tried so sorely, he was subject all his life to fits of quartan ague, for which St. Germain's could not be blamed. By January 1706 he was able to attend again to business.

James now desired, with his invariable practicalness, to learn the art of war under the French banner in Flanders. A campaign with Charles XII. of Sweden was also suggested. But between his precarious health and the serious state of the French army, there was no chance of active service for James at present, and he went on longing in vain, though it was agreed that a campaign would be very good for him. Louis

professed himself unwilling to let him go until he could send him in full regal state.

England was by no means minded for peace. On March 4, 1706, both Houses of Parliament joined in an address to Anne, urging her not to make peace with France till Louis had banished "the Pretender" from his dominions and promised to destroy the fortifications of Dunkirk. So Louis turned with renewed faith to his army, held fast to Dunkirk, and stood by his young cousin.

On May 23, 1706, Marlborough gained the great victory of Ramillies, which paralysed still more hopelessly any power on the part of France to assist James by arms against the victorious Queen of England. Louis was again compelled to discuss the question of peace. He held a private conference on the subject with Mary of Modena and the young king, assuring them he would never forsake their interests though he might be compelled to yield to the present urgency of affairs and the pressure of public opinion. James replied that his interests, even his life, must not be weighed against the welfare of France. He was content to leave his cause to Heaven. But hopes of peace were baffled by those whose interest demanded nothing less than war *à outrance*, the utter ruin of France.[1]

On June 10 (21), 1706, James attained his legal majority of eighteen years. In spite of her wretched health, the queen-mother resigned her *trista Regenza* with reluctance. Indeed, it was but an official and nominal resignation, for she always strove to keep her son in leading-strings, while his affection for a suffering mother forbade him to keep secrets from her. Henceforth there were secrets to nobody. The legal drafts were drawn up by Middleton, and by Robert Power, the king's legal adviser at St. Germain's, the man who drafted the Berwick warrant, to discharge the queen of the moneys she had received as "Guardian" since James II.'s death. "This was the only revenue the king came into, God help us!" writes Power; but "Praised be the King of kings, the

[1] Marlborough hindered the peace which might then have been made, De Torcy told Harley, and then treated with the French Court to arrange one himself, and was to receive 2,000,000 crowns for it; but Chamillart, who during the siege of Lille came to Valenciennes, sent word to Marlborough that he was expected to raise the siege of Lille as a token of sincerity. Marlborough was angry, and wrote to Berwick, with whom he was in constant correspondence, that there was an end of the affair, and he would have nothing to do with the treaty. Carte MSS. (printed in Macpherson's *Original Papers*, ii. 283).

care of the king's person and education was well performed, and will be constantly pursued, I hope, by the king himself, now he is his own master." And, indeed, the queen had been a watchful guardian, little skill as she had in politics, and suffering as she was from her terrible malady. Love and unstinted devotion, the spirit of utter self-sacrifice, guided and bore her through her "difficult day."

James applied himself at once to work with the ability of a master-workman, Middleton writes to De Torcy, June 28.[1] He wrote with his own hand to announce his majority to his Scottish adherents. To Panmure he said, June 24, that he had great pleasure in writing, but no good news. The unfortunate French king was unable to do anything for him at present. The only thing to be done until Fortune mended was to "keep out the Union," then being negotiated, and keep themselves as quiet as may be till a fit occasion. James could send no money, but would when he could; and he took that opportunity to say how sensible he was of all they had done and suffered for him. He could never thank them enough on that side of the sea, but once the desire of his heart was realised and he was among them, he would prove his affection and gratitude.

There was nothing, indeed, to be done for the present. Caron went over to Slaines in July, carrying the royal letters, and returned in August with Captain Henry Straiton as a deputation from the "Cavaliers" to the French king. These were, in every sense, the honest party. Their leader, George Lockhart of Carnwath, went to London and found means to sound the English Tories as to what might be expected from them, should the king come over and be accepted by Scotland. He found them cautious, less forward than the Scots; holding back, at least, for Anne's lifetime. So as Louis, crippled by Ramillies and Italian reverses, could do nothing, there was nothing for James to do but write letters and make lists. He nominated Cardinal Caprara for the Protectorship of England at Rome.[2] Then, having represented to the King of Sweden

[1] He does not flatter; James was the most practical, copious, and lucid of correspondents.

[2] James II.'s nominations to Irish deaneries were not admitted at the Court of Rome (1693), though by particular favour of Innocent XI. "we got those of bishops" (Carte MSS.). James III. was sometimes allowed to nominate by more friendly popes, and jealously insisted upon the nomination of the cardinal-protectors of the three kingdoms as the most practical way in which the Pope could recognise his kingship.

his interest in preventing the accession of the House of Hanover to the British throne, and the queen and princess being gone to Chaillot, his newly emancipated Majesty went off to Paris for a holiday. He stayed incognito with the Duke de Lauzun at Passy, whence he went to see the sights. He enjoyed himself perhaps too thoroughly. "I hope every night will be more pleasant than I imagine the last to have been," Middleton writes to him suggestively, "but what is fitt is best and still to be preferred."[1]

Anthony Hamilton, brother of the beautiful Comtesse de Grammont, sent to Berwick, absent on active service, pictures and chronicles, in gayest prose and rhyme, of the life from which the lad escaped for a few joyous days. It is a dreary picture he draws of that Court; sad and severe despite the abundant youth and beauty which adorned it, the beautiful surroundings and exhilarating air. "One could make four meals a day. It would be cheaper to live in a marshy, foggy place," says one of the Court. There was no room for any one who did not spend, or pretend to spend, half the day in prayer, says Hamilton; too many priests and Jesuits; devotions hurried over before the sunsets of summer days; evenings which brought coolness only for sermons, sober occupations, and Christian exercises. Misfortune made people quarrelsome. Love was held to be the least excusable of weaknesses, yet, in spite of repression, gallantry broke out now and then in astonishing adventures. Love was, in fact, proscribed. The idea of love-making made the hair stand on end; and James himself, like James VI., "was never a gilravager among the lasses."

In the summer, when it did not rain—and St. Médard was often unkind—every poor pretext was seized upon for outdoor amusement. The illness of Dicconson, the queen's secretary, suggested a pilgrimage party. Bathing went on all the summer. In the winter the ladies occupied the too-leisured hours between slumbering on couches and washing their cornettes and falbalas and hanging them out in Berwick's garden to dry. They were very charming ladies, these nymphs of Anthony Hamilton's letters. He thought the gentlemen of the Court poor creatures in comparison with them. There was his dear niece, "Mamzelle" (Marmier). There were

[1] Carte MSS.

the Fair Nanette, Duchess of Berwick; her lovely sisters—Laura ("the divine Laire"), Henrietta Bulkeley (his adored "Mademoiselle"[1]), and her eldest sister, Lady Clare, still the Fair Clarice; and Lady Clare's daughter, Laura O'Brien, called Mlle. de Clare, afterwards Comtesse de Breteuil.

Though Marlborough's victories were Jacobite defeats in that they disabled French support and strengthened English satisfaction in established order, a vain hope of restoration by the unanimous call of the Scottish people waxed exceedingly. Even the sceptical Middleton repeated to De Torcy that two-thirds of the kingdom were for the king, though they dared not declare themselves; an estimate somewhat discounted by the admission that though the king could easily become master of the kingdom by landing with three or four thousand men, the difficulty would be to hold it against the gathered might of England. Still, the king was entreated to profit by the absence of the British army and to come over, that his people might be animated *and united* by his presence.

War, by pamphlet at least, raged fiercely in England. The most brilliant pens of the rival factions were engaged therein under the shield of anonymity. Swift, who wrote hundreds of them, but shrank, "out of a humble and Christian spirit," from confessing his authorship, was shocked and distressed at their wicked licence, though he declared that his opponents, the Whigs, wrote the worst; while St. John lamented the laws of Press liberty which allowed the offenders to go practically scatheless. The pamphleteers stuck at nothing in the way of scandal, except at writing names in full. The Whigs scoffed at the "pretended Prince of Wales," protégé of a prince on whose own birth angry doubts had been cast by a disappointed heir-presumptive.[2] The Jacobites retorted with the recent Königsmarck scandal, and threw doubts on the parentage of the Electoral Prince of Hanover. In October 1706 an astrologer named Parker was fined twenty marks at the Old Bailey for publishing that James, Prince of Wales, was born on June 10, 1688. The prospects of a popular Union and Protestant Succession looked so dark that the Whigs were driven to find some new ground on which to disqualify James as an alterna-

[1] This was the "Mademoiselle" of the pilgrimage party; not, as Miss Strickland says, the princess, who was invariably "Madame" to Anthony Hamilton and every one else, as royal princesses are always.

[2] *The Great Bastard, Protector of the Little One.*

tive. His birthright being the one fact potent enough to push aside the stumbling-block of his religion, for nobody who counted now believed in the warming-pan, a wild new story was set afloat. It was founded upon the angry accusations of a girl trepanned into France by these undefeated intriguers, the Miss Oglethorpes ; no doubt to stop revelations of treasonable talk overheard in their home at Godalming. She was ready to swear that the Pretender was a son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, who was born June 1688 and obligingly lent to James II. and his queen to supply the place of a real Prince of Wales who had died of convulsions shortly after his birth.[1] Anne Oglethorpe, then at the height of favour with Harley, was arrested on a charge of treason (trepanning and proselytising) and arraigned at the Queen's Bench ; but she had powerful friends, and was discharged by the queen's order, June 14, 1707. Eleanor was safe in France, newly married to the Marquis de Mézières.

At Oxford, Thomas Hearne, antiquarian and diarist, drank with his Non-juring friends to "the cube of three" : twenty-seven, the number of the "protesting lords."[2] The Rev. Thomas Innes, brother of Lewis, President of the Scots College at Paris and Mary of Modena's almoner, was arrested—a harmless historian seeking materials. He denied having ever meddled in public matters, but "no ingenuity could be expected from one of his profession," and he was detained in custody. Sir Æneas M'Pherson, a correspondent of Melfort's, was arrested with incriminating papers. On March 5, 1707, the Privy Council ordered the Duke of Newcastle, as Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire, to seize arms and horses of all papists and disaffected persons in consequence of an intended invasion of Great Britain by the Pretender.

In Scotland, Presbyterian and Cavalier seemed to Hooke to be standing shoulder to shoulder. This was a deceitful appearance. The Presbyterians, Kirk or Dissenters, would never have

[1] See a *Tract*, printed 1707 : "Mrs. Frances Shaftoe's account of her being in Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe's Family, where, hearing many treasonable things, and among others that the pretended Prince of Wales was Sir Theophilus' son, she was trickt into France by Sir Theophilus' Daughters, and barbarously used to make her turn Papist and Nun to prevent a discovery, but made her escape to Swisserland, and from thence arrived in England in December, 1706." Reprinted 1745, with several inaccuracies as to names.

[2] Hearne had been deputy librarian at the Bodleian till refusal to take the oaths honourably deprived him of his post. His Diary, so useful to students of the times, begins in 1705.

accepted a Catholic king. The Scottish Episcopalians were estimated, in sanguine style, at nearly half of the nation, and, backed by the Court, would become dominant and absolute, whereas the papists were a remnant far too small for immediate dread. It was under the prelatical Charles I. and II., rather than under the popish James, save for the few first months of the last reign into which the policy of the preceding government would naturally run, that Presbyterians had suffered within living memory. On the other hand, the Episcopalians, too, reasonably suspected that James's promises of toleration were dispensable at convenience, as made under compulsion; or as invalid because made sinfully, and therefore not to be kept without sin—better honoured in the breach than in the observance. They consulted Father Gordon, a Jesuit, who assured them that the king would be bound beyond any power of papal or priestly dispensation. But a Jesuit's word counted for so little! As James Grahame said to Hooke, a popish king was bound to extirpate Protestants or lower his prerogative.

The winter of 1706 was gay at Marly and Versailles. People wanted cheering up after the misfortunes of the war, and Louis XIV. insisted upon every one dancing, old and young. The St. Germain's people shared in all the gaieties. The young king and his sister were so fond of dancing and amusement that their mother thanked Heaven for the stern limit set by necessity to their indulgence in such delights.

They were both very charming, very good-looking, and very popular. "The figure of our young king might be chosen by a painter for the model of the God of Love, if such a deity could be mentioned in the severe Court of St. Germain's," says Anthony Hamilton. He had become a tall, slender young man; one of the few black Stuarts. His portraits bear a certain resemblance to his dark ancestor, James III., King of Scots, as depicted in the beautiful Holyrood portrait; also, in the narrowness and slight obliqueness of his black eyes, to the Morton portrait of Queen Mary.

In January 1707 affairs began to move in earnest. The Scots were authorised to take arms either in the king's name or for their liberties. An envoy should be sent with a full Power, official Instructions, and a concession to ensure freedom to Scottish Kirk. A letter to Lord Granard authorised

the Irish to rise also. All the despatches, says Middleton, were in the king's own hand and style.

In his Declaration to his ancient kingdom, James set forth his firm resolve to vindicate his own undoubted right, and to deliver his subjects from the oppression and tyranny of the past eighteen years and more; to protect and maintain them in the independence they had so happily enjoyed under his ancestors. He authorised them to assemble; to obey the captain-general he would send; to seize the forts and castles, and fight all who might traitorously oppose his authority.[1]

Father Lewis Innes was the envoy sent. His mission was confessedly a failure, for he heard the truth and told it. Yet Hooke still flattered the royal ears with his hope-inspiring tales, and the king and his mother urged the French Court to immediate action, to profit by present ardour, not to let the summer be wasted in other fruitless voyages, and to send a little money to go on with. Middleton was not deceived. He protested (February) that another voyage at this time would be useless. Nairne, Caryll's under-secretary, wrote to Gideon Murray, Hamilton's confidant, assuring him that the King of France would never send any troops; he was only "amusing" the Scots for his own ends. Even Perth, of the most forward party, warned his sister, Lady Errol, against a false step, premature and ruinous. He also warned his son and daughter, Lord Drummond and Lady Marischal.

Nevertheless Chamillart, the French war minister, arranged with Hooke that two frigates should be sent with Caron and himself. Caron was a drunken fellow, quite unfit for the trust he enjoyed, as Hooke was presently compelled to admit. Hooke was commissioned to promise everybody whatever they might ask, from the Duke of Hamilton who was claiming the French duchy of Châtelherault. Hooke would take Colonel John Murray, Gideon Murray, Mr. Sempil, and Mr. St. Clair. They must pretend to be on the way to attack the English forts in Newfoundland and Acadie.

Twelve letters were sent, signed by the two kings, though Louis (save in a later "Power" of March 9) avoided bare mention of James, and confined himself to introducing Hooke, who was referred to his instructions. Chamillart repeated

[1] Carte MSS.

his weary, insincere requests for the information so many times despatched already, but sent portraits of the king and princess to Lady Errol. James wrote a circular letter, in his own hand, to his friends in Scotland, also commending Mr. Hooke to their kindness and confidence. He repeated his assurances as to religion, but charged them to do nothing rashly, contrary to their own safety. As soon as they were in arms he would come over with French reinforcements. The command-in-chief was designed for Lord Arran (Hamilton). Should he decline it, another name would be inserted in the warrant, but not published. It was expected by the Jacobites and hoped, doubtless implied, by the king, that this name would be the Duke of Berwick's. James also furnished Hooke with further and full instructions, all in his own hand.

James himself was duped like his adherents into believing that arms and officers were to be sent with Hooke. None were sent. He wrote cheerfully to Lord Granard (March 1) that he hoped to get leave to appear in person in his kingdom, but on the same day Innes was writing to Lord Errol that the Scots had nothing to hope for from France, and they had best look after their own safety.

Personal danger, nevertheless, lay in wait for the king. His arms might be innocuous, but his existence must always be a danger and embarrassment to the revolutionary government. War and diplomacy move slowly and uncertainly. Warming-pan and other fables of substitution were helpless to deceive. In March 1707 Father Saunders writes from St. Germain's to a Mr. Meredith[1] of an attempt made by a party from the English garrison at Courtray, at least a hundred strong, to kidnap the king, "or one of the princes," he adds; which would have been a very purposeless raid. They carried off one of his suite in mistake for him between Paris and Versailles. The man was rescued in Picardy, and nobody was hurt, but both Courts were greatly alarmed. Lady Middleton hardly dared let the princess go out of her sight.[2] James, save for a trip to "the waters" in June, remained at home, settling the Protectorship of England at Rome and attending to his incessant, vast, and complicated business,

[1] Rawlinson MSS., D 21, f. 36 (Bodleian).
[2] Anthony Hamilton to the Duke of Berwick.

domestic and political. A douche of cold water fell upon him now, at this critical moment, from a quite expected quarter. Contrary to its custom, the Scots College at Rome had omitted the public exhibition of his portrait on the preceding St. Thomas's Day (December 29). He expostulated sternly with Cardinal Tremoille, and ordered him to do his best in conjunction with Cardinal Caprara, the new Protector, to obtain a satisfactory explanation of the incident, and to see that nothing of the sort happened again.[1]

In March (1707), Mr. Hooke crossed in the *Heroine* frigate (unaccompanied by his promised second vessel), and once more called upon Lady Errol at Slaines. The faithful Innes gloomily "hoped the expedition might turn out better than was to be expected." Lord Lovat wrote to Hooke from durance in the Castle of Angoulême, prophesying that nothing would be made out of Hamilton and Atholl, boasting of his martyrdom to the Cause, and anxiously wondering what sort of character he might bear in Scotland.

Hooke found Lady Errol still sanguine and urgent, but lamenting the delay, which the Duchess of Gordon, newly released from matrimonial ties, attributed to Middleton. Though a Catholic, she had great dealings with Ker of Kersland, whom she supposed to be the leader of the Cameronians. Mr. Strachan, who went between her and Kersland, declared that the Cameronians, the most resolute and united party in the kingdom, would have risen in their thousands had not the king's friends hindered them. They would rise yet at the first approving word from the king, and they invited him to land at Kirkcudbright. They would secure the pass above Stirling for the Highlanders. They did but ask a kind royal word and a little ship with ammunition in the Clyde. All this was mere nonsense. The Cameronians publicly denounced the cause of James (October 22, 1707); the Duchess of Gordon and Hooke were deluded by Ker.

Hamilton, though promised a St. Germain's garter, declared himself ill and unable to see Mr. Hooke. Atholl, too, announced himself an invalid. The Earl Marischal also took to bed. Hamilton wrote to St. Germain's that 5000 men would be useless; it would take 15,000 to make success sure. Without gaining England, nothing would avail, and

[1] James to Cardinal Tremoille, April 4, 1707. Add. MSS. 20292, f. 7.

the king had few friends there. He reminded Hooke that with 20,000 he could have stopped the Union. The noble invalids all sent letters by Lady Errol declaring themselves ready to risk everything for the king, if only he would come in person. Nothing could be done without him. If he were to come alone with a page, the country would be at his feet. No French troops were needed.

Hooke was furious, and haughtily stated that he had come to make proposals, not to receive them. Disguised as a drover, he went from castle to castle. At Lord Panmure's he heard the glorious news of Almanza, at which Jacobites rejoiced, not only for the sake of Berwick, the great British soldier who won for France her one decisive victory of the war. It was hoped that Louis XIV. would now be able to spare help for James and Scotland. Berwick's victory, on the other hand, really relieved him from the immediate necessity of helping himself *by* James and Scotland.

On May 1, in spite of rage and riot, the Union became an accomplished fact.[1] The cry for James and liberty waxed louder. Better be a free people under him than slaves under a government which had given up what neither Romans nor Saxons, nor Danes nor Normans, nor even the whole force of England had been able to gain by conquest.

Ker of Kersland, a double traitor, met his dupes in Edinburgh. Instructions from St. Germain's were again produced with repeated guarantees for religious security. After some disputing, it was agreed that 5000 men from France would suffice for assistance ; that the king might admit himself a papist, but must promise to give ear cheerfully to the instructions of the Protestant divines, and, if convinced of error—they were not too sanguine—to embrace the religion of his people. Kersland then posted to London to report upon the meeting and present Queensberry with Hooke's newly arranged cipher. He obtained leave from Anne, he says, to keep company with the disaffected, and to plant spies and agents all over the country ; not only to watch Jacobite plots, but to judge of the sincerity of the French agent—Mr. Hooke. At the same time he was authorised to keep St. Germain's satisfied of his interest with the Cameronians.

In June, having promised the king should come over in

[1] Passed in Scotland, January 16, 1707 ; in England received royal assent, March 6.

August, Hooke returned to Paris ; with a Highland sword for De Torcy, a flourishing estimate of potential forces, and a Memorial signed by ten lords and other gentlemen. About the same time (June) Lady Errol wrote to the queen, assuring her that though fervour had somewhat cooled by delay, the party trusted in Hooke. As soon as he was off the scene, the Duke of Hamilton recovered his health.

The French king was assured of the now universal loyalty of the country to King James, but that his presence was absolutely necessary ; that the nation would rise upon his arrival, make him master of Scotland, and abolish the present Government without any opposition. They were ready to march upon England 30,000 strong, from Perth, Stirling, Duns, and Dumfries. They were well provided with horses, clothes, and provisions, but owing to their known loyalty, they had suffered much from disarming raids, and, except in the Highlands and the West, were badly off for arms and ammunition. Some were armed after a fashion. With respect to the sinews of war, the condition of the nation, taxed and swindled as it had been, was very deplorable. They prayed His Most Christian Majesty to send with King James such a number of troops as would be sufficient to secure his person against accidents, under a general of distinguished rank, for they had few officers of experience ; they begged it might be the Duke of Berwick ; and by special request of the Duke of Hamilton, they asked for 100,000 pistoles.

Hamilton, Gordon, Errol, Panmure, and others, wrote directly to the King of France ; and Lord Drummond, a newly made bridegroom, now son-in-law of the Duchess of Gordon, sent a carefully compiled list of leaders, and those for whom they each could answer.[1] He himself answered for Lochiel, Appin, Sir Donald Macdonald, the Captain of Clanranald, and Balhaldie (Macgregor) ; and he undertook to take Inverlochy (Fort William) with 3000 Breadalbane Campbells. Among the names, sponsor and sponsored, appear Lords Stormont, Nithsdale, Kenmure, Traquair, and Galloway ; Earlston, Scott of Harden, and all the gentlemen of the Lothians ; Lords Atholl, Nairne, Sinclair, and Home (newly succeeded to the peerage) ; Oliphant and Sempil, Grant and E. Murray. The Duke of Gordon answered for all of his name, for Lord Reay

[1] Dated May 2, 1707.

in Strathnaver, and a great part of the Highlands. Lord Errol answered for Lords Marischal, Caithness, and Eglintoun ; for the men of Aberdeen, Buchan, and the Mearns. Lord Strathmore, Sir William Murray of Abercairnie, Lords Fintrie and Wigtoun, and George Lockhart of Carnwath swell the loyal lists.

Yet the deadlock continued. Hooke had been charged only to stir up the Scots to revolution while committing the French king to nothing. Most of James's friends had refused to rise until the French troops had arrived, and Louis refused to send troops until the Scots had risen. The object of Hooke's negotiations was to draw English troops, not French, from the seat of war. On the other hand, the best of the Jacobites had no confidence in French help. It might bring the king over, they said, but only the affection and confidence of his people could keep him on the throne.

So in spite of "the Prince of Wales's vigour in Scotland," things remained as they were. The Duchess of Gordon wrote frantically and repeatedly to Hooke that people were weary of waiting and disappointments. The expedition must come quickly or the money would all be spent. It would help to carry on the war. "In God's name, what are they all doing? Neither alms nor answer," she cried. On no account must Melfort come. His name was too odious in Scotland.

An embassy was sent to Sweden on James's behalf—news of which was confided by Count Belke, French minister at Stockholm, to his friend John Ogilvie. In Scotland reviews were held, sometimes under cover of armed attendance at horse fairs ; but descriptions of the dismal inefficiency there revealed brought comfort rather than dread to Harley's bosom.

In October, Ogilvie appeared in Scotland, where he introduced himself as a gentleman in the Swedish service. He made a tour round the kingdom, and was received by most of the leading Jacobites with guileless confidence. In a wood his friend, Lord Drummond, accompanied by a huntsman and dogs belonging to Drummond of Logie, met him and poured information into his ears for about three hours. In Edinburgh he met Harley's chief agent, Defoe of *Robinson Crusoe.*

Ogilvie thus was able to report to Harley that nearly all the army in Scotland was ready to join the "Prince of Wales" on his landing ; that Atholl was the most forward of the party ;

that the Duke of Hamilton hardly counted, as he disliked the hardships of winter campaigning, and was disinclined to risk his English estates; also that he was out of favour with the rest, though he had adjusted his differences with Atholl and Breadalbane. He found the Catholic religion quite openly practised. Lord Drummond's chaplain made conversions of the country people; and even the Protestant Lady Errol had sent to Dunfermline for a priest to minister to Mr. Hooke, her guest. Panmure alone seems to have refused to see Ogilvie, remembering his association with Lovat's plot, and openly scoffing at his description of himself as a gentleman in the Swedish service.

Deputies fully commissioned were sent to Paris once more, and concealed at the neighbouring village of Montrouge.

Prospects were therefore brighter for the House of Stuart than had ever been since James II. fled from Whitehall. It was the happiest moment of the young king's life, his golden hour. Hope was so well assured as to be almost fruition. There seemed to be—there *was*, nothing to do but go in and win. Everything was in his favour. Even his health was excellent. He had been able to join in the usual autumn and winter gaieties of the French Court without misadventure, riding to the many stag and boar hunts. He rode with his sister and the other young people on a pleasant little picnic, arranged by Louis XIV. to please the princess, to the hermitage at Franchard; a summer-house built above a precipice by the last queen of France, where they lunched; riding home after, in the dusk of the September afternoon.

The hunts were followed by Christmas and Carnival balls, in all of which James joined with the delight and tirelessness of his nineteen years. It seemed to do him no harm to dance till not very small hours of the morning; such a cure is hope. With his sister he opened the great Twelfth Night masked ball at Versailles. In view of approaching restoration, the English Court threw off its garments of heaviness, and the youthful princess appeared, a blaze of splendour, in yellow velvet, bodice and petticoat covered with jewels, and an aigrette of diamonds with strings of other stones in her mass of beautiful brown hair. Anthony Hamilton describes her in the "adorable plumpness" of her sixteenth year, with her brother's handsome features more softly cast, a complexion like spring flowers, and

most lovely arms. She was a tall, stately girl, with "curious large black eyes." One wonders where the jewels came from, so admiringly described by Dangeau, seeing how many had been sold to supply the wants of poor adherents. The royal pair danced till four of the morning, and the Swiss Guard turned out to salute them as they left the palace, drums beating as if it had been high noon.

Now that fortune's wheel seemed to be turning, an old idea of marrying the princess to the Duke of Berry took substantial shape; according to the Duc de Saint-Simon, who was concerned in the scheme, and who never doubted Louis' good faith. Charles, Duke of Berry, was the youngest, best looking and best loved of the three grandsons of Louis XIV.; much petted by women; a fair, amiable, sweet-mannered lad; no *dévot*, yet hating the irreligious cant of the day; so much in awe of his august grandfather that he dared not open his lips in his presence. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, though far from safe to go shooting with! It would be a great match even for a "restored" princess of England, for he was heir-presumptive to his brother, Philip of Spain, at least. For two years the marriage project hung fire.

Other masked balls, preceded by great suppers, followed, in which the king and princess took happy part. Lady Betty Middleton and a daughter of Melfort attended the princess; pretty girls and good dancers, says Dangeau. The third ball was a less exclusive, yet even more magnificent affair. Crowds came from Paris and filled the vast rooms. All were masked except the old king. One guest went ingeniously disguised as a vase. The queen and princess not being present on this occasion, King James went incognito, masked and in a plain dress, and attended by only a few of his suite—a grand opportunity for adventure such as his forefathers loved. Dangeau says the French king recognised him but pretended not to do so as he wished to remain unknown. What disguise could baffle the omniscience of such a king?

There was also a Carnival masked ball at St. Germain's—though Hamilton's authority is vague for lack of date—when by the queen's command all the gates were thrown open to the whole town.

Ash Wednesday, February 22, put a stop to the balls. It had been a gay and happy time, brilliant with promise of still

happier days closely approaching. The king now had more serious work on hand. At last he was to set his steps in the way that led to his father's throne; at last to set sail for the shores of his native land; at last to draw his sword for his own right.

CHAPTER VII

A FALSE DAWN

" Le plus fameux des descendans d'Adam
Fait un projet d'une immortelle gloire
Et si ses Nefs approchent d'aberdain
Rien n'aura mieux embelli son histoire :
Ses fiers ennémis apprandront a leur Daim
Que les vertus attirent la victoire."

Impromptu composed by DANGEAU *for Madame de Maintenon on this occasion.*

FRANCE was out of very shame compelled to do something, if only for appearances' sake. Thirty ships were fitted out at Dunkirk and the neighbouring ports, inclusive of transports. The Chevalier de Fourbin was appointed to command. He had distinguished himself in the Adriatic and the North Sea, and was therefore expected to know his way about the latter waters. The Count de Gacé, Lieutenant-General, brother of the Duc de Mantignon and friend of Chamillart the war minister, was appointed to command the troops, with Lieutenant-General de Vibraye, and two field-marshals, the Marquis de Levi and M. de Ruffé, under him. De Gacé was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to His Britannic Majesty and a Marshal of France. The patent was given to James in a sealed packet, to be presented to De Gacé when his Majesty should set foot on Scottish soil.

The number of the ships is very variously given, according to the angry estimate of disappointed Scots or the exaggeration of French confidence in the fitness of French arrangements. There is no reason to question Saint-Simon's thirty. La Croix de Marlés, in his *Histoire du Chevalier de St. George*, puts them at eight ships-of-the-line, twenty-four frigates, and a larger number of transports with twelve battalions on board. Four millions of livres were sent to Flanders to pay the troops, of whom six thousand were ordered to the neighbourhood of Dunkirk. This movement was described as change of garrison.

England was perfectly well informed. Cadogan, Marlborough's favourite major-general and British Envoy to the States at Brussels and The Hague, at present resident at Ostend, reported in February (1708) that these regiments were ordered to Dunkirk, and that the Prince of Wales was on the point of leaving Paris. It was rumoured that the Duke of Berwick was coming from Spain to lead them. But the Dutch allies had transports prepared, and ten English battalions were ready to embark for Dunkirk. The Government was also informed that the Scottish conspirators were to be joined by the Duke of Atholl, and that Edinburgh Castle was to be surprised. England was not frightened. Some pretended to believe the French armament a mere feint, intended to hinder England from sending supplies to Portugal. Both Houses of Parliament promised Queen Anne to stand by her against her foes at home and abroad.

James sent formal Instructions to Scotland, dated February 4, to herald his own speedy arrival with money and ammunition. For safety's sake, he could not yet mention the name of his general. It would not do to let his adherents give up all hope of Berwick, whom Louis did not even inform as to the project, having too much need of him elsewhere. On the first sight of the royal squadron, the king must be proclaimed everywhere. Friends from Ireland and the north of England were summoned to join the loyal Scottish gentlemen on the east coast of the Lothians, Fife, Angus, and the Mearns, so that upon a concerted signal from the first ship that appeared, they might be ready to meet his Majesty with full information and experienced pilots.

It was settled that James should land at Dunbar or Edinburgh, where the Firth provided harbourage for his ships. The capital was believed to be unanimous in allegiance, and its possession would at once give *cachet* to the enterprise. The Castle, containing the diminished but still desirable pecuniary equivalent for the Union, and the Government offices would be his at once. The surrounding country was well provisioned, and he would be within easy reach of England. A landing farther north would be less convenient, though in the west Kirkcudbright, in the midst of friendly Presbyterians and plentiful horses, near England and Ireland, had been a favoured alternative. An immense quantity of arms and clothing for the Scots was shipped.

There were already, alas! unexpected and serious defections to reckon with. In January the Duke of Hamilton was going to England with his family; he said he wanted to see whether or not the King of France was in earnest. Captain Straiton sent an express after him to report the expedition as actually under way. Hamilton was caught at Sir David Murray's house of Stanhope. He refused to return, but sent Lockhart of Carnwath, who had accompanied him so far, to bid the Jacobites let him know when the king had set sail, and again, when he had landed. Meantime, Lockhart would raise their friends in Lanarkshire and bring them to the duke at Dumfries, where he would proclaim King James and also defend the Border from any attempt on England until the Scottish army should be levied, Parliament convened, and the king's affairs settled.

The young king was "transported with joy" at the prospect of his expedition. He, at least, had no suspicion of the honesty of French intentions. Middleton was doubtful, and the queen was much of his mind; but there seemed at least to be no doubt that the Scots wanted their king, and their king was bound to gratify them according to his promises.

The ships were not ready up to time. Saint-Simon blames the incapacity of Chamillart and the ill-will of Pontchartrain, Minister of Marine, for the series of delays which gave the English Government such ample opportunity for discovery and preparation. He says that Fourbin hardly pretended assent to the expedition; that De Gacé was a worthy man, but no genius, and without military reputation, while De Vibraye, a good fellow, was a mere man of pleasure.

Preparations were made with a curious mixture of profound secrecy and many confidences. The queen believed Madame de Maintenon to be in ignorance of the king's intended departure, but the Abbess of Maubisson, James's aged cousin, knew all about it. The Duke of Berwick declared that he knew nothing whatever of the expedition until it was all over, nor of the Scots' earnest entreaty that he might be sent to lead them. Disapproval from him would not have stood in the way, for he thought it the best chance the king ever had. It is perplexing that he should have been detained in Spain until that spring, as if to deprive James of generalship which would have made success.

James wrote dutifully to the Pope to beg his blessing ; also his pecuniary assistance, as the King of France was able to do so little. He also wrote to Cardinal Caprara, now Protector of England. He sent Charles Fleming and another on to Slaines to announce his coming, and to provide pilots to take him up the Forth.

On February 28 the King of France went to St. Germain's to present his guest with a diamond-hilted sword,[1] and embraced him with ominous repetition of the words with which he had sped his father to La Hogue : "The best wish I can wish you is that I may never see your face again." James affectionately protested that were he to be restored, he would certainly return to France to prove his gratitude and kindness. Somebody suggested that he might find himself surrounded by the enemy's ships, or meet contrary winds. He answered doughtily that when once afloat he would not steer back for the strongest winds and the fiercest enemies ; that it was his duty to remain upon the ship the King of France had been good enough to entrust to him ; that he would stay in Scotland if he found only one castle faithful. Chamillart also called to assure his Majesty that he had seen to everything requisite for his comfort on the journey.

The Duchess of Burgundy and the other princesses of the blood went next day to say good-bye ; whose visits he formally returned. And here a touch of romance comes in ; vague, unauthenticated, but natural and probable enough to ask little more than testimony of age and circumstance. Alexander Rankine, a contemporary writer,[2] tells us James paid "something more than a formal visit of leave to the blooming Mademoiselle de C——, on whom he had looked for some time with such passionate eyes as set whispers going at Court of something more than a common report due to so celebrated a beauty. Why this affair has been no more talked of is perhaps the reasons of state that moved in the necessity of dissipating such a match, and though of late, through the prevailing persuasions of the queen, it has been less a subject of discourse at Court, yet it is certain that he (King James) never speaks of her to this day without discovering the tender remains of a broken and dis-

[1] "He dressed up his Poppet for the purpose," says Oldmixon. "The sword cost as much as would have maintained him in an honest way of living for many years."

[2] *Memoir of the Chevalier de St. George*, by Alexander Rankine ; translated into French, 1712.

appointed passion." Who was this lady of a king's first love thus mysteriously brought forth from the myrtled shades of the past —a happier Margaret Drummond, a more shadowy Sarah Lennox? Was she the reason of his strict incognito at the royal masquerade? She is mentioned, hardly fortuitously, with the princesses of the blood. Among these were several who owned that initial. Mademoiselle de Chartres, Louise Adelaide, second daughter of the Duke of Orleans, born 1698, was then too young, though her younger sister, Mademoiselle de Valois, was to be a postulant bride for James in 1715. There was Mademoiselle de Charolais, Louise Anne of Bourbon-Condé, second daughter of Louis, Duke of Bourbon and Mlle. de Nantes, daughter (*legitimée*) of Louis XIV. There was her sister Marianne, Mademoiselle de Clermont, but she was only eleven in 1708, the heroine of Madame de Genlis' novel, founded upon her hapless love-affair with M. de Melun. Her portrait is in Kensington Palace (No. 61)—a maiden, blooming indeed, with powdered, high-dressed hair, and a white gown garlanded with flowers. There was their cousin, Marianne, Mademoiselle de Conti, another granddaughter of Louis XIV. In 1713 she married their brother, the Duke of Bourbon (minister in 1713). Her portrait, too, is in Kensington Palace (No. 64)—a dark woman in yellow brocade. Of these, Mademoiselle de Charolais is the most probable.[1] Saint-Simon said later, that the Duke de Bourbon was dying to marry his "youngest" sister, De Charolais, to a crowned head, which suggests reluctance to climb down from an earlier ambition. Neither of the Condé sisters ever married.[2] Had it not been for the association with the royal princesses, the lady might have been Mademoiselle de Clare, Laura O'Brien, Anthony Hamilton's lovely niece.

On February 28, English ships under Sir John Leake appeared before Dunkirk, but returned to the Downs to avoid the equinoctial gales; it was hoped, to convoy transports to Portugal. The port, therefore, would be open,

[1] Her aunt, Mademoiselle de Condé, eldest daughter of M. le Prince, died in 1700; victim, Dangeau declares, of her father's cruelty.

[2] There is some confusion to be made among the titles of the House of France, as a younger sister sometimes took the title of an elder, vacated by death or marriage. Anselme gives Mademoiselle de Clermont as the youngest of the Condé sisters. Madame de Genlis calls her heroine Louise, and says that De Charolais (really Louise) was superintendent of the queen's household, a post filled by Mademoiselle de Clermont from 1725. A portrait of Mlle. de Charolais was very recently sold at Christie's.

where waited the really liberal outfit provided by the King of France—fine tents, gold and silver household plate of rare design, uniforms for guards, liveries for servants; four thousand saddles, four thousand pairs of boots, and all other necessaries; standards and banners; the royal banner intended to float over the Keep of Edinburgh and Holyrood Palace; standards bearing such mottoes as *Nil desperandum; Christo duce et auspice Christo; Cui venti et mare obediunt impera Domine et fac tranquilitatem.* Good horses in plenty would be found in Scotland. It was given out that the few carriages James required were prepared for a hunting expedition to Anet. Hooke and the deputies preceded him by twelve days; Hooke, it is said, with the honours of an Irish earldom upon him.[1] Hooke met Chamillart on the way, and cheerfully informed him that there was little hope of success for the expedition; whereupon Chamillart lay half the night on his bed, stunned but sleepless[2]—which goes to show that the French war minister, at least, intended the expedition should be a success, once it was set on foot.

On March 7 (O.S. February 24), at a quarter past six of the evening, King James left St. Germain's for the coast and Scotland. "At last my dear son has set off," the queen wrote that night to Madame de Maintenon; "in perfect health, thank God; full of joy, courage, and hope." The princess was ill of measles, and he was not allowed to bid her good-bye—a needless precaution, as it turned out. He was attended by Perth and Middleton. Sheldon (his late sub-governor), Anthony Hamilton and his brother, Lord Galmoy,[3] Gaydon of the future Clementina rescue party, and one or two others, preceded him. Old Lord Griffin, a staunch Protestant and good sportsman, knew nothing of the affair until James had gone. Then he upbraided the queen for her unkindness with a "true English freedom," strange to the courtiers of Versailles, and protested that neither age, religion, nor wounded feeling would hinder him from following his king to the death. He set off at once for Versailles, borrowed a horse and a hundred louis from his dear friend and fellow-sportsman, the Count of

[1] He appears only as a baron in the Jacobite peerage given by G. E. C. in his *Complete Peerage*.
[2] Saint-Simon, *Mémoires*, vi. 151.
[3] Piers Butler, later created Earl of Newcastle in Ireland.

Toulouse (son of Louis XIV.); set spur for Dunkirk, and overtook the king.[1]

So here was James at last, it seemed, a free king—free, at least, from home control—within three months of his twentieth birthday; as desirable a young monarch as any nation might wish to welcome; charming to behold in those days, when his long black eyes were humorous and shone with smiles, and his dark thin face was sunned by hope and native sweetness; an extremely tall, thin young man, with a noble countenance, great natural dignity, and a perfect temper. His mother confessed that though his was not the brilliance of his sister, he possessed all her more solid qualities. In the nimble wit which wins readiest applause James was undoubtedly lacking, but strong common sense and real business ability he possessed in excellent measure, while the clear-sightedness of a singularly truthful soul shone like a searchlight upon the falsehood and misstatement brought so incessantly to his judgment. He had the instinct and intelligence to see what was right and feasible, and seeing it, he could not be forced aside from the pointed path. Nature had not given him more genius than his father had, though his earnestness and industry, like his father's, were inexhaustible all through his life. Naturally shy and reserved in manner and conversation, he had an air of royal distinction; and all who knew him, from Mar in the king's youth to Des Brosses in his old age, found him "the finest of gentlemen." "None knew better how to bear himself in the state of his rank." He was as economical and exact in business as his father had been. In religion he was as largely tolerant as he was sincere and unflinching. Saint-Simon says he possessed *beaucoup de volonté et de fermeté*, though he was over tractable, the result of delicate health as much as of the "austere and narrow education his mother had given him; who, holy as she was, liked to keep him in leading-strings." His fatal fault was, therefore, that he was too ready to take advice—to pause for counsel when he should have rushed to action; a king made rather for the constitutional ideas of to-day than for those of his age, which, for all the talk of liberty, still demanded the ruling of a strong hand from a sovereign.

"He was a better, more easy, and perhaps more elegant writer than any of his servants," says that stout Non-juror, the

[1] Saint-Simon, *Mémoires*, vi. 127.

Rev. Charles Lesley. How clearly he could express his honest, carefully considered views and purposes in French, English, and Italian, his hundreds of business letters show, while his private letters of those early years are gay and pointed, and sweet with kindness. Later, they are as pointed, as graceful, as kind, and sweeter still with patience. Never was prince born to inherit a throne who possessed more of the makings of an excellent king. Unlike the Bourbons, he had learnt much and remembered everything.

His cousin, the Princess Louise Hollandaise, eldest daughter of the Queen of Bohemia and Abbess of Maubisson, writes to her youngest sister, the Electress Sophia, March 8, 1708: "Le roy d'Angleterre partit hier pour Dunquerque. . . . S'il plait à Dieu. Toujours, sera-t-il vray que ce jeune Prince aura par deuers lui la ioye de lespérance et celle d'un voyage agréable. A son âge florissant, beau, bien fait, amable et dune humeur à souhait il ne luy manque qu'une meilheur situation et cest qui dépend de la Providence."

As soon as he had left St. Germain's some miles behind, he dismissed Verceil and the French guard who were that week in waiting upon him, and he took off his orders to hide his rank.

His carriage broke down—a bad omen—two leagues from Amiens, where he stopped for the night. Equinoctial gales were still raging. He slept next night at Boulogne, and arrived at Dunkirk on Friday, March 9, to find the port again blockaded by Sir John Leake, who ought to have been escorting that convoy to Portugal, but had been blown to Torbay; whence, on reports sent from Holland, he had come back to Dunkirk to look after the suspicious transports. The French troops had consequently been disembarked.

Fourbin declined, under the circumstances, to risk his ships. De Fretteville was sent to Versailles with the news and an eager letter from James, who insisted upon re-embarkation and sailing at once for Scotland, at any cost.[1] He wrote more gently to soothe his mother's disappointment—"Exactly as his father would have done in similar circumstances, which was a great

[1] Saint-Simon. Marshal Villars, who became one of James's most intimate and affectionate friends, says, no doubt on the king's authority, that Fourbin told him it was useless to sail, as the fleet would be dispersed in such weather; that James would have assented, but that De Gacé, for reasons of his own, persuaded him to embark lest the declared Scots should be endangered; that he must risk all and go to their assistance, which representation determined him. *Mémoires du Maréchal de Villars.*

deal to say for one of his age," the queen wrote to Madame de Maintenon. But he made such a noise at Dunkirk about the threatened retreat that Fourbin was compelled to send two officers, Tourouvre and De Nangis, to reconnoitre the English fleet. They reported encouragingly, and the troops went on board. Then another catastrophe! His Majesty was discovered to be seriously ill.

At first smallpox was feared. It turned out to be nothing worse than measles, caught from his sister; but so delicate as he was, the fact was enough to ruin the last chance of the expedition—if it had ever had a chance; if Fourbin did not carry secret instructions on no account to allow the king to land. He was very ill. The doctors declared it to be as much as his frail life was worth to let him sail. But he was determined that neither measles nor doctors nor attendants should keep him back. Was not Scotland, notified by her deputies, expecting him hourly?

Some delay at least was inevitable, and for eight days he was held in durance. Precious time was as usual lost in discussion, and the delay allowed information to pour into England. Cadogan sent word on March 15 (O.S. 4), from Ostend, to Queen Anne, Marlborough, and the ministry,[1] that eighteen French battalions had embarked at Dunkirk with two hundred English, Scottish, and Irish officers and a great store of arms, and that the Prince of Wales had arrived there with some Scottish peers. Lord Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, passed on the information to Lord Leven, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, and orders were sent to Admiral Sir George Byng to "look after the Dunkirkers," and to all Scottish officers to repair instantly to Scotland. A fleet of English ships, variously estimated at from sixteen to twenty-seven, was brought together under Byng, and the battalions were called from Ostend to garrison Newcastle, Tynemouth, and other northern coast towns.

For once the king had his way; for once, for a moment,

[1] In February Harley had resigned the Secretaryship of State under pressure from Godolphin and Marlborough, who, with the experienced acuteness of thief-thief-catchers, suspected him of corresponding with Chamillart. His under-secretary, William Greg, had certainly been discovered in such correspondence. He pleaded guilty—enemies said, by Harley's direction, to avoid questioning of witnesses—and was ultimately hanged (Luttrell). St. John, Secretary of War, Sir Simon Harcourt, Attorney-General, and another, retired with him. Henry Boyle became Secretary of State, and Robert Walpole a rising young Whig, succeeded St. John at the War Office.

the weather played into his hand. The wild March winds blew Sir John Leake back towards the Downs. On Saturday afternoon, March 17 (O.S. March 6), a fog came down, under whose friendly but chilly cover the king had himself wrapped in blankets and carried on board De Gacé's ship, the *Mars*, half recovered and very feeble.[1] At 3 A.M. Fourbin, with his small squadron,[2] sailed out of Flemish Road, hoping they might reach their destination before the enemy should find out and overtake them.

"Here I am on board at last," the king wrote to his mother. "The body is very weak, but the courage is so good that it will sustain the weakness of the body. I hope not to write to you again until I write from the Palace of Edinburgh, where I expect to arrive on Saturday."[3] "I would never abandon my subjects who are sacrificing themselves for me," he wrote to Louis XIV. "I cannot express the ardour with which the King of England longed to set of," the Intendant of Marine at Dunkirk wrote to Pontchartrain.[4]

As soon as the news of his sailing arrived at Versailles, Louis sent official notice thereof to friendly Courts. Venice was premature in her response to the message, and rejoiced publicly over his Majesty's landing in Scotland and the subsequent revolution there and in England; wherefore the Venetian ambassador, Cornaro, was forbidden to appear at St. James's.

Alas for the happy moment that passed like morning mist before the wind! Down came the equinoctial storms and beat the royal flotilla into the shelter of the Dunes of Ostend. It waited two weary days and nights by Nieuport Pits. On the second day Sir George Byng, with his twenty-seven ships, appeared before Dunkirk. But the fickle wind had gone round, and the fair wind was blowing back to his native land the prince who had been blown away in the rain and sleet of that December night more than nineteen years ago.

On Thursday the 4th (O.S.) the watchful Cadogan sent

[1] His enemies seized upon this to found the story that James was so afraid at Dunkirk to set foot in the boat, and shook so much that he nearly slipped into the water, and his attendants were forced to carry him on board (*Secret Memoirs of Bar-le-duc*, 1716). It may be mentioned that there is not a hint of mistresses, Oglethorpean or peasant, in this hostile pamphlet.

[2] Andrezel says with five men-of-war, twenty-one frigates, and two transports. *Secret History of Hooke's Negotiations*, p. 139. 1760.

[3] Dangeau, *Journal*, ii. 304.

[4] Ibid., *Mémoires*, ii. 304–5.

two Dutch privateers to inform Sir George Byng that James had sailed. The news found Byng informed, and having left a strong squadron to convoy the troops, he was sighted off Yarmouth and Lowestoft with fifty English and Dutch ships, in full pursuit, seven hours behind the prey. That Thursday afternoon Queen Anne, after holding several councils, went down to the House to inform her lieges of the sailing of the hostile squadron with "the Pretender" on board, and her faithful Commons voted to make good any sum of money she should require upon the occasion. Cadogan sent his battalions, and Marlborough ordered all general officers to be ready at one hour's warning to march northward with all the forces available in England, while messengers were sent out to arrest suspected persons.

In spite of expectation at Edinburgh, Fourbin passed the Forth and first sighted land at Montrose. It is perplexing that he should have spent from Monday to Friday in the small and familiar North Sea, as he did. Ker of Kersland says the squadron signalled west of Dunottar Castle, near Stonehaven, on the Aberdeen coast, and that the signal was not answered by the Earl Marischal who had been sent there—to his own castle—for the purpose. Villars, in his Memoirs, confirms this, which certainly looks like treason on the Scottish side. The northward excursion may have been a feint to mislead the pursuers, or a mistake; though Saint-Simon fails to understand the official excuse, that Fourbin had lost his way twice within twenty-four hours. As to treachery on the French side, Fourbin knew the full importance of speed; must have known that Byng was only seven hours behind him.

On Friday, March 23 (O.S. March 12), at noon, the King of Scots entered the Firth of Forth Fourbin cast anchor opposite to Crail and Pittenweem, and sent shallops to Edinburgh to see if the Jacobites meant to keep faith. He stopped for the night under the lee of the Isle of May, vainly awaiting response.

From the Nebo of the May, through a tearful mist of drizzling rain, James looked upon the promised land; up the wide dim water where, beyond hidden hills and the couchant lion of Arthur's Seat, the gray metropolis of his fathers, his own romantic town, made ready for its king. Over that proud ridge of rock springing from the plain to its castled crown, the

ruddy lion of his race had ramped in gold for three centuries of thrilling history. There, by the ancient pinnacled palace where Mary wept, his people awaited him on tiptoe of joyful expectation; lords and chiefs "so uppish" in their coming triumph that Lord Leven, the commander-in-chief, "durst hardly look them in the face as they walked in the streets of Edinburgh."[1] Leven's forces were so small, less than 1700 men, that on his own official confession he could neither have prevented the king from landing nor have stood against him when he was landed. The very guards would have attended James on the night of his arrival. As happened in 1745 when Prince Charles arrived at Derby, there was panic in London and a run upon the Bank.

But there was little cause for panic. Sir George Byng, with his five or six battleships, followed too close. In the small hours of Saturday morning he descried the French ships, and sent a boat to reconnoitre. But the invaders were on the alert. They had heard the English signal to bring the ships to anchor. Fourbin ordered lights out, and each ship to steal one by one out of the Firth, north-east for St. Andrews. Wind and tide were against them. In the morning they were still in sight of the English, who gave chase. Byng engaged them in "line of Battle," keeping up a running fire till dark. There was a good breeze, and the French ships stood out to sea, and being lighter and cleaner than the English men-of-war, soon outsailed them, but presently got separated and did not meet till the following day. The *Salisbury*, a ship of fifty-four guns, once taken from England, was disabled, so that Byng came up with her and took her next morning. She was a fine prize, though the king was not on board as the captors expected, who had heard that he dined upon that ship only the preceding day. But there were captured stout old Lord Griffin,[2] Middleton's two sons, two king's pages, a lieutenant-general, and a major-general, Colonel Wauchope, and several persons of note who refused to give their names.[3] One in particular was so very coy that he was supposed to be the royal prize

[1] Lockhart, i. 243.

[2] Lord Ailesbury says that Lord Griffin died in 1710 in the Tower, where he had enjoyed the alleviating companionship of that *bon vivant*, the Chevalier de Nangis. Saint-Simon says that though he insulted the judges at his trial, and despised death, refusing to say a word to compromise anybody, and was nearly executed, Queen Anne respited him twice unpetitioned, and he lived free on parole in London.

[3] To these Luttrell adds Lord Derwentwater and his brother.

himself. Besides these, there were five hundred soldiers, with officers, and four hundred sailors; £30,000 in money, and £500 in plate, and abundance of arms and ammunition. The Chevalier de Tourouvre covered the king's ship with his own, and thus saved James's life, or at least his liberty. Rambure, a lieutenant on a French frigate, one of seven privateers with troops and provisions, belated and sent on to follow the squadron to Leith Roads; then further delayed by the storm of March 18, entered the Firth that Saturday morning. As he beheld the Firth covered with ships and boats, he supposed the king must have arrived, and that all these vessels had come to meet and escort him to Edinburgh. He was surprised at the publicity of the demonstration. Then two pilots came up to him, who had seen nothing of the French ships. Mr. Malcolm of Grange, who was on one of the boats, reported that King James's subjects were waiting to proclaim him on the moment of his arrival, but that nothing had been heard of him. Rambure returned perplexedly down the Firth. The roar of cannon greeted him at his entrance. He slipped out under the south shore, unseen by the English, who were off Fifeness. In two days he came up with his own fleet, fled and scattered.

Why Fourbin stopped for the night opposite to Crail, knowing himself pursued, can hardly be explained by any excuse of weather or want of pilots. One sad and too common accident had happened, on which Lockhart places part of the blame. Fleming, as we know, had gone on to Slaines to find pilots. Lord Errol sent him to Perthshire to communicate his instructions, and ordered an Aberdeen skipper named George to go from Fifeness with Mr. Malcolm of Grange to pilot the king up the Firth. But George must first cross to Edinburgh to inform Lockhart and Captain Straiton of Fleming's arrival and instructions. This last part of his commission the skipper performed; and instead of returning to meet Mr. Malcolm of Grange, he lost his head between pride in his important commission and conviviality in Edinburgh. Time consequently slipped by. News came of "the Pretender's" departure from St. Germain's, and it was too late to allow Mr. George to recross the Forth.[1]

As soon as Fourbin had got a few of his ships together off

[1] Lockhart, *Papers*, i. 240.

Buchan Ness, at a safe distance from shore and Sir George Byng, a council was held. De Gacé proposed they should land at Inverness, the king eagerly assenting. But the wind got up again, and there was "no getting to land" to procure pilots. Middleton, too, objected that Inverness must be quite unprepared, the king having been expected at Edinburgh. Fourbin, scared by the weather (or obeying secret orders), insisted upon sailing back to Dunkirk. In vain the poor young king entreated to be set ashore at Wemyss Castle in a small boat with such as were his own subjects. Fourbin said his orders were to take the same care of the King of England's person as if it had been his own master's, and sailed for Dunkirk—bearing the king once more from his country, as helpless as when his mother fled with him from Whitehall.

It was a fiasco too amazing to be believed in; more cruel than the retreat from Derby. Small wonder that friend and foe alike should believe the invasion to have been no more than a "demonstration"; that the young prince with his eager heart and his splendid hopes had been treated as a mere pawn in the French war game, and the faithful Scots befooled from first to last. A farce, Bolingbroke called it; though no calumny of his is better disproved by facts than his assertion that James was a consenting party to the game. Kersland, like Hamilton and Lockhart, declared that James needed to come only with his valet to be master of Scotland. There were not four rounds of ammunition in Edinburgh Castle; none came from Berwick-upon-Tweed till the following Saturday. "He could never have had a better opportunity to gain his point from that time to this."

So said the Duke of Berwick, who blamed Fourbin severely for his conduct. Too true himself to dream untruth or cowardice in a French officer, he maintained that the admiral should have landed the king and the troops at the sacrifice of his ships. Circumstances seemed to him uniformly auspicious, and he felt sure Anne would have arranged matters so as to avert the chance of civil war.

It is impossible to believe the French king guilty of pure treachery towards his cousin and guest. He was no doubt in a desperate strait betwixt two. He warmly loved the exiled family, and felt himself bound by his promise to the father to stand the son's friend. He might have been glad enough to see

James III. on the British throne as an ally, not a rival. But he was too keen a statesman not to see that if James could not be restored without French arms, there was little chance of his permanent establishment; while assistance strong and persistent enough to defy a disloyal opposition—a practical occupation of England by France—would have been no more tolerated by the hottest English Jacobites than permitted by his own overburdened exchequer. On the other hand, there was the "unanimous call from Scotland"; the thinly veiled sympathy of Anne and her ministers; the avowed sympathy of half of England. Should not these be sufficient to restore James, once he had reached his native land? It seems inexplicable that Louis should have gone to this really great expense, at a time when he could so ill afford it, unless he were confident of speedy repayment; or at least of being freed from the burden of maintaining the St. Germain's Court. He seems to have done the best he could; really to have meant that James should succeed. He was most unlikely, too, to have exposed the person of his guest and cousin, to say nothing of his ships and men, to the immense risks of the expedition, without confident expectation of safety and success. De Gacé, too, honestly meant to earn his marshal's patent—which James opened and presented to him after landing at Dunkirk![1]

Lockhart and the other honest Jacobites declared that Fourbin was instructed by his Government to play his discreditable part. Certainly, some of his conduct looked inconsistent with honest purpose. To reach Scotland in good time before the English ships, even after the delay of the king's illness and the detention under the Dunes, would have been easy enough in the fair wind he had, for the distance is short and familiar. Yet he spent more than five days in crossing, deviating north to Montrose. Stress of weather is small excuse here. He anchored at the very entrance of the Firth, knowing Byng must be close on his heels, whereas had he taken his ships to Leith, landed the king there or at Wemyss, and gone on into the deep windings of the Forth, he would have been safe in a friendly country.[2] Had he turned eastward, after landing the king, he would have confronted a

[1] De Gacé was from henceforth known as the Marshal de Mantignon. It was an unfortunate expedition for the king, but very fortunate for the officers, says Villars.

[2] Troops were advancing from Stirling (Lockhart). Lord Drummond had mustered above two hundred at Blair Athol (Luttrell).

superior fleet; but this would have been so little of a surprise, that the fact of having sailed at all without sufficient force to meet it looks so like childish folly that Lockhart and his friends can hardly be blamed for their conviction that the whole affair was a mere ruse, and that their king and his crown, and his brave heart, and his faith in French friendship, and his trust in his people's love, must be one more sacrifice to the fading glories of France. He was certainly far more useful at St. Germain's as a perpetual means for the weakening of England's nervous force by anxiety and division, than at St. James's as an ally whose grateful fidelity must be kept in the teeth of the nation's jealous hostility. But it is very likely that Louis XIV.[1] and his officers (except the admiral) were taken little further into the ministerial confidence than James himself, who was certainly not to be told of arrangements until the last moment. Probably Berwick, on his return from Spain, was told as little.

After careful consideration, the following interpretation seems the most probable. The original French ministerial plan was "to stir up commotions in Scotland" by threats and promises to send James over, in hope of drawing off English troops from the Continent. Then the French hand was forced by the refusal of the Scots to rise unless the king were to come, and unless some help were sent with him. Fourbin declared, and his well-supported excuse looks sadly like the truth, that after signalling his arrival he waited by the May, expecting that the Scottish magnates would hasten at once to meet and escort their king, but that none of them appeared. Jacobites were ever given to talking much and doing little, while even honest Jacobite agents were terribly given to exaggeration, to painting dim and doubtful facts in sharp lines, with glowing colours. They would all pray hard that the king might come, and at the first sign of answer to their prayer, they would start and shrink as if they had raised the devil. Then up came Sir George Byng with his ships and guns, and the French admiral, discouraged by lack of co-operation, his French sailors demoralised by bad seamanship and equinoctial gales, fled in sheer terror from the victors of La Hogue, from the invincible might of Britannia on her waves.

[1] Louis was certainly easily deceived later on as to the condition of his own troops in Flanders.

English pamphleteers naturally had professed themselves little sanguine of the success of the Franco-Scottish invasion. To Swift is ascribed the authorship of certain satirical verses entitled *A Trip to Dunkirk: a Hue and Cry after the Pretended Prince of Wales*, the "little Welch monarch to come at their head"; of whom "his old godsire wanted to get shut of . . . handsomely off of his hands . . . a very smart youth with glittering arms and an Equipage," who would—

> " . . . make his campaign,
> And so gallop back to St. Germain's again."[1]

[1] Printed in the Harleian *Miscellany*, i. p. 210.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WINNING OF THE SPURS

"In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
In England a stranger he seemeth to be;
But his name I'll advance in Britain or France.
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be."

On Saturday, April 7 (O.S. March 27), being Easter Eve, James was landed at Dunkirk. It had been a fortnight of peril; storms, and alarms from ships that passed, happily unaware what rare prize they missed within easy reach; for the French ships were in such deplorable condition, as to be incapable of defence. Besides the loss of the *Salisbury*, the *Blackwall* had foundered. Lord Dumbarton was supposed to have been captured on one or drowned on the other! Three more missing ships turned up, much shattered. The French soldiers crept on shore, looking more like rats than men. Middleton, as bad a sailor as Hooke, and anxious about his sons, was ill. But James, sorely disappointed, ill from seasickness, fatigue, exposure, and annoyance, and looking very thin, put on a brave face. On landing he opened the sealed packet, and presented to De Gacé his patent as Marshal of France. It would have been difficult to have had it cheaper, comments Saint-Simon. There was no bitterness in the king's heart; his sweet reasonableness bore him above even this trial, and his spirit was stronger than his body. He "dressed himself very fine in an embroidered coat and a blue feather in his hat," and went on shore, to be received by the ladies assembled in their coaches with looks suggestive of an English funeral. The cheers, "*Vive le Roi*," were followed by shrugging of shoulders and shaking of heads—a dismal welcome.[1] General Dorrington, Lord Galmoy, and "some of our bottle friends," remained at Dunkirk ill. The day after landing, James wrote to the King of France to beg that he might be allowed to go on the coming Flanders campaign, and to wait in some town

[1] Rankine.

near until time to start. He had not been allowed to flesh his maiden sword in his own country, but it should not be his fault if it rusted in the scabbard. The idea of returning to the dullness, inaction, and depression of St. Germain's must have seemed intolerable once he had broken from its bounds. He then went to St. Omer; a far from cheerful place of sojourn, for his English friends there too did nothing but sigh and lament; affectionately enough, but with depressing effect. His Majesty, however, "had learned so much of the hero as to show a perfect unconcernedness at what they said, and with a becoming serenity, very rare in one so young, turned the discourse to other things."[1]

Leave for the campaign was granted, but he must go home first. He arrived at St. Germain's on Friday, April 20. On the Sunday following he went to report himself to Louis at Marly, accompanied by his mother and sister. It was a sunny spring day, but his reception, solemn and stately, was as cheerful as a funeral. The King of France, followed by his Court, went out to meet the slowly approaching English Court. Middleton advanced first and alone, "with a very remarkable expression," says Saint-Simon. He embraced the Most Christian knees, and Louis spoke a few gracious words, looking at him so fixedly as to confuse him. (The confusion may be of Saint-Simon's loyal imagination, Middleton being angrily and absurdly suspected by French and philo-French of having betrayed the expedition—a crime of which he was as little capable as of confusion before the Most Christian gaze.) Then the two kings embraced repeatedly. The Duke of Perth made obeisance after his king. Louis advanced to speak civilly to the others, but at the sight of their sad faces the words died on his lips. The kings then withdrew for an hour's confidential talk, while the queen was entertained by Madame de Maintenon. Poor, proud queen, who once so haughtily refused to sit at table with Sir Thomas Dalziel, now always compelled to meet Scarron's widow on rather less than terms of equality! The princess was affectionately welcomed by the Duchess of Burgundy, but every one was depressed and embarrassed. The French were inquisitive, the English silent and glum. The kings reappeared, and a short melancholy walk ended the distressful visit.

[1] Rankine.

The Jacobite leaders were committed to Edinburgh Castle —the Duke of Gordon, the Lords Marischal, Murray, Errol, Seaforth, Traquair, Aberdeen, Belhaven, Kilsyth, Sinclair, Nithsdale, Kenmure, and Balmerino ; Sir William Bruce, Colonel John Balfour, and several other gentlemen. The Duke of Atholl, Lord Huntly, and Lord Drummond were summoned, and Atholl's chamberlain was locked up in the Tolbooth. Neither the Duke nor Lord Drummond took any notice of the summons. The Bishop of Edinburgh, Mr. Dugald Stuart, and Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun were confined to their lodgings. Some of the prisoners worked off their superfluous militarism by quarrelling among themselves. Lord Errol threw a bottle at the Earl Marischal's head, wounding him dangerously.[1] But Anne was again lenient to her prisoners, and wisely avoided driving Scotland to despair ; "thus strengthening her authority at home, winning the people's affection, and destroying any hopeless desire to shake her on the throne." The Marquis de Levi was sent to Nottingham Castle. Lord Clermont and his brother, Middleton's sons, were not imprisoned, but detained in England until 1713, where they were everywhere welcomed and kindly entertained. The other *Salisbury* prisoners were sent back to France on parole.

On the first alarm of the past expedition, a Bill had been brought into Parliament to secure the safety of the crown from further machinations of suspected persons, with especial and stern regard to "papist recusants," who were to be confined within a five mile radius of their homes, and forbidden to come within ten miles of London and Westminster. This came hard on those recusants who were far from warm in their sympathies with the Catholic king, though obliged on principle to wish him well. Now the expedition had failed, their anticipations of having to suffer for it were realised, especially in Scotland, and James sent Father Kennedy to Madrid with a letter for Cardinal Porto Carrero, the Spanish Prime Minister, begging that he might be allowed to make a collection there for the benefit of the sufferers for loyalty and religion.

There were public thanksgivings on April 10 and May 7, and a joyful welcome to the ten battalions who returned to Ostend on April 25—"not fifty men having died though so long on board !" a melancholy testimony to naval sanitary arrangements.

[1] Luttrell.

On April 25 King James sent Charles Farquharson to Scotland with instructions in his own hand for the comfort and further encouragement of his disconcerted subjects.

"You are to assure them of the concern and trouble we are in . . . that this last enterprise has failed. . . .

"You are to assure them that far from being discouraged with what has happened, we are resolved to move heaven and earth and to leave no stone unturned to free ourselves and them ; and to that end, we propose to come ourselves into the Highlands, with money and arms and ammunition, and to put ourselves at the head of our good subjects, if they are in arms for us. . . ."

He meant business, whatever Louis may have told him in confidence, and though he was at the moment bound for Flanders. His was Prince Charles's plan—in fact the only feasible plan : he could never depend on a rising not led by the Clans. In May he issued a warrant from St. Germain's for the preparation of puncheons and dies for the coining of Jacobuses and other gold and silver coins "when we shall have occasion for the same" ; also a warrant appointing by letters patent Norbert Roethiers, Engraver General of the Royal Mint of Scotland.

French fortunes in Flanders were looking blacker than ever. Louis and his courtiers blamed the laziness of the Duc de Vendôme, as having totally ruined the army and discipline. To reanimate his desponding troops, the king nominated his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, generalissimo of the army. He had recalled him after the reverses of 1702 to spare him the mortification of witnessing France's disgrace. His brother, the Duke of Berry, was to accompany him as a volunteer. The Elector of Bavaria commanded on the Rhine with Berwick under him. Villars commanded in Dauphiny.

On Friday, May 25 (O.S. May 14), Burgundy set off, his brother following next day. Louis XIV. would never himself set off on a Friday, but apparently he did not mind his grandson risking his luck, says Dangeau. It was also the anniversary of the murder of Henri IV.—the annual requiem Mass for whose soul was the saddening God-speed of the princes ; to the consternation of the Court, already anxious lest the precious Burgundy, the hope of France, should be lost in Flanders. They were sent with the most miserable attendance ; M. d'O

and M. de Gamaches only in attendance on Burgundy ; M. de Rassilly on Berry. Burgundy took Cambray on his way to the rendezvous at Valenciennes, where, though forbidden to do so, he visited his old tutor Fénélon, then in disgrace at Court through the influence of the Jesuits and Bossuet. Nevertheless all the great folks visited Fénélon *en passant,* on one excuse or other.

James left St. Germain's for the front on Friday, May 18. He stopped first at Chantilly, where he dined and walked about all the afternoon, says Dangeau. This could hardly be for pleasure in the society of the dreadful Prince de Condé, master of Chantilly, though when he chose, M. le Prince could be a charming host ; nor for the pleasure of his hospitality, for M. le Prince, who hardly ever entertained visitors, starved everybody, beginning with his own victim wife and children. But M. le Prince was grandfather of Mesdemoiselles de Charolais and de Clermont (also of Mademoiselle de Conti, his daughter's daughter, but he was not the authoritative head of *her* family, as far as any prince of the House of France could be head of his own family, the king being despotic head of all), and James may so naturally have paused on his way to gather a crown, at least of laurel, that he might plead a lover's cause—perhaps with the maiden herself in the sylvan shades of Chantilly. Then he travelled on, slowly, by Senlis and Peronne to Valenciennes, where he joined his cousins and Vendôme. He travelled incognito as the Chevalier de St. George—his first assumption of the title which was to stick to him for all time ; to be handed on to his son, the young Chevalier of Scottish song. His incognito was so strict as presently to occasion a great scandal.

For some reason or other, his presence was unwelcome to the French princes. Perhaps his recent failure in Scotland had annoyed them beyond immediate forgiveness ; either because they too had hoped to "get shut" of his embarrassing presence, or because they ascribed the failure to his conduct, or because the money wasted was so badly needed in starving Flanders. Perhaps he had given himself airs before sailing ; there had been jealousies between him and the future King of France in their childhood. Perhaps there were embarrassments about family matters ; the project of marrying his sister to Berry, perhaps of marrying himself to one of their cousins, de Conti

or de Charolais; both projects, since his Scottish fiasco, laid on the shelf. Swift, who heard of their rudeness, supposed it to come of contempt for his "weak intellectuals and unsound constitution."[1] But this conjecture is disproved by the popularity he won with every one else on the campaign, and the universal high praise he earned for his conduct and bearing. Perhaps some boyish display of patriotism had affronted the sore-hearted sons of defeated France; the patriotism of his father at La Hogue. Foreign though his training was, his heart beat true to England all his life. If he was to be beaten with the army in which he served apprenticeship, he still must share as an Englishman in his country's triumph.

Gamaches, Burgundy's equerry, a frankly spoken gentleman of Picardy, loudly complained of the scandalous behaviour of the princes on his return to Court. James was certainly incognito, but his cousins, Gamaches declared, had abused the fiction of incognito with the utmost indecency; treating him as if he had been an obscure private person; paying him not the least attention, due to relationship, at least, in spite of incognito; very frequently allowing him to wait in the crowd in their anterooms, and hardly speaking to him at all. The scandal, Gamaches continued, lasted during the whole campaign, and was so much the greater in that the Chevalier had gained the esteem and affection of the whole army by his manners and conduct. Towards the end of the campaign, Gamaches, driven to the last extremity by such persistent behaviour, called the princes to account in public. "Is it for a wager?" he demanded suddenly. "Speak out. If so, you have won it, and there is no more to be said; but that over, you might speak a little to the Chevalier and treat him more kindly." It was well meant and just, but mistimed and indiscreet. Every one knew Gamaches, and though his words were not ill taken, they served nothing.

At first, and till his own equipment arrived, the Chevalier dined with Burgundy. Afterwards he had his own table of sixteen covers, at which he was very hospitable and gracious. He dined out with his fellow officers whenever they asked him. Though a volunteer, he chose his post at the head of the Scottish regiments, who were immensely gratified. He lived with great prudence, though he mixed freely with all his

[1] Works, vol. iv. p. 375 *sqq.*; *Some Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs.*

comrades ; sought to please, and succeeded. He gained the esteem and affection alike of generals and men by his steady and earnest application to duty.

Vendôme mustered his army at Mons and marched on to Ghent, which surrendered on July 8. The King of England entered the city in state with the Sons of France. They dismounted at the Hôtel de Ville, where they feasted magnificently. Bruges capitulated also, and on July 9 Oudenarde was invested.

Marlborough marched to its relief with an army inferior in numbers to the French, and was joined by the Electoral Prince of Hanover. On July 11 the French army once more fled before his conquering sword, and another rose was added to his chaplet of undying fame—another jewel set to blaze upon the brow of England beside Crecy and Agincourt and Blenheim.

At Oudenarde James also gathered his laurels. Berwick proudly describes his great bravery and coolness in action. A French officer, writing the day after the battle, says that the Chevalier stayed with the French princes at the head of the household during the whole of the action, and retreated with them to Ghent. Vendôme reported to Louis XIV. that the Chevalier and the Duke of Berry had been very forward and active during the battle.

Owing to his holding no command, and being lost in the splendid charges of the Maison du Roy, he was not picked out by the Allies, nor was the Duke of Berry, though he did hold a command. "The English, therefore, took occasion to report that neither of them ventured into the field. As it was no easy matter to confute this report in England, it gained ground and credit every day, till at last it was publicly and positively given out that both the king and the duke were safe spectators of the battle of Oudenarde from the top of an adjacent steeple, and that the former had had the levity to laugh heartily when the Prince of Hanover's horse was shot under him, both the beast and his rider falling to the ground."[1] The writer goes on to prove the impossibility of the Duke of Berry, whose courage was never aspersed, and who held a command under his brother, being out of the action, and the absence of any steeple so conveniently situated. "The facts were that the Duke of Berry assisted the Duke of Vendôme three times in rallying

[1] *Æneas and his Two Sons* (pamphlet), London, 1746. Anon.

the Household troops, while even the Dutch, who invented the story, presently admitted that James was in the battle until it was almost over, and stuck by the Duke of Berry until accident separated them. Many saw him on horseback very busily riding up and down with the duke ; but being attended by very few persons and his habit very plain, he was perhaps on this account the less taken notice of."

Yet even Lord Halifax was not above repeating the calumny in a letter complimenting the Electress Sophia upon her grandson's undisputed valour in that famous fight ; whereas "the princes of France and the Pretender, as we hear, never came into danger, but were spectators of their own disgrace at a distance."

The day after the battle of Oudenarde, the Duke of Marlborough suddenly asked Marshal Biron, who was dining with him and his officers, after the "Prince of Wales," apologising for calling him so. Biron smiled, hiding his surprise, and said there was no difficulty in the matter of names, for they always called him the Chevalier de St. George. He praised him highly, and at great length. Marlborough listened attentively, and said it gave him much pleasure to hear such good news of the young prince, in whom he could not help feeling deeply interested. Then he changed the conversation.

The whole tale of disaster was not told to Louis XIV. Vendôme, who took to bed at Ghent, wrote one page from that sanctuary to the king, making out that the battle had not been disastrous. Burgundy blamed the laziness and obstinacy of Vendôme, and spoke his mind on Oudenarde night, besides writing a full account to his wife. Vendôme told Monseigneur to keep his place, and remember he was there only to obey orders !

So, in spite of Oudenarde, French statesmen did not despond. It was whispered then, and proved presently, that they had better ground for cheering up than Vendôme's *suppressio veri ;* in the venal treason of Marlborough, then engaged, not only in constant correspondence with James and Berwick, but in selling the honour of England to the French generals.

After the battle of Oudenarde, the French army marched to the relief of Lille, invested by the Allies and held by Boufflers. The Chevalier de St. George accompanied the

French princes and the Duc de Vendôme Advancing before the army, they went to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, almost close to Marlborough's entrenchments. The British troops fired upon them. The Duc de Vendôme suggested to the Chevalier that he was recognised and specially aimed at, and advised him to retire. James declined. If Heaven had destined him for a crown, he could not be killed there ; if not, he might as well die there as at St. Germain's. The Duke of Burgundy turned his horse and wheeled off. A ball from the Prussian guns killed his aide-de-camp. They all retired, but the Chevalier was the last man who turned about to regain the army. "Nor did he, though a raw soldier, seem in the least daunted by the great and small shot which every now and then flew whizzing by his ears. This story has been frequently repeated by the Duc de Vendôme himself, who ever after spoke very respectfully of the king's behaviour." [1] Yet because James was with the army which Marlborough sent flying from Oudenarde, his traducers taunted him with running away, and said he would never lose his life by fighting.[2]

France, in her distress, turned to seek help against her English conquerors from her great English soldier. Berwick, with his marshal's baton,[3] crowned with the laurels of Almanza, glorious in all his new dignities, French and Spanish, was called from the Rhine to retrieve the ill-fortune of Vendôme ; strongly against his will, for he deemed it beneath the dignity of a Marshal of France to serve under any commander less than a prince of the blood. "With unconcealed indignation, he passed under the Caudine Forks," says Saint-Simon, who hated seeing such honours and commands bestowed on one of blemished birth, and made the stereotyped blunder about the "Forks." But Berwick avoided setting foot in Vendôme's quarters, and announced that he had merely brought his army to reinforce Monseigneur's ; that he desired neither command nor office. He remained at Lille only long enough to see that relief was hopeless, and returned to Alsace. Boufflers, after a splendidly heroic defence, capitulated December 9.

James stayed at the front till the fall of Lille ; able not only to watch the siege with interest, but to attend to his own affairs in the long leisures forced upon the army. These affairs were

[1] *Æneas and his Two Sons.* [2] *Secret History of Bar-le-duc.* (Pamphlet.)
[3] He was made Marshal of France, February 1706, after taking Nice.

in sad financial plight, careful as both the king and his servants were. On October 11 he wrote from the camp to the faithful Dicconson, treasurer at St. Germain's: "Altho' I reckon soon to be with you, yet I cannot defer till then telling you how sensible I am of all the pains you take for ye queen's and my service, and particularly for the help and care you are to her amidst all the misery of St. Germain's, which amongst all the obligations I have to you for many years past, I shall not look upon as the least. I find you are in no hopes of any money at all, but our army beginning to be paid more regularly, the rest will, I hope, come in time.

"If, as I believe, in time, this month I shall not want more than the 4000 livres for October; and upon the whole I think my expense this campaign has not been extravagant, for before I went none of you thought I could make it without retrenching or selling, but thank God we have rubbed it out without either, by the queen's help and your care, for which, tho' I can now only thank you by words, I hope the time will come in which I may do it by effects."

On October 28, to the great distress of poor, much bereaved Queen Anne, her husband, Prince George of Denmark, died. To a heart always tender, now further softened by sorrow, it was natural to appeal on behalf of her exiled brother. A long letter, unsigned, but probably by a well-known writer, was addressed to her on November 9, reproaching her once more with abjuring her brother in spite of knowledge that he was her brother and of his consequent right. She was reminded how her sister had died childless in middle age, a manifest judgment against breach of the fifth commandment. Now she, too, was childless, without a competitor to offer in her brother's place. Had she acted by father and brother as she would have wished her children to act by her? Politics would be no plea at the bar of Heaven. She was warned that repentance without restitution was void; that civil war might go on till the end of time unless she stopped it; far longer than the Wars of the Roses.

James had at first borne the fatigues of the campaign without succumbing. "My Chevalier is as well as can be," the queen wrote, shortly after his departure; and indeed it was good both for mind and body to be away from the gloom of St. Germain's. But he caught a fever at Mons, and returned to St. Germain's on the evening of December 11, greatly enfeebled,

with the fever still about him. The French princes preceded him by a day, as the Duke of Burgundy's post-horses had to return first to fetch the Duke of Berry and then to fetch the Chevalier. He went on the following evening with his mother and sister to Versailles, returning home after supper.

The fever hung about him for months, though he was now and then able to enjoy a little amusement. It was a bitter winter, with terrible frosts. On the last night of January, when there was a thaw and flooded roads, the king and his sister dined at Meudon with the Dauphin, who kept house there with his properly but unacknowledgeably married Mlle. de Choin, and accompanied him to the first night of Lully's opera, *Roland;* Lully having recently returned to fashion. The Dauphin was a great patron of opera and seems to have been fond of music, though Saint-Simon says he cared for nothing but hunting, eating, lansquenet, and love, and Bossuet, his tutor, had said it was waste of time to attempt to teach him. He always led the king and princess to hear the music when they came to the Court—a kindly man, who liked to take the young royal exiles and his own children out for a treat.

James and his sister loved the play from childhood; so much that their mother was troubled in her mind, and consulted her director, Father Ruga, about it. He referred her to Father Saunders,[1] then the young people's confessor, who did not object. "As for me, I never understood or noticed the harm," says the innocent queen, who seems to have expected worse of Molière than of the Restoration drama of her experience.

A few days later, the royal families of France and England had the grief of losing the aged Abbess of Maubisson, Princess "Louise Hollandaise," first cousin once removed of the Chevalier, eldest sister of the Electress Sophia, great-aunt of the Duchess of Burgundy, and aunt of the Duchess of Orleans and the Princess of Condé. She had been very popular among her relatives, who, indeed, visited her oftener than pleased her desire for retirement. She had become a Catholic at Port Royal, whose spirit, so far removed from that dominant at the French Court, she entirely absorbed.

[1] Usually spelt *Sandars* in the correspondence.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAURELS OF MALPLAQUET

"We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame ;
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

ENGLAND, persisting in her demand that as a condition of laying down her arms Philip of Anjou must be dethroned in Spain, French peace overtures came to nothing. Louis XIV. chose to fight his natural enemies rather than his own flesh and blood, and opened a new campaign "with his usual parade and prancing manner," as Tristram Shandy said. Marshal Villars was appointed to command in Flanders under the Duke of Burgundy, who, however, in the end, did not go. James, not quite well, but eager to get away from dreary St. Germain's into the stirring life of a camp, to be doing something, and seeing something, and hearing something more interesting and quick with life than writing eternal Instructions and listening to false reports, and waiting on the humours of fate and diplomacy, was given leave to make the campaign on the same footing as last year—that of a simple volunteer, the Chevalier de St. George.

On March 4 Chamillart went to St. Germain's to inform the Chevalier of the arrangements made, but before his departure more than three anxious months intervened. Negotiations for peace were to be resumed, which delayed the opening of a new campaign. The Scots besought James to raise another expedition and come over to them. Once again he appealed earnestly to Louis—on his knees, it was said ; but Louis declined absolutely to do anything further at present ; giving the unanswerable reason that, far from being able to make war on the territories of the victorious Queen of England, it was more than he could do to hold his own against her armies. At the same time James received a hint that if he should attempt to steal over to Scotland, he and his mother would forfeit their pensions. So he wrote (April) to comfort the Scots by assuring

them that his absence was unavoidable ; they must be patient, resting assured of his anxiety to be with them as soon as circumstances should permit.

From Rome itself came another annoyance—a threat to suppress the Scots College, on pretext of distributing its endowment among the other colleges. James wrote indignantly to Cardinal Caprara (March 11) that such a measure was not only prejudicial to the mission and to his dignity, but to the Scottish Catholics, whose only asylum in Rome was the college. He would oppose the scheme emphatically in every way. The very idea of such a thing must be suppressed. It was incredible how it could have been imagined: a college founded by Clement VIII. to be suppressed by Clement XI. under the very eyes of a Catholic King of Scots !

The queen at this time was seriously ill. James himself, not recovered from last year's campaign, was taking quinine five times a day to renew his strength for the next. On the last day of April he and his sister dined at Meudon with the musical Dauphin, who again took them to the opera after dinner. France was in a deplorable state of famine. Crowds chiefly of women mobbed the Dauphin's coach, crying to him for bread ; exhibiting the miserable food they were compelled to eat. Money was thrown to them by Monseigneur's orders. He was a good soul and did what he could.

In May Lord Townshend was sent to The Hague by Queen Anne's Government to meet De Torcy. Marlborough was "with him," as the bar puts it. The least dispensable condition insisted on by England was that James should no longer be harboured by France. James, by Middleton, declared himself willing to go anywhere, except to the Swiss cantons, where he would have no society but goats, or to the papal territories, in which he was resolved (alas for human resolution in strife with fate !) never to set his foot. He suggested the Spanish Low Countries, but stipulated by letter and memorial that he must be free to move about, to come and go without passports, no questions asked. On his side, he requested that the arrears of his mother's dowry might be paid.

Marlborough and Townshend, whose word he did not care to take unless he had it in writing, alleged that payment of the dowry would be contrary to the laws of England ; but that if James were to leave France—not that they should press that—

a pension would be granted to him. James indignantly replied that he would rather be driven to the last extremity than be pensioned by England. He would not sell his birthright. He was pleased to hear that he might go about as he liked, but wondered if the word of these two English gentlemen might be depended upon. As one of them (Marlborough) had protested rather too much his longing "to serve a prince for whose father he would have shed his last drop of blood," James's incredulity was not unnatural, and he and Middleton scornfully refused to believe in their assertion that it would be illegal to pay the dowry.

One of the saddest points of the situation was that for the first time relations seem to have been severely strained between the queen and her son. A letter written by the queen to "La Deposée" at Chaillot, dated only "à St. Germain, ce mardi," is placed by Miss Strickland, and much more recently and authoritatively by Mr. F. C. Madan,[1] as written in 1708. It seems more probable that the letter may have been of Tuesday, June 4, 1709.

"My health," she writes, "is quite restored, also that of the king . . . but you would pity my poor soul, my heavy heart. For the last ten days I have had domestic sorrows which have startled and vexed me to such an extent that I am quite ashamed of being so crushed by them . . . coming on top of all the rest. . . . I dare hardly tell you that I have not yet been to see my son. I know it is a fault, but these late affairs have barely left me time to say my prayers ; and though during the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament I have tried to go oftener to church . . . I have missed the first procession and the journey from Versailles. I assisted at the second, and to-morrow I go to Marly. On Friday I was at the review. My son was there, and, I am told, was much admired by the English and Scottish present. My God! what a world it is. . . . My son came to meet me on my return from Chaillot, where I shall not go until the Visitation. . . .

"I am distressed for Madame Bulkeley ["Lady" Sophia], though she does not know of the unhappy manner of her husband's death."[2]

[1] Stuart Papers [Chaillot Papers], Roxburghe Club.

[2] This letter presents puzzles of date wellnigh insoluble if placed in 1708. Corpus Christi (the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament) did not fall that year until June 7, after the king had gone to Flanders (May 18). The only Corpus Christi for which James

In June it was proposed on James's behalf that he should be unofficially represented at The Hague conference. His amenability even went so far as to suggest that if he must be there refused the title of king, his messages, memorials, and protestations should be delivered in the name of "the Pretender to the crown of England." In spite of concessions, the Congress was broken off. War was resumed. The French Court again pretended to think of a Scottish expedition, but on June 17 James departed for Flanders.

He went with even a smaller suite than in the preceding year. Middleton, Richard Hamilton, and Sheldon accompanied him; the first probably because of the important Scottish correspondence going on.[1] The French princes, contrary to the original plan, did not make the campaign—perhaps to save them from the repetition of mortifications; and James was saved from the revival of his own mortifications of last year. He was placed in direct charge of the commander-in-chief, who was very fond of his Chevalier, and his Chevalier was very fond of "Hector." Villars was a splendid and remarkably fortunate soldier—a big, dark, finely built man, with an open, animated countenance and frank manner; taken sometimes for "a little mad," as other brilliant soldiers have been taken. He was joined by the king on June 25, who lodged with him and received every possible kindness at his hands.[2]

was at home about that time was in 1709 (May 30). That no review is recorded by Dangeau's careful *Journal* near this date is hardly proof that none took place. In 1709 James was ailing, not on his return in 1708. Lady Sophia Bulkeley's husband, Henry Bulkeley, committed suicide, says the second Duke of Berwick in his Memoirs, "being weary of life." A Henry Bulkeley of that family was buried in Ireland in 1709. The allusion to the Visitation (July 2) seems to place the letter in a June rather than in April. In 1709 strained relations between king and queen-mother were most likely owing to religious differences; his determined toleration of British Protestantism and his sympathy with Fénélon and the Cardinal de Noailles, both under the displeasure of the French Court for Port Royalist sympathies, which were held for Jansenist heresy. James's recent absence, referred to, was probably a visit paid his friend, De Noailles. James's sympathies were with the Port Royalists, his mother's against them, and much heartburning was caused just then by the destruction of Port-Royal-des-Champs (1709).

[1] So much, that on August 20 Lord Lovat, still in France, found it necessary to warn Lord Leven of a repetition of "the visit you missed last year"; offering to send his brother and his son, Lord Balgony, to inform Leven when things were further advanced. The letter was intercepted, was sent to St. Germain's, and proved troublesome to Leven later. Carte MSS.; Macpherson's *Original Papers*, ii. 132.

[2] *Mémoires de Villars.* Madame de Maintenon recommended James to Villars in a letter of June 14: "Il a une grande passion de vous suivre partout, et le roi dit que si cela est, il aura un peu de mouvement. C'est un aventurier qui n'en sauroit trop Faire: s'il périt, il n'a plus besoin de rien: s'il vit et qu'il vous suive, il aura une réputation qui contribuera à le rétablir." *Mémoires de Villars*, iii. p. 53. Publiés pour la Société de l'Histoire de France, 1889.

Villars found his army in a terrible plight, unpaid, unfed. As he rode along the ranks, the starving soldiers cried to him, "*Panem nostram quotidianam da nobis hodie.*" He promised to find food. They shrugged their shoulders, and looked at him with an air of resignation that tore his heart.

He entrenched himself at Lens. Marlborough and Prince Eugène invested Tournay. The town capitulated on July 27. Villars attempted in vain to relieve the citadel, which was held by the French until September 3. The Allies invested Mons, and Villars, joined and reinforced by Boufflers, advanced to its relief.

The Chevalier missed these operations, being compelled to withdraw from the army late in August, ill of a violent fever; owing, says Saint-Simon, to his refusal to take care of his health, and to remember his little strength in his eagerness to lose nothing of the stirring doings around him. Perhaps it was on the recommendation of the Duke of Burgundy, always a friend except in that perplexing instance of last year's campaign, that he went to rest and recruit under the kindly roof of Archbishop Fénélon at Cambray. He was attended by the Chevalier Michael Andrew Ramsay, Knight of St. Lazarus, in France; a Protestant, but converted to Catholicism by Fénélon during his stay. He afterwards wrote Fénélon's *Life*.

With Fénélon the royal invalid had many long conversations upon high matters of State, Ramsay being present. The archbishop gave the young man much wise counsel, especially upon these perplexities which were most of all likely to embarrass the path of a Catholic king set over a Protestant people. From Fénélon, James learnt those lessons of large but firmly based tolerance which inspired his unvarying political programme and were in harmony with his natural temperament. Fénélon was called a Quietist, and a Quietist or Christian Stoic James became. Their friendship endured until Fénélon's death in 1715.

Fénélon bore high testimony to James in a letter addressed (November 1709) to the Duc de Beauvilliers, Governor to the Sons of France. A copy is to be found among the Rawlinson Papers in the Bodleian, and it is printed in the *Life of Fénélon* by Emmanuel de Broglie. It was inserted in Ramsay's *Life of Fénélon*, "but being translated into English and presented

by the publisher to be revised by one of the Secretaries of State, was by him ordered to be struck out."[1] Such is the fairness of party history!

"I have seen the King of England many times and freely," Fénélon writes, "and I must tell you, Monseigneur, the high opinion I have formed of him. He appears thoroughly sensible, equable, and gentle, loving virtue and religious principles, by which he wishes to rule his conduct. He keeps his head and acts quietly, without temper, without caprice or variableness, without fancifulness. He is always anxious for and amenable to reason; eager to do his duty by all men, and full of consideration for all. He shows no weariness of submitting himself nor impatience of restraint that he may be alone and independent; nor is he absent and self-occupied in society. He is thorough in whatever he does. He is dignified, without hauteur. He pays due attention to rank and merit. His gaiety is the gentle and moderate mirth of a mature man. He seems to enter into amusements only out of duty; for necessary relaxation, or to give pleasure to the people about him. He is easy of access to every one, without betraying himself to any; yet there is no suspicion of weakness or levity in this complaisance, for he is firm, decided, exact. He takes his share eagerly in brave actions regardless of cost to himself. I saw him leave Cambray, still greatly reduced by his recent fever, to return to the army upon a vague rumour of a coming battle. None of those who were about him would have dared to propose that he should delay his departure until more certain news arrived. If he had shown the least sign of irresolution, they would have insisted upon his waiting one day longer, and he would have lost the chance of a battle where he displayed great courage and won high reputation even in England. In one word, the King of England is generous and unselfish, unvaryingly reasonable and virtuous. His firmness, his equability, his self-possession and tact, his sweet and gentle seriousness, his gaiety, devoid of boisterousness, must win him the favour of all the world."

The battle for which James was just in time was the carnage of Malplaquet, fought ten miles south of Mons on September 20 (O.S. September 11)—Marlborough's last victory. For six hours the French held their ground under incessant fire, and

[1] Rawlinson MSS. 13,675. Bodleian.

the English fell in thousands before their charges. According to the most careful computations, the French lost 12,000. On the allied side, Oxenstiern and Steekenberg fell, and Eugène was wounded. On that side also fell young Lord Tullibardine, at the head of the Atholl Highlanders, leaving place and name to that brother who was to raise the royal standard at Glenfinnan in 1745. Villars, severely wounded in the knee, called for a chair that he might finish the fight; fainted, and was carried from the field. "A deluge of blood was spilt to dislodge them, for we did little more at Malplaquet," says Bolingbroke. The French even sang *Te Deum* for the battle in which England had suffered so terribly.

Here James had the good fortune to cover himself with glory, under the very eyes of his admiring and victorious countrymen. Boufflers, says one authority, placed him at the head of 1200 horse-guards. Dangeau, who had the official account, says he fought on foot at the head of the French grenadiers. His post was probably changed according to necessity. Twelve times that day he certainly charged the English lines with the Maison du Roy, and was wounded in the arm. "Our left fought on," says Saint-Simon, "and sold its ground dearly . . . but failed to do more in spite of the efforts and example of King James of England."

After the battle, all the soldiers of the English army drank his health, says Dangeau. His praises resounded on all sides. Villars, who had charge of him and kept him always at hand, whom he accompanied constantly on all duties, riding with him to visit the lines and reconnoitre the enemy, was present with him in the heat of the action.[1] He writes: "He never saw in action of the greatest danger a more firm and intrepid courage than that of the king in all those several occasions when his Majesty was a volunteer under his command." He was then scarce twenty years of age. Since then, "his great experience in so much variety of business, with no other help for the most part than his own good sense and indefatigable industry . . . have given finishing strokes to his character and rendered him more worthy and better adapted for a crown than any man who wears one."[2] Sheldon of his suite, taken

[1] "Le roi d'Angleterre parut toujours avec beaucoup de fermeté à la tête des troupes." *Mémoires de Villars.* Also Boufflers's Report to the King of France, ap. *Memoir of the Chevalier de St. George.*

[2] Rawlinson's MSS., Bodleian Library.

prisoner two days before the battle, was conducted to Marlborough, who said he had recognised the Prince of Wales, but "kept away out of respect," and praised him very much.[1] Marlborough was more anxious than ever to salute the rising sun. His own star was waning in England, though he may well have hoped that his hard-wrung victory at Malplaquet might shed such splendour over his tarnished name that the glory of the latter triumph might be even greater than the glory of the former. "We have so beaten them that you may have what peace you please," he wrote to his ally, the Grand Pensionary of Holland.

Villars, owing to his wound, was not only compelled, to his wrath, to ride like a woman, but to see Berwick again recalled to take command, this time from the frontier of Piedmont, in the hope that he might retrieve the new disaster, relieve beleaguered Mons, and let Villars go home to be nursed. Berwick arrived in October, pleased to find his royal brother popular and glorious. "He gained by his amiability the friendship of every one," writes the marshal in his Memoirs, "for people are naturally disposed in favour of those who are unfortunate through no fault of their own, and whose conduct is good as well."

Mons capitulated two days after Berwick's arrival, and he returned to Paris. The armies went into winter quarters. James went home, ill and depressed, to get what amusement he could out of watching affairs in England; for the moment, chiefly the affair of Dr. Sacheverell.

In August 1709, before the judges at Derby, and on November 5, before the Lord Mayor in St. Paul's, Dr. Henry Sacheverell, of Magdalen, Oxford, had preached the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, and denounced toleration of dissent. With him went the warm sympathy, more or less avowed, of an immense proportion of his countrymen, which included not only the stout Non-jurors of Oxford and elsewhere, but the Lord Mayor and the Queen of Great Britain herself. But he had hinted at Lord Treasurer Godolphin as "the old Fox," and the Whigs were furious. The sermons were published, and sold like wildfire. Ministers met at the beginning of December, and, with the dubious assent of Marlborough, Sacheverell was impeached on December 14

[1] Dangeau's *Journal*, xiii. 40.

for "reflecting upon her Majesty and her Government, the late happy Revolution, and the Protestant Succession."

In Edinburgh the Episcopalian clergy promised from their pulpits that Scotland should be delivered from Presbyterian tyranny by King James before the end of January; thereupon the Council shut up the Episcopal meeting-houses (December 27).

On February 27, 1710, Sacheverell's three weeks' trial began. London seethed in excitement. Crowds daily attended him from the Temple to Westminster Hall and back, rending the air with their shouts, "Sacheverell and the Church for ever," and trying to kiss his hand. The queen in her chair, going incognito to the trial, was surrounded by the people, crying, "God bless your Majesty and the Church! We hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell." They pulled down Dissenting meeting-houses, and would have pulled down Bishop Burnet's house (the warming-pan bishop) had not the guards been called out to disperse them. But power was with the Whigs. Sacheverell was suspended from preaching for three years, and the more obnoxious sermons ordered to be burnt by the common hangman—a very insufficient punishment in the "old Fox's" eyes; tantamount to acquittal in the delighted eyes of the Church party, who lit bonfires, illuminated towns, and indited congratulatory addresses all over the country. On May 29 the oak was worn all over England. Sacheverell was given a great Welsh living, and his journey thither was a triumphal progress.

All this stir reached St. Germain's as a wave of shining hope, but the enthusiasm for the Church was really stronger as against James's interests than for them. Memories only twenty-one years old of the Seven Bishops, no doubt, inspired much of the crowd's enthusiasm for persecuted and triumphant prelacy, and the trial had alarmed the people as to danger to the Church from Whigs and Dissenters. Pamphleteers now showed up the "Jacobitism, perjury, and popery of High Church priests," who seemed so oblivious of the fiery obligations of "the Pretender's" religion. They pointed out the inconsistency of those who made the Revolution and now talked of passive obedience and made convenient distinctions between *de jure* and *de facto*. Pamphlets no longer dealt in the wild indecencies of the warming-pan period. Some of them were

almost temperate, save for free use of violent adjectives—devilish, hellish, and so on, applied to the association of sworn High Church and Non-juring Jacobitism; "that damnable and unnatural sin, the raising of such a Monster in the Nation as a Protestant Jacobite"; and warnings lest the people "be prated out of the inestimable blessings of the Revolution by a Pack of Ridiculous, Senseless, Selfish, Pragmatical, Proud, Insolent, Perjured Wretches!" At the same time, it was remarked that abroad James was no longer spoken of as the *Prétendu* but as the *Prétendant*—a distinction with a vast difference.

But the French Court was poorer and sadder than ever. At the New Year the King of France had given no *étrennes*, and had handed over those he received, 40,000 pistoles, to the needs of his army in Flanders, whose privations were extreme. So James had to take what comfort he could from the affectionate promise of Philip of Anjou (April), that as soon as he should be set firmly on his own throne, he would set James upon his.

In March peace negotiations between France and the Allies were resumed, envoys now meeting at Gertruydenberg. Louis XIV. was represented by the Marshal d'Huxelles and by the Abbé Polignac, who had for long concerned himself in Stuart affairs; had once greatly desired to make James II. King of Poland. James proposed that Colonel Hooke (not mentioned in any baronial style even among friends) should be sent to the conference as his representative, and he drew up in his own hand for De Torcy a list of articles on which he wanted information before leaving France as a condition of peace:—

"1. Who will provide for my subsistence, and how much will it be, and how will it be payable?

"2. What treatment and what security or safety I should have in the place I must go to; how, with whom, and by whom all that will be arranged?

"3. If a Protestant country is insisted upon, if I can have for myself and household the free exercise of my religion, since without that I cannot go?

"4. Why one of the towns in Germany, where both religions are practised, would not in this case be a proper residence?

"5. What objections are there against Cologne, Liège, Flanders, or Lorraine, if I can have sufficient security there?

"6. If, not being granted security except on the spot where I may settle, I should be able to leave it; as otherwise I should be a prisoner in that country, not even allowed freedom to go and come where I please without passports, nor to be obliged to give reasons for travelling, according to the freedom a general peace gives to all the world. This has already been asked for me at Gertruydenberg by Polignac, and at The Hague, and no difficulties were made. In certain cases such freedom might be necessary, as for example, if the air of a certain town or country did not suit me, or if certain necessities should arise.

"7. To what end all this is required of me, and how long it will last . . . it being neither just nor reasonable that I should be distrusted in my own affairs, especially when they do not doubt my [good faith].

"8. Lastly and chiefly, how they will regulate correspondence with me in the country where I shall live, and what steps will be taken in the event of my sister's death [erased — 'by which I can go at once to place myself at the head of my friends'] to assure me what will then be the legal position of Hanover as to rights."

At the same time he endeavoured to recommend himself to the Dutch as a prospective ally upon the English throne, preferable to Hanover, on the curious ground that a Catholic king would be less able to fight them than a Protestant; hinting also that a king bound by the confines of his islands could attack them only by sea, whereas a king owning continental territory on their borders could attack them both by sea and land. He asked at least for their good offices in getting for him his mother's jointure, and security for himself and his followers upon his compulsory departure from France. Discussion continued until the end of July, then broke off.

The fitful political wind in England was nevertheless blowing in his favour; or at least it was blowing against his enemies, the Whigs. The Marlborough star was setting, the Masham star was high in the sky. On April 6 Parliament was prorogued. On the following day Queen Anne and her once dear "Mrs Freeman" parted for ever. "Mr. Freeman" applied to the Emperor for the lucrative governorship of the Low

Countries, once offered to him, now civilly refused. But he still held the command of the British troops in Flanders. On April 19 he and Prince Eugène arrived at Tournay with an army presently 120,000 strong, and proceeded to attack the fortifications prepared and held by Marshal d'Artagnan, and to beseige Douay, held by Albergotti with a garrison of 8000. Villars chose Cambray for the French headquarters, and set off on May 9 to take command.

The Chevalier de St. George, undiscouraged either by recent disappointment or imperfect recovery from last year's illness and his intermittent ague, persisted in making the new campaign under his friend Villars. Life at St Germain's was more distasteful than ever since he had known the violent delight of war, earned such genuine praise as rarely comes to princes, and lived a man's life among men. On May 12 he took leave of the French king. On May 15 he set off for the front.

Immediately after his departure the queen and princess went to Chaillot, where they remained for the whole period of his absence to cope with spies and duns.

The royal credit stood, alas! very low, and duns troubled greatly. The king, on the uncertain income which came from the dwindling resources of his royal host, was burdened with a long list of pensions as well as salaries, and since peace tarried, many had of necessity to be cut down. Poor pensioners and poor king! Worse than duns, spies came with and without credentials. Polignac wrote to Middleton (April 9) of an Irish officer "with important news for St. Germain's" but no letter of recommendation, whom he sent on to Nairne. In May the queen, then at Chaillot, and anxious then for her son's safety, was warned against this gentleman, Captain Burke, newly denounced by a Father Kennedy, who was imprisoned in England for treason. The poor queen was distracted lest harm should already have been done to adherents, for forged letters had been received by her and at Versailles. A Mr. Lloyd (or Floyd), too, was causing trouble at St. Germain's.

There was grief and mortification besides of a more personal nature for the English royal family, and James was no doubt glad to be out of the way of awkwardnesses into which necessity must have drawn him. The Duke of Berry was still unmarried, and the Duchess of Orleans, *née* Mlle. de Blois, daughter of Louis XIV. and Montespan, was determined on marrying him

to her eldest daughter, Mademoiselle. The French king, in spite of his weakness for *bâtards*, which so aggrieved Saint Simon, was strongly against the marriage; perhaps because of his affection for the Queen of England and her daughter, who had for two years counted upon it. Mademoiselle said his objection was only to her fat, and she tried to please him by curbing for the moment her gargantuan appetite, and snatched food while running about! Madame was resolute, for her birth stood in the way of a royal German marriage for her daughter, and she was devoured by jealousy of the adored young Duchess of Burgundy. On June 2 the engagement of the Duke of Berry and his cousin was announced by the king.

CHAPTER X

THE LEVÉE ON THE CANIHE

"A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver.
My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again
That day our king comes o'er the water."

Probably by MARY, *daughter of the first* DUKE OF PERTH; *married* WILLIAM, 9TH EARL MARISCHAL.

ON May 15, 1710, the royal knight-errant set off in quest of new adventure. His suite was again cut down to the narrowest necessity. Middleton was left behind, this time much against his desire; because he would be more useful at St. Germain's, his master told him. To save expense, the surprised and inquisitive Marlborough was told. Probably because the king wanted to have his own way without a mentor to tease him about danger and health. Charles Booth of Brampton, Herefordshire, groom of the bedchamber, was made responsible for his Majesty's personal safety and well-being. There were also Mr. Hamilton, the other groom of the bedchamber; Mr. St. Paul, the doctor; Captain Murray; Mr. Tunstal; Father Eyre, the king's confessor, a Jesuit; and a few servants. His Majesty's wardrobe also seems to have been deficient.[1] From Booth's full, minute, and more than daily reports to Middleton, this account of the Chevalier's third campaign is mainly drawn.[2]

After some difficulties as to horses the king rode to Paris, where he stopped to dine with the archbishop, Cardinal de Noailles;[3] to the displeasure of the queen, who aggrievedly

[1] Booth writes June 5, "The king hasn't a good hat." [2] Carte MSS. 210.

[3] He was the first Archbishop of Paris for many years whom the Jesuits had not appointed. Consequently they did all they knew to discredit him with the king, and accused him of Jansenism, because he forbade his flock to call people Jansenists unless they really taught Jansenist doctrines. He had often said Port Royal was the home of innocence and piety. Saint Simon said De Noailles had taken to his first diocese, Châlons sur Marne, his baptismal innocence.

"hoped it might turn out to her son's spiritual and temporal good." As to immediate temporal benefit, the archiepiscopal hospitality disagreed with his Majesty, but the fresh air and exercise of his ride on to Peronne after dinner set him up again. At Peronne he found Villars in bed, still lame and weak from his last year's wound, "but his heart and head as ready to destroy the foe as ever," says Booth. A child of fortune, Saint Simon calls him; the luckiest of all the millions of men born in the long reign of Louis XIV. Voltaire also calls him "the lucky Villars." He was popular with the soldiers, and knew how to keep up their spirits in danger. He was said to be fond of praise and money, and frankly owned to the last impeachment. In spite of his bad leg, he took the king next day (Sunday) to review the guard, and after dinner sent for fiddles, and invited all the ladies in Peronne to come out and dance at the king's lodgings; the marshal himself, in high spirits, dancing with his well leg while he kept time with the toe of his lame one. The king paid for the fiddles; Booth commenting, England always has to pay the piper.

Next day, the 19th, the marshal drove the king in his coach to Cambray. On the kind invitation of his friend Fénélon, James put up at the archbishop's palace. There he held a levée, whither crowds came to pay their respects, many of whom were English. Some English, more importunate than *hoffähig*, managed to establish themselves in his quarters as waiters! Two English monks were vainly persistent in seeking to attract the royal notice.

The hostile armies lay within visiting distance, while Villars waited for a favourable moment to give battle. The French were in a deplorable state; ill-fitted to cope with the well-fed legions opposed to them. There was not forage for three days, for the winter's store of corn was nearly exhausted, and the new corn was not yet out of the ground. Comforts, too, were scanty at headquarters, and for wine, save a hundred bottles which Booth had prudently brought for his master, they must look to chance, as the rank and file looked for bread. The army waited also, with impatience and hope, for the Duke of Berwick, who had suddenly been ordered to Flanders at the request of the crippled Villars; it was hoped by the generals, even by Villars himself, to take supreme

command. Meantime, Marlborough and King James, through Mr. Tunstal, interchanged messages.

Berwick arrived on May 21, but damped the hopes of the army by declaring at once that he was going on to Dauphiny in three weeks' time. He would not "explain himself in what quality" he came, and talked only of seeing the impending engagement through. The enemy went on battering Douay briskly, boasting they would take it in a month, and go on to take Arras. They were reported to be 50,000 stronger than the French.

The French army was encamped on either side of the road to Douay, while the enemy made redoubts five hundred paces off. Wretched as was its condition, it looked well and boasted loudly; whereat Berwick took snuff and smiled. He always saw when a case was hopeless, and never would venture powder and shot in a lost venture. The French Court distracted the marshals by sending orders to perform the impossible, by relieving Douay. "As well take the moon with their teeth," said Berwick.

The army remained a week at Cambray. The archbishop openly expressed his extreme pleasure in having the king with him. On the last day of his stay they had a two hours' private talk, which James said he wished might have been twenty-four hours, the archbishop talked to him so beautifully.

On the 26th the army moved to encamp near Arras. The king was very well, seemed to have got rid of the ague with which he had been so much troubled, though he had always to eat apart on Fridays, never being able to abstain from meat. He rose at three, and was on horseback at four—"though not awake till eight," says Booth. He rode with the Duke of Berwick at least eleven hours and was no worse than very tired, but quite brisk again after two hours' sleep. So much marching and riding promised to keep off his ague for ever.

All along their march the allied lines lay to their right, a morass half a league wide between—a splendid sight, which the English prince might well compare proudly with the melancholy French array. Arrived at Arras and rested, he rode about with the marshals, who were seeking fords in the river Scarpe and setting guards to watch the horses. Villars, lame but merry, went about in a *guinguette*, which he called his triumphal car.

Next morning his Majesty was again in the saddle at four,

crossed the river near Arras with the marshals, and went to view the ground towards Douay. Villars, coming along the river-side in his car, was nearly taken by a few ambushed hussars. King James rode at a little distance with Berwick, the Duc de Bourbon, and ninety dragoons. Up galloped the hussars, to be met by the French dragoons, who fought them and beat them, and took between thirty and forty prisoners.

Perhaps to celebrate this victory, also to anticipate the commemoration of next day (May 29), there was high revelry that night in camp. Booth wrote in veiled language to Middleton: "Charles, Robert, William, and Tobey,[1] drank together this night. Tobey, finding wise men must doe what fools would have them, foole-like spoke his mind to Charles, who spoke his to Robert, and charged William with all. Titus gave full direction about all, and things will go as they ought. Robert has suspected me; send me another in and out,[2] for there is no trust in old bottles; itt must be ye post, for all is in common, and he that Rules the Roast will be shure of ye first bit.—Ye 29 when all ye village slept."

The letter fell into the hands of the startled queen, who demanded to know from the king why Booth wrote in cipher. His duty was only to inform Middleton how things went with the army in general and the king in particular. Middleton professed his own failure to understand the letter, and Booth was requested to explain it—of course, for the queen's eye.

The names, he said (June 4), Middleton knew. Titus was the Duke of Berwick, who had come to sup with the king. It all referred to the gossip that the Court was for fighting and the generals against it. He asked another cipher ("in and out"), for everything was seen that went by post, and "Robert" suspected Booth, while the king looked over what Booth wrote, and sometimes read Middleton's letters to Booth before passing them on, and often asked him what it was he could write to Middleton, for he himself wrote everything to the queen (as he did daily, says the queen). "When all ye village slept" was a quotation from an old song, and merely meant that the king and all were in bed, and that Booth durst not write twice a day

[1] A marginal note (Carte MSS.) suggests "Tobey" as James's cipher name, but it seems from the context that "Charles" stands for the king. "Robert" is probably Hamilton; "Tobey," Booth.

[2] An "in and out" cipher was probably a concerted arrangement of words to be picked out from among others of no importance.

or the king would be inquisitive ; also that Booth was in despair of the battle (the MSS. word is bottle (cipher)), and that was all he knew, as he hoped for heaven ; and if the queen doubted his fidelity, God forbid she should continue her trust. The quotation is given in full : "When all the village slept, Aminta sat in sad despair," a pathetic picture of the anxious Booth reflecting on his royal charge's revelry.[1]

His Majesty, however, seemed little the worse for his revelry. On the morning of May 29 he was in the saddle early, to remove with the camp to Arlieu. The weather was warm, which he liked, though on arrival he was so weary that he could not write. Booth was unhappy, for he saw things going "Rong," which he could not remedy. The king would go his own way, and join in regimental convivialities as well as dangers ; and though he insisted on eating too much of this and that,[2] and let the doctor go his way unheeded, Booth believed it the better course, which should have indeed been pursued all the year. "God grant he may govern himself for the future." The king, he said, looked well, but stooped too much.

Poor Booth's anxieties were many and serious. His royal ward was too old to be kept in leading-strings, and too young not to love merry-making, adventure, and danger. He had already narrowly escaped being taken by the enemy. Now three days later, riding again with the marshals and a party of officers, they came nearly within carbine shot of another detachment of hussars, whom they stood watching for half-an-hour—to the terror of Booth, who appealed to Berwick, who was too busy to attend ; then with as little success to Hamilton, the other groom ; then "more warmly" to the king himself, who admitted the risk, but would only promise not to go off by himself. Just as he spoke, out rushed the hussars full tilt at the party, who took to their spurs, shots flying after them. "If [the king's] horse had stumbled, or we had come on one of the many ditches . . . (now hidden by growing corn) there would have been an end of him." Hamilton laughed, but Booth wished the king might have his ague back if this sort of thing was to go on. Had Sheldon been there, he

[1] Carte MSS. 210, ff. 153, &c.

[2] It must be remarked that there is no hint anywhere of James being fond of the bottle, now or at any time ; no trace of authority, from friend or foe, for Thackeray's tipsy Chevalier.

would have taken the king's horse by the bridle, but Booth dared not act in the presence of his superiors, and hardly dared even mention the incident to Middleton, lest he should anger the king by telling tales. The king said he hated to be always with the well-guarded marshals. Booth admitted his reputation was to make, but surely his safety was equally necessary. Berwick was again appealed to, who stared, shook his head, and said nothing.

From the camp at Arlieu James wrote cheerily to Middleton (June 2):—

"Att last, thanks to the Irresolution of our Generals, I have got a moment to acknowledge the receipt of all yours, which I have answered In the Queen's letters, not having time to write to anybody else. As to news, you have it from her, so I have little to say of It. Wee are here wee know not why, knowing we are not well, alwayes disputing and never resolving, just as at [word undecipherable, but certainly not Versailles, as Macpherson suggests [1]]. One would think our heads were turned, at least Hector seems to be near it: for there is neither rime nor reason In he does these three days past. You know, I suppose, of Coridon's [Berwick's ?] Comission, which was a very agreeable surprise to me: I have a little cousin here who seems to be a pretty young man,[2] but I find nipps and rasades,[3] Is the etiquette of the family. My equipage Is In great order, and Booth looks after the accounts mighty well. I find 'tis enough to be out of St. Germain's to have one's health for I don't remember ever to have had it better than 'tis now, the queen finds it so too, and I hope you do the same In your hermitage. Our general has a guingette In which he goes everywhere, he manages himself but not enough. If Coridon were left alone he would do much better: he has no equipage and so is forced to spung upon us by turns. hook is arrived with a post-horse and has gott a brigade of 600 men. Mrs. [*sic*] hirres [Herries] has a post in the army, but the King of Clubbs doth not serve this year nor Legal [4]

[1] Rather like "Mons en petit."

[2] Probably the Duc de Bourbon, aged eighteen, grandson of Louis XIV., *de la main gauche*. He had just come to the title.

[3] "Nips and bumpers": very suggestive of the Condé family. The sentence is suggestive also of James's abstinence.

[4] Légal was an officer who commanded on the left at Malplaquet with Puysegur. *Memoirs of Villars.*

neither, wee have several general officers you don't know, and tho we have near fourscore, wee make a shift to want more. Our friend Albergotti doth wonders. jammon agipin says the bombs here have quite eased him of his spleen. adieu, wee are going to dinner and so abroad a goseing to no purpose. If you see Mr. Sheldon remember me very kindly to him. I hope he is out of his mouldy grubbs. for Mr. Dorrington, I suppose he out doth us In irresolution."

That night a redoubt was to be attacked, and the king was determined on being in the thick of the affair; but here Hamilton seconded Booth's agonised entreaties, and his Majesty was prevailed upon to witness it from a safe distance. He was reminded of the care Villars had taken of the Duke of Burgundy in *his* first year, and he promised again to be prudent, and fight "as one of his consequence ought to do," though he was angry at a suggestion that he should be stopped from accompanying "those men on their follies." But Berwick decreed that the king should have liberty to ride up and down the army to see the charges, only not to charge with them, and he appointed his position in case of future action.

Booth had his wish. The king caught cold a few days later (June 7). He went to dine with the Duc de Bourbon; could not eat; came home shaking with ague, and went to bed. He sent his humble duty to the queen, and told her she need not trouble about doctors, for he was going next day to Peronne to put himself under Dr. Wood, and hoped soon to be back with the army.

He recovered quickly. Berwick looked after him, and was constantly with him; and a Mr. Byerley amused him much, making him laugh more than he had ever done in his life. But Berwick was undisguisedly weary of Flanders, longing to be out of it, and fixed in his original intention to leave for Dauphiny now in a few days. Douay still held out, but no scheme for its relief was practicable. The English were impregnable in their position between the Scarpe and the marshes of Lens. There was nothing to be done except to stop them from following up the capture of Douay by other conquests, and as there was no question of a battle, Berwick left for Dauphiny on June 13.

From 1708 he had been King James's chief adviser, crippled

though his assistance was by his prolonged absences on campaigns, and without prejudice to Middleton's ministerial office. He had long confidential talks with his young brother before leaving. "A wise counsellor, who put things in their true light," says Booth.

So the two armies lay fronting each other, like Lord Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan, waiting with drawn swords; each longing to be at the other, neither moving in earnest. Marlborough had good reason to know why. All this time he was in constant communication with James and Berwick. It is even said that the Chevalier's prospects were so bright at this time that Marlborough found them sufficient security for pecuniary investment.

Scotland was restless that June. There came a rumour of ships in sight with "the Pretender" on board, and an express was sent to warn Edinburgh Castle; a hoax which cost the enraged commander-in-chief bleeding and purging to restore his reason.

New difficulties kept arising, needing skilful negotiation. Letters reached Middleton from Leers, his correspondent at Rotterdam, complaining of the awkwardness of the king's position in the French army, fighting against his country. Middleton defended the king (June 19), who was willing to serve with any army, merely to gain reputation and experience. From no fault of his, the French service alone happened to be open to him. Another correspondent, "J. G.," also urged James to be out of the French camp.

On the 18th the camp moved to Harcourt; a ten hours' ride for the king, and a nine hours' sleep to follow. This out-of-doors fatigue was so good for him that Booth looked forward to his hunting in the winter and to his doctors finding themselves out of work.

His expenses were carefully controlled. They amounted, including wine for himself and servants, to 4000 livres a month. The wine bill seems moderate for those days. Father Eyre, the doctor and Mr. Sheridan drank four bottles a day. At the king's table, ten a day was the rule when there was no visitor. The king looked sharply into the accounts. Booth, too, was as sharp as he could be; but men in the field have good appetites, he said, and cannot do with less than two pounds of meat a day; and it was sixpence a pound dearer than last year.

Water was running short, and famine threatened still more darkly should the gracious rain delay longer to fall.

So the idle armies lay under each other's eyes, and the English prince daily contemplated the bannered lines which he had been born to lead; men whose fathers had fought under his fathers at Crecy and Agincourt, at Bannockburn and Flodden—against them too, now and then! And the soldiers knew that across the narrow Canihe, the mere brook which divided them, rode their rightful prince, driven from land and throne for no fault of his own; who had already proved himself eager to follow in the footprints of Cœur-de-Lion and the Bruce, of the Black Prince and Harry of Monmouth. And as there was not fighting enough going to absorb the interest of an active-minded young warrior, King James's interest in the British army waxed hotter and keener from day to day.

On June 20, he rode out attended only by Booth, Hamilton, and Murray. When they reached the outposts, they beheld some of the enemy's soldiers talking with their comrades across the ribbon of river. James sent Booth to see if there were any English among them. Booth found both English and Scottish; made polite inquiries after their relations, to whom he sent his service, and informed them that he was there in attendance upon the Chevalier de St. George. By that time James had come up close, and Booth pointed him out to his countrymen. The men retired shyly, but an officer came back in answer to a call, and Hamilton showed him the king. The officer bowed very low, and then the royal party rode away.[1]

That night there was a great attack made upon Douay by Marlborough, who was present until 3 A.M.

The fascination of the British army to the exiled prince was inexhaustible—irresistible. Next day, his twenty-second birthday, he rode again along the river, this time with the marshal. They crossed to the enemy's side, to Booth's helpless consternation, but did not go very near. Later, Hamilton accompanied James to the entrenchments within half a musket-shot of the enemy. No shot was fired, but the king was so much exposed that the frantic Booth took upon himself to give his Majesty a scolding. He had now outdone

[1] Carte MSS. 210, ff. 132-134, 162, verso. These scenes, at least, are faithfully described in *Esmond*.

the King of Sweden himself, for Booth would lay his life that that new Lion of the North had never gone to visit an advanced post! There was no reputation to be gained by such nonsense; only accidents, and blame for those who were responsible, helpless, and innocent. James agreed that it was nonsense to go, but asked unreasonably why wasn't he stopped if he ought not to do it? Booth reminded him of many vain efforts at stopping him. Hamilton laughed again. It was not a king's business to run up and down like an aid-major, he said.

Bright news came from England of Jacobite prospects, but at Harcourt there was no news, no money; nothing but wind and dust, and prayers for rain to save their eyes and limbs. The military magnet still drew the king. "We are going on the banks of the river," writes Booth, "not to seek glory, but conversation, for we hope to get more by talking with the English than by fighting with them." This time James was unwillingly picked up by the marshal in his chariot. The river was now swollen by welcome though distant rains, and there was some distance to go till it became narrow enough for conversation. There the English had two posts, but they fired no shot, at which the marshal was affronted. Roger Strickland and Booth galloped forward to inquire whether they preferred to fire or to talk. An officer advanced towards the king. There lay not twelve yards of water and bank between them. Booth remarked that the wind was troublesome; then made polite inquiries, and was very civilly answered. He asked for news of Douay, but they had none; they had only come like the others, to see the flooded water. Then James came up quietly behind, and spoke to them in English—the end of this letter is missing!

Two days later James was back again with Villars, riding quietly along the river on a white horse, attended by Booth and Hamilton. The English followed him with their eyes. Booth again pointed to him, and they responded with their hats.

Farther along, where the English tents lay, white with red streaks on top, a Major Hamilton of the English army rode up to Captain Murray, who told him his old acquaintance the Chevalier was not far off. "O Lord!" says he, "will he not pass this way that we may see him?" Murray told James,

who rode up. There were now ten or twelve officers gathered on the opposite bank of the little stream. They kept off their hats and bowed very low. One of them, a Montgomery, called to Murray that he had seen Lord Middleton's sons within a fortnight, both well. What news of a peace? inquired the French side. No one dared mention it before Eugène, said the Englishmen, but the duke talked of nothing else.

On the 26th Douay capitulated. Next day General Lumley sent across a trumpet, who was received in audience by James, and an appointment was made for another levée at 4 P.M. on the banks of the Canihe. But fate intervened. James fell ill. Exhausted by fever, he was removed to Arras for better lodging[1] and medical attendance; though Booth feared Arras might be invested while his master was a prisoner in bed. Villars and Hamilton, who teased poor anxious Booth as much as James did, saw the opportunity in another light. If Arras were invested on one of the king's better days, he would be most conveniently on the spot. Arras was a capital place, as the enemy were sure to come that way, and his Majesty was sure of being in the thick of it. "This is beyond my comprehension," sighs Booth; a hen in charge of a royal duckling; "God be thanked, the king's reputation is well established, and I believe we ought to take care of his person, but to Arras he goes."

Marshal Montesquieu, who had commanded in chief before Villars' arrival, lent James his own house at Arras upon the ramparts, from which he would be able to see any fighting that might be going. "Your lordship knows," the exasperated Booth wails to Middleton, "it is an established maxim that if there is but twenty shots (fired) we lose three kingdoms if we have not our share." The queen was appealed to, that she should command her son to take time for complete recovery before he rejoined the army, for if any one asked him to ride, he would do it, however unfit. The doctor said his cure required time; premature encamping and marching would mean relapse. Though eager to be out again, his Majesty was "very good," Booth reports; "for although he suffered much in his sweat and was impatient to be rubbed (massage), yet he tells the doctor not to mind what he says, but to do as he thinks

[1] Booth mentions, June 16, on the occasion of an unusually high wind, "the tiles do not hinder us from seeing the stars," in the king's lodgings at Arlieu.

fit." He was soon cool, comfortable, and hungry, and supped off soup and nearly a whole roast chicken, and hot wine and water. He was much pleased with the doctor, and the doctor with him, for he did all he was ordered, and was a capital patient, merry and obedient and full of confidence in the doctor whose prophecies came so true, even though he was condemned to at least ten days' durance. "God keep him always," says Booth tenderly.

Villars and the Duke of Bourbon attended a peace palaver, where they met Argyll, but there was to be no peace yet. ames in his sickroom, playing ombre with General Nugent and Lord Talbot, betted Nugent a hundred to twenty that there would be no battle that year. Either of the marshals would have paid the money to be sure of it.

Illness and absence did not cool his eager interest in his neighbour-subjects. It had, indeed, very substantial food to feed upon, for on July 4 Marlborough wrote to Berwick, offering his services to King James. He also sent to James, by his own trumpet, letters and a memorial; "to show that our Welsh gentles own their prince," said James, forwarding the document to St. Germain's. At the same time James sent for medals to be given to the chief English officers.[1]

Next day, July 4, James was able to grant an audience to one who wanted wary watching by a clear head; a certain James Ogilvie from Ghent, autographically presented by Lord Drummond, John Ogilvie's patron. James received him civilly, "not to seem to suspect the man [who] is certainly employed by the government to betray my friends," he wrote after the interview to Middleton. This Ogilvie is always called James in the letters, and so signs his name, yet he was almost certainly Harley's John of Ghent, also Drummond's protégé. The trusted memorialist, James Ogilvie of Boyn, may too probably have gone into the same service, or John and this James may have been brothers, and James have borrowed the pseudonym of "Jean Gassion," as he was probably Middleton's "J. G."[2] He was going on to St. Germain's, and must be watched carefully until corroboration of his story should arrive from Scotland. "'Tis a fine evening, so I must end," the king concludes cheerfully, "to go to take a walk in a prettier place, I believe, than you have in your palace at Chaliot, though I hear it is very magnificent."

[1] Carte MSS. 210, ff. 205, 208.
[2] "John" may be a mistake of the Hist. MSS. Commissioners.

Middleton was prepared. On the following day, July 5, he wrote to De Torcy: "It is some years since Mr. Ogilvie was denounced as sold to the English government, and we expect him here to-morrow. He comes from Ypres and Arras, where he presented himself to King James, who remembered at once what he had heard of him, but listened to him favourably. The queen wants him sent to the Bastille. . . . Do as you like, but think what evil his return will cause honest people."

This new anxiety came to Chaillot at a sad time. On July 5 took place the betrothal of the Duke of Berry to Mademoiselle, followed by the wedding next day. The queen and princess were heart-broken.[1] The kind-hearted old king excused them from attending the wedding, and commanded that when they should arrive next day to make their formal visits of congratulation, they should be received with the same state as had been put on for the wedding ceremonies.

"If the King of France knew the state of his army and that of the enemy," Booth writes sarcastically to Middleton, July 9, "it would perhaps abate the great joy he is in that one of his grandchildren has married another of them." Military affairs went from bad to worse. The unpaid troops were deserting daily. "Such creatures, thank God, I never saw before," James wrote (July 27), "looking like devils, having beards, indeed, but no flesh." Small wonder that James could be so misled as to the real state of his own Scottish affairs, if Louis could be so kept in the dark as to his misfortunes in Flanders.

The queen, always sick as well as sorry, had her hands full in the seclusion of Chaillot. There was Marlborough, offering to give up his command under the ungrateful Anne that he might more freely devote himself to the possibly grateful James. This the queen by no means desired. He was much more useful at the head of the English army, she considered, influencing it towards the king. His professions, they knew, were not to be trusted, but he must not be offended,

[1] Saint-Simon. The queen never forgave the duke. When he came to see her at Chaillot after the princess's death, two years later, she treated him with a petulant rudeness as astonishing to him as it was beneath her dignity. She told the nuns she did not like his character. Yet he was a harmless young man; even scoffed at by his wife for saying his prayers. It is to be regretted that her taunts drove him to kicking her. He was devoted to her at first and slow to find out her true character. He died in 1714.

lest he should transfer his services to Hanover. He was useful also for information as to how the English officers were affected towards King James, with a view towards future correspondence.

The Chevalier had quite recovered his health and good looks. "The king has on his fine clothes, and with his fine complexion, he never looked better," Booth writes affectionately, July 5. "Did either the sister or the daughter see him to-day, their consents would not be wanting to finish the treaty. Nay, if they both saw him in this beauty, they would throw dirt through a ladder for him" (a Herefordshire phrase and custom when two women are rivals for one man). The ladies referred to were the sister and the daughter of the Emperor Joseph. A marriage with one or the other was now first projected for James. The Emperor's elder daughter, Mary Josepha, was only eleven in 1710. She married the Electoral Prince of Saxony in 1719. The Emperor's two sisters were Mary Elizabeth, born 1680, and Mary Magdalen, born 1689.

Next day James became his own secretary again and dined with the marshal, who had had a vision of his lean soldiers beating the fat English and Dutch, as Pharaoh's lean kine devoured the fat. Booth had no faith in visions! James was ill again after the marshal's dinner, and reverted to care and quinine.

Military stagnation was suddenly ruffled on the night of July 9 by an onward movement in the allied army. Next day the enemy were on the march. "We must get out of Arras," cried Booth. "If we are able to go out, we are able to be at the battle," protested the eager king, enchanted that fate should so have managed things "as to be sure of our share." "The argument I foresaw!" groans Booth. "He has been shut up these ten days in a good room with a fire, and at the first movement the enemy makes, out he must go." If only he had been strong, or there were any good reason for risk, or if there were any equality between the armies, no subject of his Majesty would have been prouder than Booth to be at his side in action; but as it was—! The king, though suffering from indulgence in *ramekins*,[1] sent to Villars for orders to leave Arras for the camp; but Villars said no, not for the present. The stir had cured him, nevertheless, and he

[1] Small slices of bread covered with cheese and eggs. Nuttall.

was on horseback again for a while to view the lines, though he had to finish his nine leagues' outing in his chair.

That day, June 13, the medals arrived from St. Germain's. They bore on the obverse the bust of the king with the legend *Cujus est;* on the reverse, a map of England with the word *Reddite.* James sent out six by Lumley's trumpet; to Lumley, a certain "Lord George," General Withers, General Wood, Major Hamilton, and lastly, Mr. Pitt, Marlborough's master of the horse, with whom Mr. Booth was just then "having some business." James and Hamilton were doubtful as to the last nominee for the honour, but left it to Booth, his Majesty "appearing not to know of it." About thirty other English officers, hearing of the medals, sent a trumpet to ask for some more. This trumpet brought also "Lord Churchill's" very particular inquiries as to how the Chevalier de St. George did, and what was the matter with him? Mr. Pitt remarked of his medal, "Your coin does not goe in this army," but he would keep it among his treasures. All Lord Churchill's servants were ready to tear the trumpet to pieces for medals. If the design were for publicity, it was brilliantly successful. All found the portrait and motto excellent and reasonable. Booth was instructed to send the medals without mention of the king's name, but he sealed each medal up with a note: "I take the liberty to send you a new coin that is according to the Scriptures. The medal is good, for it bore six hours' fire. You know it was hot, for you melted or blew the coals." Then, in case of misapprehension by dull minds: "You know it was well tried the 11th of September 1709"—the day of Malplaquet. One of these medals was to find its way to make a great stir in Scotland next year.

The king was well and blooming, and athirst for news. His diversions, save for news of an occasional night alarm, were perforce convivial, not military. Once he dined with Montesquieu, to meet "reverend mothers and lady abbesses," laughs Booth. Bethune was invested, Villars having skilfully defeated the enemy's intention of investing Arras. It held out bravely until August 28, while Villars amused his troops with projects. In the heat of late July the king flagged again. His mother kept urging him to come home, but he would not hear of leaving the more stirring seat of even such languid war. By the 25th he again believed that he had "done with physic, and,

I hope, with ague, but shall keep possession of my gate-house till the army moves. . . . Our Hector talks of fighting in his chariot. . . . Last night at M. de Rohan's, who gave a great feast ; play, music, a very great and good supper, then dancing and masks. I left them at twelve with the resolution of sitting up till daylight." There were about a dozen generals there, he said, who would be very much bored, employed only one day in three weeks, were it not for a great feast now and then.

On the last day of July, the French army in eight columns marched to Barlé, the Chevalier accompanying. "The enemy took no more notice than a great mastiff does of a barking cur." James, who was very well, was comfortably lodged at Fornu in a warm dry room with a cellar under it. He added Captain Murray to his personal attendance.

He had a very narrow escape two days later, when Villars nearly fell into a trap of two hundred hussars concealed in a wood. "Our marshal seems to be in his senses at present," says James, though he complained to Middleton that it was hard to keep patience when other people lost their reason. He lamented Middleton's absence—would fain have had "one wise man about him," but he felt bound to prefer his interest to his private satisfaction, especially now that he was "half-seas-over" ; by which figurative phrase he merely meant that he was half-way through the campaign.

He made acquaintance of another subject ; an innocent English rustic, nearly hanged as a spy, who was brought to him (August 3) for examination. He declared himself a loyal Wiltshire man and a Catholic, who had been three times in prison for refusing the oaths. He had come only to report that all the gentlemen of Wiltshire were for the king, and drank his health as publicly as it was drunk in camp ; that the common people too, about Bristol, Gloucester, and the Cotswolds, were ready to rise for him. He would gladly take service offered by the king, for the hussars had stripped him of his clothes ; though he had come (probably as an emissary of the Duke of Beaufort) only to assure his Majesty of the loyalty of Wiltshire ; which was confirmed.

It was cheering news in its small way, as a straw to show how the wind blew in England. There the political weather looked bright. The sun of the Whigs had gone down. On August 8, Godolphin was dismissed by his sovereign, and the

Treasury was put in commission. The Seals of the Exchequer were given to Harley, who practically became Prime Minister, though the Whigs did not resign but waited for dissolution to turn them out.

On August 12 James fell ill again with a new and painful malady, and was sent to bed. He was kept a prisoner in his room for a fortnight, suffering great pain. His sister sent him "bags" which he promised to keep in his pocket when better: probably disinfectants, for the town was very unhealthy. His mother entreated him to come home. His servants, too, were convinced he must not stop the autumn in the camp. He was now very indifferently lodged, and if the army were to march and his ague were to return in his present state of weakness, it might hold him all the winter. The army was as idle as a painted host upon a painted plain. For two or three months he would be "in some nasty house," with no occupation at best but going to and fro from the marshal's and sending for news. The French generals were against his leaving only because it would prove there was nothing doing. His health must be sacrificed to cover their incapacity.

But James still refused to be packed off from the fascinating camp. He "suffered much, and was not over-patient." In his more comfortable moments he played at ombre and received visitors; Lord Edward Drummond[1] and Dr. Taylor, a great Sacheverellist, among others. Villars was so indispensably kind that James would not spare him even to take his own bad leg to the waters. He wanted Berwick, but Berwick could not leave Dauphiny. Booth entertained him with never-palling accounts of his interviews with Marlborough's trumpet, and was made to write full accounts to Middleton. But Booth struck at the royal command to write verses too! On August 25 James sent verses of his own to his sister.[2] As we never hear of any other such literary effort, it is to be feared the bays of the first James had not descended to the eighth. His Majesty was also deeply interested in discussing the ways of the English Parliament, and the coming, though tardy, dissolution, for which he was very impatient, exclaiming, "*Vite, vite.*" Booth explained that the British

[1] Now married to Middleton's daughter, Lady Betty. He became sixth and last Duke of Perth: *d.s.p.* 1760.

[2] Carte MSS. 210, ff. 315–316.

Constitution required time to move in. The Intendant of Picardy and Villars were calling, and the former was good enough to give the marshal a description of the British Constitution—"as like what it is as an oyster is like an apple," scoffs Booth. James seized the marshal's hand and bade him, when next he came to see him, at least tell him Anne had made another chancellor. He himself was as dangerously ignorant of English affairs as the Intendant of Picardy.[1]

There was great anxiety to find how the English army was really affected, since it was well known to be of divided minds under Marlborough and Argyll, who were now at daggers drawn, and James was eager for further communications. Dr. Sacheverell, too, was offering his service to the king over the water. He had availed himself of the freedom of exile to preach another passive obedience sermon at Sens in Burgundy,[2] and at the moment was seeking through Middleton presentation to the queen and princess at Chaillot.

James got better, and on August 27 he was removed to Arras in the marshal's coach, accompanied by Lord Talbot and Lord Edward Drummond (who was in for a fever himself). Arras, raging with fever, was not the most desirable place in the world for the royal convalescent, but he made a comfortable journey, supped heartily, and went to bed. Hamilton now took a more serious view of James's malady than Booth did, who declared the king's faintnesses came only from lying in a low, close room with shut windows. He devoutly hoped his master might never again be without somebody who would make him obey the doctor's orders, of which James had long tired. Two days later his Majesty caught cold from having his head shaved. The cold passed, but indulgence in a cream tart condemned him again to broth. His appetite had never failed him all through his illness. When Booth remonstrated, he said nothing but eating did him any good! This is not romantic, but is not vicious. Unappeasable hunger was one of the features of his malady, and it was hard on one of his age to be debarred from enjoying a good dinner by remembering after consequences. His excesses were schoolboyish, not bacchanalian. On August 31 he thanked his sister for "new news"; the last gazette she sent him being of May 20!

[1] Carte MSS. 210, ff. 315–316.

[2] *Ibid*, f. 150.

He was full of plans for action while he lay ill. He was now proposing to embark at the end of the campaign with only the Irish regiments, Dillon's and others in French service, his own subjects, who would then scarcely amount to three thousand effective men. There would thus be no question of withdrawal of troops by France to please the Allies. Dunkirk and Ostend, where everything was known, were useless as ports for embarkation. Brest would be preferable, or Port Passage near Fontarabia. The Irish regiments could be sent into winter quarters in either neighbourhood. James himself could easily proceed to Fontarabia under pretext of serving in Spain, and would land on the west coast of Scotland between Kirkcudbright and the Clyde. A memorial to this effect was drawn up at St. Germain's for De Torcy on August 29.

On September 4 his Majesty entertained "Jean Gassion,"[1] Montesquieu, and some other generals at dinner, and sent for six of the large medals to present to his guests. His prospects seemed to grow rosier every day. James Ogilvie was reporting to Middleton how well affairs went in Scotland; that the Earl Marischal and Errol were restored to health (loyalty), and that Mar was ready to declare for the king if the least encouragement were offered to him, or if they only knew what his Majesty's intentions were. "I am confounded at the swiftness of affairs in England," writes J. G. (Jean Gassion ?) to Middleton. "As sure as the sun is in the sky one of the parties will bring home the king," says Booth, who expected the High Church party to play Monk's part.

But in Flanders there was nothing to do. Villars made up his mind to seek the healing waters for his grievous old wound, and the Chevalier allowed his own departure to be mentioned. He was much better and had again recovered his good looks; but he was unable to ride, and had nothing to do. Fever still raged in the town, though he was airy and comfortable in his gate-house, and never went beyond the garden. The starving army were marauding beyond control, robbing churches, stripping priests, killing children, and committing other barbarities. Hamilton was down with fever, and the king insisted on going to see him. Processions of carts laden with coffins

[1] Jean Gassion was an alias of James as of John Ogilvie, Harley's spy, unless the two were one man. Portland MSS.

passed out at the gate under James's eyes. It was neither cheerful nor safe.

He was obliged to wait for his monthly allowance, of which 2100 livres duly arrived on September 6, the rest to follow, so that no debts would be left behind. He himself was quite well, and very careful how he ate and drank.

On September 14 the Chevalier de St. George left Flanders. He went direct to Chaillot to meet his mother and sister, and accompanied them to the requiem Mass for his father on September 16, at the Benedictine Church in Paris. On the 18th he took his sister home to St. Germain's. The queen was ill, and stayed behind.

CHAPTER XI

"CUJUS EST REDDITE"

"You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
You've towed us into your hand,
Let them tow out wha can."

On September 21, 1710, the English Parliament was dissolved. A new and Tory ministry was appointed, with Harley at the Exchequer, its real head. Henry St. John became Secretary of State; John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Steward; the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant; Rochester, the queen's uncle, President of the Council, and Sir Simon Harcourt, Lord Keeper (or as we say nowadays, Lord Chancellor).

Of these the most important appointment next to Harley's was that of the brilliant St. John, well known to be the Chevalier's most distinguished, though not most trustworthy, supporter in England. The only son of Sir Henry St. John (a Whig, yet of wildly roistering sort, even branded with the red stain of murder), he had distinguished himself at Oxford by his great abilities. In 1700 he entered Parliament as Whig member for Wootton Bassett, and at once began to make his brilliant way. Himself a man of no religious faith, he made his first parliamentary mark as the champion of the High Church party against Occasional Conformity. As a mere boy, he had been the cherished and reverent friend of old Dryden, and by virtue of supreme literary genius he was welcomed at once, a dweller in the innermost of that Augustan age, of that wonderful company which included Swift, Addison, Harley, Prior, Steele, Pope, Gay. It was also an age of profligacy and of incredibly hard drinking, and St. John drank the hardest of all. Dissipation failed to cloud or weaken the splendid strength of his intellect; but it certainly served to bend to amazing obliquity the line of political honour. With his royal mistress his favour was small. Anne's present mistress, Abigail Masham, Harley's cousin, who hated St. John, said that the

queen abominated him for his loose life, and that he was kept in office only because the peace was transacting and nobody else could speak French. Harley himself, on November 1, wrote to the Elector of Hanover in English, with the quaint excuse that he did so because he knew the Elector had an English heart! Marlborough, the supplanted, was "very fond of Harry St. John"; had declared that after his son's death no other comfort was left to him; that he loved and considered him as a son notwithstanding party differences.

Among the many political chameleons of the time, John, Duke of Buckingham, was not the least shameless; an amazingly pushful person, in season and out. But "John of Bucks" was more than an ambitious place-hunter. He had served with distinction under James, Duke of York, at sea. He was also a poet, deemed worthy of enshrinement in Johnson's *Lives*, and author at least of one famous line—

"A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw."

He honoured himself by raising the monument to Dryden in the Abbey; and he created Buckingham House and its pleasaunce out of the old mulberry garden in St. James's Park. He was a man of immoral life, but a most affectionate and devoted husband to his adoring wife.

Sir Simon Harcourt was supposed by the Whigs to be full of Jacobite sympathies. Swift called him "trimming Harcourt"; hardly a distinctive adjective at that date. He sided with St. John against Harley in Cabinet disputes. Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord Chancellor for Ireland, "had intimate domestic relations with the family of James II." Ormond, second duke, was now entirely for James as Anne's successor. Harley, dark and deep, corresponding eagerly and openly with Hanover, though devoted to Anne and, as was supposed, to Anne's desire for her brother's succession, also had relations, very dubious, really reluctant, with the exiled family. In 1702 his daughter Abigail had married Lord Dupplin, son of Lord Kinnoull, brother of that John Hay who long after became Jacobite Earl of Inverness, and of Lord Mar's first wife who died in 1707—a strong Jacobite connection. Thereupon Middleton urged Mr. Menzies (a correspondent who under the name of Abram now comes constantly into Jacobite affairs), "Ply the son-in-law with the most effectual promises for him-

self and his father-in-law, he being foreman of the jury, and without him we cannot hope for a favourable verdict."

Between the dissolution and the calling of the new Parliament a newspaper, the *Examiner*, was started by the party in power, to which the first twelve papers were supposed to be contributed by St. John, Dean Francis Atterbury, Mat Prior, poet and diplomatist, and other notable persons.

Of the new Parliament which met on November 25, two-thirds at least were for the Church; which, though it implied aversion from Lutheran succession, did not necessarily promise to accept a Catholic. The Church party also had a majority in convocation, and Dean Atterbury was elected prolocutor.

The times seethed with excitement. The French must have peace; yet, in spite of all their defeats, not at any price. The war had been fought to stop a French prince from becoming King of Spain. France had lost, but was determined on keeping her prince on the Spanish throne. The Whigs and Marlborough were for continuing the successful war. The Tories, hating Marlborough, were willing to make peace in gratitude, more or less confessed, for kind asylum and assistance given to the prince, whom they looked to see recognised as the coming King of England.

To the cooler minds amongst the Jacobites, the stir promised to raise little more than bubbles. "It is the life of a dog to be always hunting on a cold scent," Middleton writes on October 9 to a correspondent ciphered as "Knox." "Sometimes as on enchanted ground we have a view, but when we draw near, it vanishes."

On October 7 Lauzun wrote to the queen-mother to tell her that, for the smoothing of the way to peace, her son must speedily and inevitably leave France. James and the queen took the fiat calmly, being well prepared, but the princess burst into a passion of tears. The French people, too, were sorry, for they loved the young exiles who had grown up among them from infancy. "These are our children," they would say as the king and his sister rode past.

Near the close of the year the English Government found in the Abbé Gauthier the very agent for their peaceful purpose. A story is told at length in the Carte MSS.[1] of the accidental discovery by Harley's friend, Anne Oglethorpe, of

[1] Dated 1712. Carte MSS. 240, f. 223.

this humbly born priest, whose sister was in the household of Madame de Maintenon.[1] He took into his house at St. Germain's an English horseman, who happened to break his leg at his door, and who subsequently met Miss Oglethorpe and talked much of his good Samaritan. Miss Oglethorpe told Harley, who authorised her to manage the business. She sent presents with three mysterious letters to the Abbé—"Vous avez frappé à une mauvaise porte." He showed the letters to Louis XIV. and De Torcy, the foreign minister. De Torcy was sceptical, but Louis was sharp enough to see something in it. Gauthier was sent, as directed, to Miss Oglethorpe's house in London, who received him and sent for Harley. Gauthier went back to Paris with the promise that as soon as Louis should despatch an envoy, the peace should be arranged.

Gauthier was sent by De Torcy to the Duke of Berwick, then acting for James, with assurances that he might be trusted as an agent towards the Restoration. No one else at St. Germain's, not even the queen, was taken into their confidence. How the Restoration was to be accomplished could not be considered until the more pressing business of the peace was out of the way. Indeed Harley "had not actually expressed his intentions." To hasten matters and to prove their good faith, James and Berwick agreed to command the Jacobites to strengthen the Court or Peace Party by joining it. At the same time James, advised by Berwick, willingly consented that Anne should reign for her life, the crown at her death to pass to himself. He also promised to preserve the Anglican religion and the liberties of the kingdom.

In December he sent Hooke to Holland to represent him in the councils of peace. Hooke was charged to obey the directions of the French plenipotentiaries and to cultivate a good understanding with the others; also to "labour in an especial manner" to get the queen-mother's long-standing arrears of dowry.

[1] Berwick, too, says his birth was of the most ordinary and his abilities to match He was very poor: sacristan of the parish of St. Germain-en-Laye. He had once tried in vain to be made clerk of the Chapel Royal, but had managed to get appointed as chaplain to Marshal Tallard, ambassador to England before the war; then as chaplain to the Count de Gallas, ambassador to the Emperor, through whom he became acquainted with Lady Jersey, a great Jacobite, though her husband was chamberlain to Queen Anne. Berwick says it was Lady Jersey who suggested him to her husband as a safe man to employ.

Middleton's sons were still detained in England ; but it is to be feared that they were busying themselves unadvisedly in politics, for news now came to St. Germain's that their pleasant captivity was at an end, and proceedings were to be taken against them on pretext of subjecting them to the same treatment as the Camisard prisoners who carried English commissions. There was, nevertheless, open communication between England and St. Germain's in the matter of shopping commissions ; "commodities" sent by way of Rotterdam and Rouen for the queen, and parcels of books for the princess.

Now, a very significant sign comes upon the Chevalier's horizon ; whether for weal or woe who could tell ? Middleton writes to Menzies, January 25, 1711, doubting if "Daylin" (St. John[1]) may be employed if his services should be at their disposal, for opinions differed on the other side of the water as to that gentleman's character. This is the first hint of direct overture from "the masterhand of sedition" towards *la bonne cause.*

To do St. John justice, though he was jealous of Harley's predominance, there was little treason to his mistress in such overture. She herself was in correspondence, more or less directly. It was an open secret that she detested more and more the Hanoverian heirs bestowed upon her by Act of Parliament. She was compelled to make an English duke of the electoral prince ; "tossed the title to him over the sea," but would not hear of his coming to take his seat in the House of Lords. In vain the Elector demanded that a member of his family, the infant Prince Frederick—poor Fecky, whose future nullity was to outrival that of the Dauphin of France and to be immortalised by epitaph—should live in England with such maintenance as is usual to blood-royal, and that certain customary titles should be conferred upon the rest of the family. Anne would not allow one of the family to come within speaking distance. The Duke of Hamilton too truly declared that the first of the competing princes who should arrive in England would succeed her on the throne.

Yet it was impossible not to see that James's religion must, in spite of everything else, bar his way to the throne. It was not only his declared enemies who admitted it. On

[1] Queried in the Carte Calendar "Bolingbroke" (?)

November 5 there had been an attempt made to carry his effigy in procession, seated under a canopy between the Pope and the devil, attended by Jesuits and Franciscans, preceded by a cross eighteen feet high; but as this demonstration was stopped by authority, it was made to tell rather as an augury for James than against him. As for the cheers that hailed Marlborough's return in December, with shouts of "No popery! No wooden shoes!" (*sabots*, symbolic of French influence) they were rather for the victorious English general than the fallen Whig favourite.

But many of James's best Non-juring supporters were divided between the prospect of being handed over "as a province to a despicable German electorate," and dread of a popish king. They deputed the Rev. Charles Lesley, a most worthy and learned Non-juring divine, to set forth for St. Germain's to wrestle for the young king's spiritual allegiance. Lord Ashburnham also had to see Swift; no doubt hoping to engage his pen on the side of the "little Welch monarch" who went to Dunkirk.

In February a new and interesting adherent came to St. Germain's—Anthony, third Earl of Shaftesbury, grandson of the man of the Cabal; but of a very different character, says Middleton, writing to De Torcy for his passport: "A man of uprightness and honour, who has steadily refused all employment under the existing rule." He was then, unfortunately, ill of consumption, and died in 1713.[1]

There was much to be desired as to James's own health, which promised his succession to his gouty elder sister with hardly better assurance than the ministerial correspondence. He joined the French Court at the great annual Meet of St. Hubert's Day, and accompanied the Dauphin to the opera on December 4; but he was slow in throwing off the effects of his camp fever, and unable to attend all the Christmas and Carnival balls at Marly.

As the new year brightened towards spring, the signs over the sea brightened too. Dangeau was encouraged to believe that on March 2 (1711) a member stood up in the House of Commons to declare that James II. was the best king who had ever sat on the English throne; that he was only too honest and sincere a man to be an English king; that his kindness

[1] He visited James again after the king's departure from Paris.

had been scandalously betrayed by knaves in whom he had trusted, who to the everlasting shame of England had been rewarded for their treason while that prince had been punished. But there is no evidence for this in the Journals of the House of Commons.

On that same day (March 2) James was writing to Lord Balmerino that he had not words at present to express his gratitude for his lordship's loyal assurances, but hoped that when he should dine with him at Leith, or wherever it might be found convenient, he should be able to give essential proof of his appreciation. Balmerino's prudence and firmness, he added, could best suggest the ways and means for effecting his good intentions.

Middleton sent this letter enclosed in one to Menzies; a bearer, he said, "entirely trusted by the king who would answer for his honesty and secrecy in anything imparted to him"; whom he himself recommended to hold forth upon the text: "It is not always he who says Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he who does the will of My Father. Every tree is known, not only by the bark and leaves, but by the fruit it bears." He suspected a coalition between Honyton (Harley) and Williamson (the Whigs). "Cut a snake asunder and it will grow again." He also mentioned again the visit to be paid to "Mr. Swift."

Correspondents were busy indeed just then; Berry, who corresponded between Marlborough and St. Germain's, and a number of women of no rank and, to judge by their handwriting, of as little education; Mrs. Cresset, who carried messages between Harley and Hanover; Mrs. Watson, with whom the queen-mother and Lady Middleton corresponded; Mrs. White, who in the following year came to the front, in whose correspondence the Middletons become "Watsons." A certain Captain Griffiths, at the same time, was urging Marlborough on behalf of the Jacobites to recover his lost prestige by acting Monk's part, to bring home the king. Thus would he set his foot upon the necks of his enemies. But Marlborough found the moment unpropitious and the king's religion an insurmountable obstruction; though the miraculous happened even at that moment, Ogilvie remarks, reporting the affair to Harley, in a largesse of five guineas which found its way from Marlborough's fingers to the captain's pocket. Griffiths next

attempted to approach James through Perth, but without success, save that he had leave to do as he pleased. All of this was reported by Ogilvie to his old but unremunerative correspondent, Harley, on April 30,[1] in evident ignorance of what had happened in the month preceding, when, on March 8, Harley was stabbed at the Council Board by the Marquis de Guiscard. Harley soon recovered. He had behaved with great courage at the moment (though he was accused of having exaggerated his hurt to excite popular sympathy), and he at once became a hero and martyr. On May 24 he was made Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, on the 29th, Lord Treasurer; advanced to such high estate, says Swift, by persecutions, turnings-out, and stabbing.

In March, honest Mr. Lesley presented himself to James, and set before him the advantages, temporal and spiritual, of Protestantism. The temporal advantages James required no instruction to understand, but to his great and lasting honour, as his adversaries confess, he refused the bribe. "Then would he at least dissimulate his religion?" This also he indignantly refused to do.

Meantime, another campaign against peace-making England being forbidden to her postulant king, it was arranged that on the pretext of a tour through France, James should visit the Duke of Berwick, now in command of the army of Dauphiny, to discuss with him the political situation. Berwick says the plan was suggested by Gauthier before returning to England. The new Lord Oxford had authorised Gauthier to promise that the scheme for James's restoration should be put under way in the summer. At Easter the French Court heard of the tour with much scepticism; but the death of the Dauphin, April 14, put the King of England's affairs out of mind for a time.

In the Dauphin, James lost a good friend. Nullity though he was called, his was the voice which had pronounced for the Proclamation of 1701; his might have been the voice destined to speed James to St. James's in 1714. As the Dauphin died of smallpox, James was excused from visits of condolence, though his mother and sister paid them. His health was too delicate for such risk.

[1] The last of Ogilvie's letters to Harley in the Portland MSS. Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports.

On April 11 James drew up a manifesto to the confederated potentates discussing peace in Holland. As they paid no regard to his royal right, he thought it necessary to assert that right by solemn protestations against whatever might be done to his prejudice. He also wrote new assurances to his subjects as to religious liberty; and to his half-sister with a new and remarkable suggestion, to the result of which he referred later as a "solemn agreement"; that, provided the crown be assured to him after her death, he was willing to leave her in quiet possession of the kingdom with the administration of the regal power, reserving only to himself the title of king, with the condition that his name be used together with hers in all official proclamations and documents.

On May 2nd he wrote to Anne at length and officially; a letter well considered, carefully discussed.

"MADAM,—The violence and ambition of the enemies of our family and of the monarchy have too long kept at distance those who, by all the obligations of nature and duty, ought to be more firmly united, and have hindered us from the proper means and endeavours of a better understanding between us, which could not fail to produce the most happy effects to ourselves, to our family, and to our bleeding country.

". . . The natural affection I bear you, and that the king our father had for you till his last breath; the consideration of our mutual interest, honour, and safety, and the duty I owe to God and my country, are the true motives that persuade me to write to you, and to do all that is possible for me to come to a perfect union with you.

"And you may be assured, Madam, that though I can never abandon, but with my life, my own just right, which you know is unalterably settled by the most fundamental laws of the land, yet I am most desirous rather to owe to you than to any living, the recovery of it. The voice of God and nature calls you to it; the promises you made to the king our father enjoin it; the preservation of our family, the preventing of unnatural wars require it; and the public good and welfare of our country recommend it to you, to rescue it from present and future evils; which must to the latest posterity involve the nation in blood and confusion, till the succession be again settled in the right line.

". . . In the meantime, I assure you, Madam, and am ready to give all the security that can be desired, that it is my unalterable resolution to make the law of the land the rule of my government, to preserve every man's right, liberty, and property equally with the rights of the crown; and to secure and maintain those of the Church of England, in all their just rights and privileges as by law established; and to grant such a toleration to dissenters as the Parliament shall think fit.

"Your own good nature, Madam, and your natural affection for a brother from whom you never received any injury, cannot but incline your heart to do him justice; and, as it is in your power, I cannot doubt of your good inclinations. And I do here assure you that, in that case, no reasonable terms of accommodation which you can desire for yourself shall be refused by me. But as affairs of the moment cannot be so well transacted by letters, I must conjure you to send one over to me, fully instructed and empowered by you, or to give security for such a one from me; for by that way only things can be adjusted to our mutual satisfaction, which shall be managed on our side with the utmost secrecy.

"I have made this first step towards our mutual happiness with a true brotherly affection, with the plainness and sincerity that becomes both our rank and relation, and in the most prudent manner I could at present contrive, and will be directed by you in the prosecution of it, relying entirely on your knowledge and experience as to the means and instruments.

"And now, Madam, as you tender your own honour and happiness, the preservation and re-establishment of our ancient royal family, the safety and welfare of a brave people . . . who have no reason to complain of me, and whom I must still and do still love as my own, I conjure you to meet me in this friendly way of composing our difference, by which only we can hope for those good effects which will make us both happy; yourself more glorious than all the other parts of your life, and your memory dear to all posterity."[1]

At the same time he wrote a circular letter for his friends in England, promising security to the Church of England.

"Plain dealing is best in all things, especially in matters of

[1] Carte MSS. 180, ff. 303–304. Printed in Mahon's *History of England*, i. 79.

religion, and as I am resolved never to dissemble in religion, so I shall never tempt others to it." He would never look worse upon any persons because in this they chanced to differ with him, nor would he refuse, in due time and place, to hear what they had to say on the matter; but they must not take it ill if he used the same liberty he allowed to others, to adhere to the religion which he in his conscience thought the best.

All through his dealings with his Protestant subjects he sticks thus to his guns in his simple, honest way; "so that none but those to whom truthfulness was as incomprehensible as religious faith could have doubted the sincerity of his promises of toleration."

On Sunday, June 14, James went to Marly, accompanied by his mother and sister, to bid the King of France goodbye; on Tuesday, the 16th, he set off upon his tour round France.

CHAPTER XII

THE WINGS OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH

TUNE—"*Lillibulero.*"

The Dauphin of France to a Monastry went
To visit the Mother of him aforesaid (the creature that
goes by more names than ever an honest man
could, should, or would)
He wished her much joy, and he left her content
With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, Hanover over,
Haste and assist our Queen and our State ;
Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over,
Put in your Claim before 'tis too late.

What kind of a peace I think we may guess,
So welcome must be to her and her Lad :
And let any man say it, if we can do less
Than be very sorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

Harleian Miscellany.

JAMES travelled with a small suite for economy's sake, for he went by no means incognito. Not only the French Court was much exercised as to this journey. As at the same time a great armament lay at Brest and Toulon, England was apprehensive of immediate invasion while public attention was directed to those supposed eastward wanderings.

He went first to Dijon, where he stayed two or three days magnificently entertained by M. Trudaine, Intendant of Burgundy. "So he really did go there," comments Dangeau, "and it was all nonsense about state secrets." He went on to Strasbourg, sleeping a night at Saverne on the way. Here again he was splendidly entertained by the bishop, who wrote a letter to the queen-mother full of his praises. He was joined here by Marshal d'Harcourt, who was to accompany him to see the Army of Germany. Middleton attended him at least as far as Strasburg, whence he sent accounts to

St. Germain's, July 9, of the kind reception his master had had from all officials everywhere.

He went on through Franche Comté, where the Intendant, M. de Guerchois, received him most hospitably; and so to Lyons, where he was much interested in the silk manufactories. It was a new and rare sight to him to see nearly two thousand reels worked with one wheel! His mother was much pleased by his eager interest in peaceful arts and domestic progress; a happy augury for the happiness of his people. At Lyons he ordered a riding-skirt of "the handsomest brocade in the world" for his sister; which was particularly kind, as he disapproved of her riding. He had inherited his father's curious dislike to seeing women on horseback, and was much annoyed by a severe accident she had had when hunting, and forbade her to hunt again, saying it was not a fit amusement for ladies! So the princess told the Chaillot nuns. As none of the Lyons stuffs exhibited seemed to him worthy of the princess, he commissioned the better experienced Madame l'Intendante to see that a design after his taste was carried out, to be ready for her wearing in the winter when she should put off mourning for the Dauphin. Alas! before that petticoat arrived, and long before the days of mourning at Versailles were to be ended, the fair young princess herself had put on the garment of her immortality; and her brother's unworn present, with her christening shoes, served but for storage at Chaillot as relics of her short life.

After visiting Valence, the king arrived at Barraux about the first of August, Berwick having encamped there on July 23.[1] He was now incognito, and his movements were kept as private as possible. Just at this time news reached him for his enlivenment of great stir made in Scotland. The Duchess of Gordon had presented to the Faculty of Advocates one of the medals which were put into circulation upon the banks of the Canihe. It bore, as has been said, upon the obverse a profile bust of James in mantle and laurel crown, with the motto *Cujus est;* on the reverse, a map of England, with the legend *Reddite*—("Restore to him to whom it belongs"). James Dundas

[1] With Berwick was Count Dillon, who had entered the French service in 1707; to which he brought much honour. Chamillart and Louis XIV. both thanked him and Berwick for services. Standards taken from his famous regiment hang in St. Paul's and Greenwich and Chelsea; one at Dytchley, taken at Fontenoy. MSS. of Lord Dillon of Dytchley; Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports, vol. xxxiv. p. 206.

of Arniston and two other advocates recommended the acceptance of the duchess's gift ; not to do honour to "the Pretender," they averred, but as a mere matter of curiosity ; just as a medal of Cromwell was to be found in the secretary's cabinet. The dean, Sir David Dalrymple, accepted the medal. Queen Anne was officially furious. The duchess was threatened with imprisonment, and the dean was deposed, in spite of his pathetic pleadings of having "made journeys and undertaken fatigues when he had scarce life to crawl," and of his profession of non-comprehension of the charges against him. As in November following a "seditious pamphlet" appeared from the pen of Mr. James Dundas, there certainly seemed room for suspicion of his good faith at least.

Though so much was doing noisily in Scotland, there was nothing but disappointment at Barraux. Berwick had received none of the papers promised by Lord Oxford, and had really no news at all of the king's affairs in England. In July, Mat Prior, poet, courtier, and diplomatist, singer of the praises of William of Orange and of Kitty, Lady Queensberry, Secretary of Embassy at Paris under Lord Manchester and Lord Jersey, sometime Nonconformist and Revolutionist, turncoat when Anne came in, and then boon companion of Harley, St. John, and Swift, was sent privately to Paris to help on the peace negotiations. In August he took back with him to London Gauthier and a man called Le Mesnager, whose real name was Nicolas le Bailiff, Count of St. Jean in Normandy, a man whom Oxford hated. At Prior's house in Duke Street preliminaries of peace were drawn up—"Matt's Peace," it was called ; but according to the long account in the Carte Papers it seems rather to have been Miss Oglethorpe's peace, who was Oxford's inspiration or mouthpiece. England insisted upon the return of Dunkirk. Mr. Carte's informant states that Louis offered Miss Oglethorpe two millions of livres (Tournois) if she would manage that Dunkirk should remain French. She succeeded in that bit of diplomacy, but nobly refused the gold, asking for all guerdon Louis' promise to establish James III. on the English throne.[1] Dunkirk was, however, to be demolished, Louis claiming Lille and Tournay as equivalents. England was to keep her conquests, Gibraltar and Port Mahon, and to receive Newfoundland, with the

[1] Carte MSS. 240, f. 223.

reservation of certain fishing rights; an article which has led to international complications up to the present day. But alas! for the greater glory of the Firstborn of Freedom, the *Asiento*—which innocent Spanish word actually stood for the slave-trade—would be transferred by Spain from France to England. The preliminaries were signed by Mesnager on behalf of France, September 27. All that Berwick had out of the transactions was a vague promise from Gauthier that he would soon return with quite satisfactory instructions.

In spite of disappointment and wretched weather, James was happy to find himself in camp again, and wrote home gaily that they managed to amuse themselves very well in spite of the deluges of rain. Berwick's eldest son, Lord Tynemouth, a boy of fifteen, was serving with his father.[1] Henceforth his royal uncle's most affectionate and devoted servant, he describes in his Memoirs the ardour with which the king entered into military affairs, refusing to leave the camp while there was any chance of a battle. But "our cousin, the Duke of Savoy," James writes to his sister Louisa, "thinks better to take the waters than to come to visit us, and we for our parts remain in our camp out of modesty, where we are so full of glory in our own eyes that we have no occasion to go in quest for more."

He dined and supped in his friendly but imprudent way with the officers, Lieutenant-General Edeton, an Irishman, and others. He concerned himself kindly for an Irish soldier, dangerously wounded by a tipsy French guardsman, whose maltreated wife the Irishman had championed with the proverbial result. As no English-speaking priest was at hand, James sent post-haste to fetch one from St. Germain's; who brought temporal assistance, too, from the Dauphin (Duke of Burgundy) and the queen, which was continued after the man's recovery.

Though Oxford remained darkly silent, there was enough doing to cause constant excitement at Barraux and constant uneasiness in England, besides terrified reports as to the growth of popery in the north propagated by "trafficking priests." In September Lord Leven had news of arms landed in Mull. Mar, one of the chief supporters, in 1706, of the Union, was bobbing now to the Jacobite side, corresponding with James

[1] James Francis, second Duke of Berwick and Liria; only child of Berwick by his first wife, Honora de Burgh, Sarsfield's widow; born October 21, 1696.

and Middleton through Menzies. James's present address was "for Mr. Andrew Flint, at Mr. John Hacketts, Merchant at Rotterdam." And Berwick says that, unknown to Oxford, he was corresponding with the Duke of Ormond, presently commander-in-chief in Flanders, *vice* Marlborough superseded.

A very faithful servant was lost to the Stuarts when, on September 4, old Lord Caryll, the queen's secretary, died at St. Germain's. He was buried beside his old master in the Benedictine Church. His nephew succeeded to his peerage. His place, an important one, was not filled up till October 11, when Nairne was appointed. "One factor being enough for the little trade there is at present," says Nairne.

Cardinal Caprara's place too had been vacated; he died July 9. On August 24, upon James's strong recommendation, the French Nuncio Gualterio was nominated Protector of England in his place. The English, however, objected so strongly to being "protected" that Gualterio's formal appointment did not take place until 1717. The Pope also objected, desirous of the protectorate for Cardinal Albani, his nephew.

Weather and supper parties were too much for the Chevalier's health, and he was obliged to leave Berwick and the army towards the middle of September for Grenoble, where he remained about a month, taking the waters of Vals. He rejoined Berwick at Barraux before the army broke up in October as a prelude to the peace, but his health was by no means restored. On October 12 Berwick left Barraux for Briançon, and returned to Court at the beginning of November. James went on to finish his tour, now really a progress, through Languedoc and Guienne; lands thrilling with memories of his mighty predecessor and namesake, Edward the Black Prince. The weather was still atrocious and he was far from well, but he was magnificently entertained for three days at Montpellier by M. de Roquelaure. Thence he went to Toulouse; then down the Garonne to Bordeaux in a gorgeously decorated barge. Lord Tynemouth attended him.

He slept a night at Chartres, and arrived at Chaillot on Wednesday morning, November 4.

The queen and princess had had but a dismal summer. Deluges of rain and the pestilence which raged in Paris kept them much within convent walls. There had been friendly visits from the French royal family; a specially cheering visit

from the new Dauphin (Duke of Burgundy), who came to consult the queen as to the conditions of peace ; and a delightful visit from the Dauphiness and the Duchess of Berry, one dripping Ember Saturday, when they took the poor princess out for a welcome drive in spite of torrents of rain. Next day the Dauphiness gave her a glorious day's hunting, at which she was much admired both for the fresh beauty which conventual dulness had failed to dim and the excellent horsemanship which had not suffered by two years' abstention. But later it was remembered that all that summer the princess had been drooping. It was ominous that she who had loved the world so well, as a bright healthy girl does, and had been so sadly bored by conventual routine and prayers, should have begun to take as much pleasure in devotion as she had hitherto taken in gaiety. Perhaps she had cared for the Duke of Berry more than a princess—a mere factor in political games—should dare to do.

James was welcome indeed, looking well in spite of gloomy reports, and in excellent spirits. His mother and sister were struck by his likeness to Charles II., who, though never a beauty, was a fine-looking man in his youth before his strong, dark face grew coarse with sensual living—as may be seen in his portrait in the National Portrait Gallery ; a much stronger, more interesting face than his father's. All the nuns were called in to hear his Majesty's account of his travels, and sat round on the floor in admiring audience. After dinner the king, queen, and princess returned to St. Germain's.

James's return cheered the Court up wonderfully. It was then at its most brilliant, says Lord Tynemouth ; the king young and gallant, and the princess full of the most enchanting gaiety and most gracious sweetness.[1] Hope was at its brightest. Even the wary Middleton, on the last day of the year, wrote to Mr. Lesley that there never was a fairer field than now for exertion. It was notorious that the Duke of Hanover had openly declared himself for the Whig party, in conjunction with Holland, in opposition to Anne herself as well as to her ministry. If Anne, by royal letter, would recall her brother, James would be willing to come over, "with only a page to accompany him, if that be thought fit" ; after which step it

[1] "Of a sweet, mild temper, full of pity and compassion, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the royal family of the Stuarts," says Walpole. *George II.*

would be easy enough to get the Act of Settlement set aside.

On January 29 the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht held their opening conference on the peace: for England, the Bishop of Bristol and the Earl of Strafford; for France, the Marêchal d'Huxelles, the Abbé de Polignac, and M. Mesnager; for Holland, M. Buys; for Savoy, the Marquis de Borgo. Menzies was at first accredited to instruct Polignac on behalf of the Chevalier de St. George, but the Court of St. Germain's changed its mind and found he would be more useful corresponding in England.

Sorrow was darkening over the proud head of Louis XIV. On January 18 rumour whispered that the Dauphin and Dauphiness were to be poisoned. Boudin, chief doctor to the Dauphiness, heard it, and warned her and the king. On February 12, 1712, after a few days' illness, she died of "malignant purple fever." It was the first grief Louis XIV. had ever had, says Saint-Simon, who would not have deigned to reckon the anguish of losing La Vallière. Louis had adored his granddaughter—perhaps a little for the sake of his old love, her fair Stuart grandmother, whose charm, without her beauty, she seems to have inherited. She was a plain, sandy-haired young woman, with bad teeth and hanging cheeks; but she had a lovely complexion and the most beautiful and expressive eyes in the world. Her long throat was rather becomingly goitred (an imperfection inherited to excess by her children), and she walked like a goddess on clouds. Her wit and chatter were quite indispensable to the king, with whose majesty she made free in a way none of his children dared approach.

The Dauphin was ill at the same time, but went about trying to hide the internal fever which devoured him. He, at least, believed himself poisoned, Saint-Simon says. On February 18 he died. Their two babes, both ill of the same malady, were hastily baptized, both by the name of Louis. The elder, five years old, for nineteen days Dauphin of France, followed them to the grave; but the little Duke of Anjou recovered, to become Louis XV.

Thus great sorrow mingled at St. Germain's with much anxiety and wear and tear of illusive hopes. In England, for the recalling of the spirit of 1688, James was reported to be

already on his way to Rome, though (February 21) he had not yet even received official intimation to leave France.

Sir Thomas Hamner, a relative and friend of Ormond's, was sent over to join Ormond in Flanders. He was a wealthy young man, a great favourite with Queen Anne, and had married the Duchess of Grafton, widow of Charles II.'s son. By way of Flanders, he came to the French Court—and to St. Germain's. Wanley, Lord Oxford's librarian, was expected too. They made an unsatisfactory impression there, and Nairne warned Berry not to trust Hamner or Wanley after what they had seen of "those two merchants."

On March 27 (N.S.) Nairne writes to Menzies that he is "glad to hear Marshal [the Earl Marischal] and Atholl were come up, but does not well see what measures Snels [the Scots] family can take to redress themselves or serve the King at this time, these being dark times and friends and foes hardly to be discerned. No advice could be given but to keep united and do for the best according to their lights." "Jonathan's trade" went as well as possible, in spite of contradictory appearances. Yet good fortune was less sure than demonstration, and "Jonathan" (the king) had not one word of comfort from Louis XIV. and Oxford. Steps were being taken unanimously on all sides, but it was feared that France might propose sending James to Rome, "whither he declares he will never go unless he be forced." At the same time, Nairne asked for a little work entitled *The Dutch Displayed*, "being an historical account of all the wrongs the Dutch have done the English since their being a commonwealth." Published 1706 (?).

"Mr. Armsworth," too, was written to; assured of James's friendship and confidence and of the assistance he expected from him. Indeed, correspondence was just then large and frequent to an amazing degree. Jean Murray, calling herself "John Scrimger," or Scrimgeour, according to her taste for the moment, is among the most voluminous of these political correspondents, though the least legible, and on her own showing was rarely answered. She seems to have been an invalid who could not get about much; living in intimate relations with Lord Mar, her relative—at that time a widower, whose wavering movements, mental and physical, she reported, through Middleton, to "her great and dear angel" the king; "her saviour, her angel, all that she has." With his Majesty she claims old and

intimate though secret acquaintance. Her extravagantly affectionate language with regard to him is certainly suggestive, if no more. She may have been his mistress, though no authentic hint of his ever having had a mistress is discoverable in any of the contemporary records, friendly or hostile. The compiler of the Carte Calendar suggests marginally that she was Mar's mistress; elsewhere, that she was "Lady Mar," a personage non-existent at this date. Her handwriting and spelling are so exceptionally vulgar and illiterate as to suggest a housemaid's authorship, had housemaids handled pens in any way in those days. Her letters, on this account, may be Thackeray's authority for saying that James's tastes were towards ancillary beauty all his life.[1] Poor relations often occupied such positions in great Scottish households. Perhaps she was Jean Murray, one of the eight daughters of Lord Stormont, one of whom, Marjory, married Mar's brother-in-law, John Hay, the future Lord Inverness. Possibly she may have been James's nurse!

Middleton, commenting on "Jean Murray's" letter of March 14, notes that "Mar is a hearty friend to the king, but very cautious," and that Mrs. Jean "is mightily taken up with managing the king's friends, who know not the secret (?), and are alarmed at everything that seems contrary to his interest." It was mighty well taken that the king had instructed his friends to go again to Parliament and join with the Court. It was to be wished that the Scottish peers would join unanimously with Harley in promotion of peace. He believed Harley and even Princess Anne to be in great danger from the riotous Mohocks, who were supposed to be leagued not only with Marlborough and the Whig leaders, but with Prince Eugène—then on a visit to London, furiously determined against peace with his eternal enemy, Louis XIV.

Mrs. White, a very business-like correspondent, writes chiefly about Harley, whom she maintains to be a Whig and hostile to the king. She was not far wrong here. "Harley is entirely a friend to Hanover," writes "Rogers"—John Plunket,[2] a very busy but unveracious correspondent in London, who aspired to arrange matters between James and Anne. He was the author of the forged letter sent to Queen Anne's Govern-

[1] *Esmond*, Book III., chap. ix.

[2] Lord Stanhope calls him a Jesuit spy, but he was a layman, and had no connection with Jesuits except as an ex-pupil from their college at Vienna. He was remarkably ugly.

ment, professing to give information as to the murderous machinations of Prince Eugène against the chief ministers and his plan for kidnapping the queen! He was questioned; then sent abroad to find his alleged informant: a fruitless quest.

The Emperor's minister kept stirring the English against the peace by assuring them that the Tories wanted to marry the Princess Louisa to Charles XII., King of Sweden, a match whose certain consequence must be her brother's restoration. Yet, at the same time, the idea of marrying James to the Emperor's [1] niece or sister was under consideration, as also the antithetical rumour that he was to marry a sister of the King of Sweden, the very Ulrica once destined by rumour for William of Orange.

On March 28 James wrote again to Queen Anne. The holograph copy in the Carte MSS. is endorsed in his hand: "Protestation—Spain—Letter to my sister."

"In the present situation of affairs, it is impossible for me, dr sister [Madam erased] to be any longer silent and not to put you in mind of the honor [*sic*] and preservation of your family, and to assure you at the same time of my eternal acknowledgment and gratitude if you use your most efficacious endeavours towards both. Give me leave to say that your own good nature makes me already promise it to myself, and with that persuasion I shall always be ready to agree to whatever you shall think most convenient for my interest, which after all is inseparable from yours, being fully resolved to make use of no other means but those you judge most conducing to our mutual happiness and to the general welfare of our country.—Your most entirely affectionate BROTHER." [2]

The mode of signature is evidently a delicate avoidance of offence by his usual "James R."

So the political sky shone with the treacherous sunniness of early spring. Then a sudden cloud rose from a quarter wholly unwarned.

The queen and the princess went to Chaillot for Holy Week and Easter (March 27). On Easter Thursday, March 31,

[1] The Emperor was now Charles VI., elected October 12, 1711; married 1708, but had no children until 1716. He was the Archduke Charles of the just ended Spanish war; brother of the late Emperor.

[2] Carte MSS. 210, f. 408 (copy); printed by Macpherson, ii. 295. These letters were encouragingly, but cautiously answered, but we have reference only to the replies.

James arrived at the convent from hunting in the Bois-de-Boulogne, and took his mother and sister home. He was not feeling well, but the princess was in her usual health and spirits, though she wept at parting with her dear Sister Marguerite Henriette. Two days later, the king was dangerously ill of smallpox.

So delicate as he was, there was the greatest cause for anxiety and careful watching. He received the last sacraments. At this supreme moment he refused to make his confession to his official confessor, the Jesuit, Father Eyre, but sent for the parish priest, as the Dauphiness had done in like situation.[1] Louis XIV's. autocracy extended even to the souls of his relatives, all of whom were forced to forego the universal liberty of the Church and accept Jesuit confessors. It was probably out of inevitable mental resistance that they were all so deeply imbued with Jansenism—or at least with Port-Royalism.

On April 10, eight days after her brother fell ill, the princess discovered while dressing that she had caught the fatal infection.

At first the symptoms were favourable. It was hoped that even her beauty might not suffer. The queen was shut up in devoted attendance upon her precious son, and, in spite of her earnest protest, it is to be feared the princess was neglected, and that the doctor who bled her in the foot made a fatal mistake.[2] On Sunday, April 17, she had a bad night, and was given opiates. At nine on Monday morning she died.

The dreadful news was not broken to her brother for eight days, so precarious was his own state, though his illness had taken a favourable turn. The grief of all who knew her was overwhelming. The aged and much bereaved King of France came to mourn with the bereaved queen that the young should be taken and the old left. "Never did death affect me as this did," writes Lord Tynemouth, her nephew. "I loved the princess. I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for her. . . . I weep still whenever I think of it." The French people grieved too for the French-born girl they looked upon as their own.

In England the news was received with actual dismay. Queen Anne herself was more affected than she had been by

[1] Saint-Simon.

[2] There is an elaborate analysis of her illness in the Carte MSS. 208, ff. 372–389.

any event since the death of the Duke of Gloucester. Bishop Burnet, arch-enemy of Louisa's house, who while she lived preferred to believe her supposititious, writes:[1]—

"She was by all who knew her admired as a most extraordinary person in all respects; insomuch that a very great character was spread of her by those who talked but indifferently of the Pretender himself; thus he lost a great deal of strength, which she procured to him from all who saw or conversed with her."

Lord Dartmouth adds in a note: "The Queen [Anne] showed me a letter, wrote in the King of France's own hand, upon the death of her sister; in which there was the highest character that ever was given to any princess of her age. Mr. Richard Hill came straight from the Earl of Godolphin's (who had always the best and earliest intelligence from France) to me with the news, and said it was the worst that ever came to England. I asked him why he thought so. He said it had been happy if it had been her brother; for then the queen might have sent for her, and married her to a Prince George, who could have no pretentions during her own life; which would have pleased every honest man in the kingdom and made an end of all disputes for the future."

The princess was buried very quietly beside her father in the Benedictine Chapel. According to the ghastly custom of the time, her viscera were taken to Chaillot. To the queen's extreme grief, no public panegyric could be preached at her funeral, lest the sensitive English Government should be offended at so critical a moment. Even the usual formal visits of condolence could not be paid out of fear of infection. Middleton himself was thereby prevented from calling on De Torcy to receive the draft of James's protest against the Utrecht proceedings, with the modifications desired therein by the King of France.

The death of Louisa weakened her brother's position enormously. His own health was far too fragile for confidence. After the reigning queen, his next heir was Anne of Orleans, Duchess of Savoy, mother of the late Dauphiness—a princess as foreign as the House of Hanover, and a Catholic besides. And no bride could as yet be found for him.

[1] *History of His own Times*, vol. ii. p. 602.

CHAPTER XIII

JAMIE THE ROVER

" Bring in the bowl, I'll toast you a health
To one that hath neither land nor wealth :
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw
Is over the hills and far awa'.
Over the hills and over the dales,
No lasting peace till he prevails :
Pull up, my lads, with a loud huzza
A health to him that's far awa'.

By France, by Rome, likewise by Spain,
By all forsook but Duke Lorraine :
The next remove appears most plain
Will be to bring him back again.
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw
Is over the hills and far awa'.

He knew no harm, he knew no guilt,
No laws had broke, no blood had spilt.
If rogues his father did betray,
What's that to him that's far away?
Over the hills and far awa'—
Beyond these hills and far awa'—
The wind may change and fairly blaw
And blaw back him that's blawn awa' ! "

WHILE James was slowly recovering, his sister Queen Anne was slowly dying. The repeated attacks which nearly killed her kept Tories and Jacobites in a state of tension beyond endurance. Her strong desire that her brother should succeed her was so well known that it seemed to the Jacobites almost impossible they should fail. Intrigues waxed fast and furious ; yet those who held the scales still halted betwixt two opinions — or rather, wavered amongst conflicting interests ; while honest men were enmeshed in a web of the selfishnesses and falsehoods of small busybodies. The prime-motor fact was that statesmen wanted power ; by which king might that more safely be kept or gained ? The people, afraid of popery and of civil war, were worked upon by the statesmen. What would James's toleration amount to ? There would be no persecution, but no

encouragement of any sort would be given to Protestants. As for Scotland, almost everything turned upon the mind of Hamilton, and he sought to know the mind of Mar ;[1] with Hamilton, Kilsyth, Balmerino, and others, he sought Jean Murray for the solution of that enigma (May 1712). James wished the Scottish peers to join harmoniously with Oxford in the promotion of the peace.[2]

The first condition for unity insisted upon by his adherents was that James should discard Jesuits and take only Protestants to Lorraine. This was easily fulfilled. James dismissed his confessor, Father Eyre, who returned to his college in May, much astonished at such change of tone in St. Germain's policy ; though he assured Gualterio he was thankful to be relieved of the burden. So Nairne could write reassuringly to Menzies and other anxious inquirers, "No Jesuit goes with the king."

In this year of hope and doubt a very important person arrived in Paris ; one who, in spite of his family history and his own public record, was always looked upon by the Jacobites as a possible adherent—John, Duke of Argyll. "It is to be imagined what a pother the court kept about him." Newcastle (Galmoy) reported from St. Germain's ; "as they do now about the least fellow that comes out of England, provided he be a Protestant or a Parliament man." He stayed a night at Versailles, but was closeted no more than half-an-hour with Louis XIV. He had "two marshals of France and a captain of the guard attending him wherever he went—Villeroy, Callard, and the Duc de Noailles, a crowd of other courtiers following him as if they would carry him on their shoulders."[3] Such attentions could not be disinterested. It must have been suspected that his sympathies were with the exiled king, and that therefore he would use his influence on behalf of France in the peace-making.

James's twenty-fourth birthday (June 10, O.S.) was kept that year with extraordinary rejoicings ; in Edinburgh with a perfect rapture of riot. There were bonfires on Arthur's Seat

[1] Mar's record did not point to confidence. His father had deserted Dundee by delivering Stirling Castle to the Dutch Government. In 1704 Mar was a Tory ; then, previous to the Union, a Whig ; a Secretary of State when the Tories came in in 1710. A man of charming manners, whose "acute mind was shrouded in dissimulation" (Chambers); of great personal courage, but knowing nothing of war.

[2] Carte MSS., April 3.

[3] *Ibid.*, 211.

and the Calton Hill; another on Mr. Sempil's land. A field of whins and broom was set on fire and burned till next morning. Houses were illuminated, and ships at Leith dressed themselves with flags and streamers and fired *feux de joie*. Among them were two English men-of-war, the *Hind* and the *Chatham*. At the end of Leith pier, a royal standard was erected, bearing above crown, thistle, and St. Andrew's cross, "God save King James the VIII.," and below, "No Abjuration." The Bailie of Leith had it hauled down and the names of the ships taken. People were compelled to fall on their knees and drink to King James VIII. Crowds went to Holyrood singing, "The king shall enjoy his own again," and attempted to drink his health at his own palace, but were stopped by the Abbey guards. "Jacobitism is more barefaced here than ever, and with these two years there are thousands more Jacobites in Scotland," writes a correspondent. Yet later in the year (December 11), Lord Strafford assured the Electress that not one of a thousand in the whole island was Jacobite. The majority were Jacobite only in sympathy; very sorry they could not have King James, but they really dared not. They hated Hanover, but they must have a Protestant; yet would stick to the old blood as far as they could.

The Duke of Hamilton declared that James was kept as much in the dark as to his own affairs as his adherents were in England. On June 10 he wrote a carefully ciphered letter to Middleton, excusing himself for long silence on plea of the difficulty of trusting a corrupt government. The present situation, he said, was more hopeful than outsiders knew.

In July, after the prorogation of Parliament, Henry St. John was created Viscount Bolingbroke. "I always thought thou wouldst be hanged, Harry," his father said. "Now I see thou wilt be beheaded." But Bolingbroke kept his head on his shoulders while nobler heads fell. He was greatly angered that his peerage should be inferior to Harley's, having hoped that the recently extinct earldom of Bolingbroke might be revived in his favour. On August 20 he arrived in Paris to put finishing touches to the peace. He took Prior and Gauthier with him. He held no personal conversation with King James, but Gauthier met Berwick, and probably James too. Gauthier carried little comfort to them. Have patience, he said, until the peace be quite concluded. The least hint of Anne's good-

will towards her brother would set the Whigs crying against the Court, and destroy both peace and government. Neither could they be sure of the army until after the peace, when Ormond could carry into effect the many necessary reforms.

On August 18 James withdrew to L'Ivry, a few miles from Paris; near enough to visit his mother at Chaillot. She was suffering from gout, and he had been ailing and bled in the foot, so they met, both lame and leaning upon sticks, to their amusement. The nuns asked him to dine, as Charles II. had dined there before setting off for England. "That journey will not be yet," he answered.

Great interest was excited when across the Opera House (August 26), Anne's ambassador and her heir-expectant confronted each other. James, interesting in his deep mourning and pallid from his illness, looked "almost as handsome as ever." Nairne says his face was not spoiled by smallpox; that he looked manlier since his illness, and was really healthier than before. Really, he had lost his youthful roses, and his dark thin face was left swarthy. Bolingbroke declared that this was all he saw of James at that time.[1]

On September 6 James, very sad but resigned, bade his mother good-bye. Reluctant to quit French territory until peace was signed, he went no further than to Châlons-sur-Marne, in preference to Rheims which had been suggested. The change from St. Germain's again did him good. Lord Galway, whom Berwick defeated at Almanza, saw him at Châlons looking well, even getting fat, but "thoughtful"; as fond of exercise as his father had been, walking round the ramparts every day.

There was no rest for the sole of his foot at Châlons. The English Government insisted upon the removal of the too interesting royal exile to a much greater distance, else the peace could not be signed. But Anne by no means intended that her brother should be out of sight and out of mind, and when the Duke of Lorraine offered asylum in his territory, the offer was accepted—more or less reluctantly by England and France, and by the exiled prince, who, by the gentle dignity with which he received the hard measure of fate, showed himself something far better than a poor plaything of political winds.

In his sadness he found comfort in St. Augustine. On All Saints' Day he copied out in the Latin and sent to his mother a

[1] Swift's Works, xvi. 297; Dangeau's *Journal*.

passage which had touched him deeply, from the Exposition of Psalm cii. for feasts of martyrs.

"Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children, even so hath the Lord had mercy on them that fear Him! Let Him be as angry as He will, He is our Father. But He hath scourged us, and afflicted us and bruised us: He is our Father. Son, if thou bewailest, wail beneath thy Father; do not so with indignation, do not so with puffing up of pride. What thou sufferest, whence thou mournest, it is thy medicine, not punishment; it is thy chastening, not thy condemnation. Do not refuse the scourge, if thou dost not wish to be refused thy heritage; do not think of what punishment thou sufferest in the scourge, but what place thou hast in the Testament." [1]

He added a meditation of his own in French :—

"It is enough for a truly Christian soul, in accepting the part of mortification and suffering, to confess itself guilty of many sins, and therefore unworthy of earthly happiness; to own that, deeply indebted as we are to God's justice, it is by great kindness that He is willing to accept so little. It is enough to remember that we are members of the Man of Sorrows, and as such, it is right that we should follow in the way He first walked Himself. Finally, it is enough to reflect that, having received everything from God and being able to say like David, 'What shall I return to the Lord for all the benefits He hath done to me?' we cannot do less for Him than say, 'Yes, my God, I receive it from your adorable hand.' Give me as much as you please and how you please. Cut, burn here below to save me eternally. Deliver me from sin and I shall fear neither death nor hell; still less the sufferings of this life, by which I shall share in the Cup of my Saviour upon earth, and after which, I hope to sing His mercies eternally in Heaven. Amen." [2]

In November, Marlborough left England for Ostend, self-exiled. It was said that a hint from Oxford that he held the great traitor's life in his hands was the cause of his leaving the country where he now stood solitary and powerless: which might show that Oxford's own house was made less of glass than the Jacobites would admire.

In that same November a great tragedy darkened the political

[1] Oxford Translation. (A.V., Psalm ciii.)
[2] Carte MSS. Copy made by command of the queen, November 9, 1712.

prospect. Peace being all but signed, the Duke of Hamilton was appointed ambassador to France, superseding Matt Prior, who had acted as *chargé d'affaires*. He was on the point of setting out for Paris with an unusually splendid equipage, when, upon a family dispute, he was slain in a duel with Lord Mohun in Hyde Park, November 15.

Whether this was really the blow to James's cause which it seemed must for ever remain doubtful. Lockhart of Carnwath records certain measures arranged between him and Hamilton, which closely resemble the plot of Colonel Henry Esmond. A young gentleman was to come from Scotland to Paris, and apparently James was to return disguised as that young gentleman, with Hamilton to London. Here Anne would recognise him as her heir. This much may be read between the lines of Lockhart's mysterious passage.[1] The sword of Mohun or Macartney spoiled the plot. A real blow was the impending loss to James of the shrewd and faithful Middleton. As Prime Minister, the Scots were always opposed to him; for nothing but the eternal reason that every single Jacobite believed he knew better how to manage the king's affairs than king or minister. They now accused Middleton of favouring the Union — a charge indignantly denied by Nairne. The English and Irish hated him for being a Scot. His religion was his real disqualification under present circumstances. Sheldon, the king's ex-governor, too, had quarrelled with him; protesting angrily that the king had held no council for long, and that anybody who recommended such a thing would be sent packing; that his Majesty thought himself a great deal fitter to govern his governor than to be governed by him. A typical complaint! The ex-governor hated losing power; though had his ex-pupil at his present age been unable to act for himself, he must have been the most helpless of puppets. Lord Newcastle (Galmoy), being an Irishman, was another of those who blamed the king's "ill-advisers" for the unwillingness of the English to venture further than drinking and cheering for him.

James, in deep regret, informed Middleton of the intrigues on foot against him, the only wise counsellor he had. He blamed the Irish or the Whigs. The last had gone so far in their eagerness to discredit the too wise Middleton as to pretend

[1] Lockhart, vol. i. pp. 408–411.

to have corresponded with him. Happily, they had not a scrap of correspondence to show.

The king was in great distress—in which the queen professed to share, though her letter condoling with Middleton (January 28, 1713) suggests something of offended self-importance. She was very ill at this time: another anxiety for the king, whose gaiety was from this time for ever quenched. The melancholy of his grandfather, Charles I., overshadowed him for the rest of his life. His mother still insisted upon acting like a regent, and so served to make the confusion of Jacobite politics worse confounded. She was not so dead, she said, as not to feel the usage she and the king met with; but she was grown old and insignificant, and useless to her friends! "You were charmed with the king's being a good son," she adds. "What do you think then I must be that am the poor old doating mother of him? I do assure you his kindness is all my support under God. I am also charmed with him being a good master and a true friend." She hoped, later, that when things had cooled, and people saw the king did not cool to Middleton, they would press him no more about it.

The Duke of Shrewsbury was appointed English ambassador in Hamilton's stead. He was Lady Middleton's nephew; son of the wicked countess who stood by to see Buckingham kill her husband. Something for the king's interest was therefore expected from this appointment. But Shrewsbury held aloof from Jacobite society, and the Whigs complained that he was slighted in favour of Prior, his underling.[1] The ladies at Marly all declared against him; they found him so incredibly disagreeable for an Englishman. His embassy lasted only a few months; its chief result was that his wife put the stiff high head-dresses out of fashion.

In February Berwick came to Paris, his command transferred to Villars. He had now grateful leisure for devoting his energies to the development of his beloved new property of Fitzjames, and to his royal brother's service.

There was much coming and going. Five persons came over from England to hold secret conference with James and Middleton. They were received with great distinction, but the spies failed to discover their identity. One was perhaps Lord

[1] Robethon said Shrewsbury was only a figurehead; Prior did all the business at the embassy. Hanover Papers, Macpherson.

Peterborough. The Duchess of Marlborough declares she had the best of evidence to prove he had conferred at this time with the "Prince of Wales" and Middleton, disguised as Mr. Smith.

James waited at Châlons for the imperial and other safe-conducts, which were not forthcoming up to the middle of February. Then the impatience of England and the Utrecht plenipotentiaries could wait no longer. The Emperor and the electors of Brandenburg and Hanover delayed their needful assent and passports by making hard conditions, but Queen Anne sent privately a safe-conduct that was tantamount to a passport, and on February 21, 1713, James left Châlons—presumably for Lorraine.[1]

On the 18th he wrote a touching letter of farewell to the King of France.

"SIRE,—What words can I find to express my gratitude to your Majesty before leaving an asylum which you have been good enough to grant to me almost since I came into the world, and which you allow me to leave, only that I may procure one more convenient in the present situation of your affairs and my own. Words fail me to express how my heart is penetrated by the memory of your Majesty's benefits and past kindness, to which the care you are good enough to take for me and all that concerns me adds the finishing touch, and reassures in my present position the confidence I must have in a generosity unparalleled in its duration, in a wisdom accustomed to accomplish its largest designs, and in never-wearying kindness to myself and my family.

"It is with all the urgency possible that I beg of your Majesty its continuance for myself and the queen my mother, the only one left to me of all who were most dear; who deserves so much from me as the best of all mothers; who yields nothing to me in the sentiments of gratitude which I have for your Majesty, and who instilled them into me from my tenderest years.

[1] On March 23 they were still writing of difficulties about the king's passport, and M. Beauvais de Craon sent him a barrel of oysters and four bottles of tokay, apologising for the small quantity of tokay, on the plea that H.R.H. of Lorraine wanted to keep the little he had for the Chevalier's *séjour*, promising him they would not drink it until he came.

"While I assure your Majesty of my most ardent prayers for your happiness and prosperity, it only remains to me to beg your Majesty to believe that you will always find in me the respect, the attachment, and if I dare say it, the tenderness of a son; a will ever ready not only to follow but to anticipate yours in all things during the time of my exile; and, if I should find myself restored to my kingdom, a faithful ally who will make it his pride and his happiness to support the just designs of a king who does honour to royalty."[1]

He was at least sent off with a handsome outfit, from the best tailor in Paris, says Newcastle, who did his shopping in the capital. Hitherto his Majesty had had to employ the worst. He took as small a suite as possible, mostly Protestant. Middleton accompanied him. Villars wrote affectionately to bid him God-speed, and told him how he had been praising and recommending him to the Shrewsburys.

It was reported in England that he was going to his cousin the Duke of Savoy's country, but his friends thought that too far. There were fears of a Low Church reaction. Schutz, the Hanoverian envoy, was pressing for the Prince of Hanover to be invited over; in that case James should if possible be on the spot "to take care of his effects." Though he had little money, his adversaries had hardly any more, says Schutz. He was really penniless.[2] Two bills of 16,000 francs each, unexpectedly paid, enabled the queen to send him supplies in November.[3]

James went first to Lunéville, where the Duke and Duchess of Lorraine were then staying. The duchess was the Duke of Orleans' sister. He was received with the greatest kindness.

He was just in time for the Carnival dances to brighten the first dreary days of exile, whose dreariness was aggravated, as usual, by miserable weather. He joined in the Carnival

[1] Madame de Maintenon said of this letter that it combined the elegance of an academician with the tenderness of a son and the dignity of a king.

[2] Robert Chambers in his *History of the Rebellion of* 1715 says he possessed at this time above twelve millions sterling, part of which was a pension of about £50,000 allowed by Britain to his mother—a curious mistake. He certainly had a good deal from France and Spain which went in pensions, salaries, and was expended in arms and ammunition, but Chambers most hugely over-estimates his resources.

[3] Chaillot Papers.

with all the ardour of old Marly days, and made himself popular at once. Melancholy as circumstances had made him, he was always ready to be gay when opportunity arose. The *Journal de Verdun* did not find him melancholy, but so gentle and affable as to gain instant respect from every one. Then he went on to Bar, and took up his abode for a week in the Rue de Tanneurs, now 22 Rue Nève, while the castle was being made ready.

Bar [1] was then a small isolated town, surrounded by forests, and approached by wretched roads. The forests were full of game, but also so full of brigands that they had to be lined with guards whenever the king went and came from Bar. The castle hill rises steeply from the valley of the foaming Ornain and the green undulating country, girdled by soft vine-clad mountains. The castle dated from Childeric I. Francis Duke of Guise was born there, to write "Calais" upon the heart of Mary Tudor. The bride-Dauphiness Mary Stuart had illumined its dark halls with her beauty. It was a picturesque old town of ancient streets, churches, and monasteries, with eleven turreted gates. The most elaborate precautions were taken for James's safety: all strangers questioned and the gates walled up.

Besides the small court he brought, the usual horde of high-born beggars followed him. All these were thrown upon the generous and ungrudging hospitality of that wise and popular ruler, Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, who in his sixteen years of restored rule had done so much for the prosperity of his duchy. James had no means at all.

There was good society at Bar, very kindly disposed towards the exile. Its leader was the Marquis de Bassompierre, who later, in 1733, married Molly (Louisa Mary) Oglethorpe, sister of Harley's friend; one of the four daughters of Sir Theophilus. Can this have been the Miss Oglethorpe of Bar and *Esmond?* There is, however, no mention to be found (save in *Esmond!*) of any Miss Oglethorpe being at Bar while James lived there.[2]

[1] For the account of Bar I am chiefly indebted to the researches of Mr. Henry W. Wolff, who kindly allowed me to use for the purpose his own paper published in his book, *Odd Bits of History: the Pretender at Bar-le-Duc.* 1894.

[2] Of course, it is quite possible that, though never mentioned in the voluminous correspondence, one or other member of such a busily intriguing family may have visited the Court, though we know that Anne Oglethorpe was in London, Harley's mistress, until 1714 at least. Fanny of the Windham letter had recently come from England, but lived in Paris with Eleanor, Marquise de Mézières.

He made friends with Barrois society; dined with them, and gave them dinners. In April he visited the Bishop of Toul, who was much pleased with him.

There was the best of hunting in the neighbourhood, and he hunted every day that weather permitted; healthier occupation than the eternal correspondence. On one occasion after a long ride he found himself benighted at Ligny, beyond Lorraine territory. The gates were closed for the night, and as the mayor refused to open them to so formidable-looking a host as the royal hunting train, he was obliged to ride on to the neighbouring village of Velaine for the night. Like his royal uncle, James was fond of his dogs, and had left one superannuated old friend, Follet, with great regret in his mother's care. His other pet, Missy, was sent to him at Bar.

Immense pressure was now put upon him, at this turning-point of his life, to induce him to change his religion. His recent tolerant measures encouraged Protestants to hope. The worthy Non-juror, Lesley, was sent to Bar to set again before the king the advantages temporal and spiritual of conforming to the religion by law established. Lesley was kindly and respectfully received; was even appointed resident chaplain to the Protestants of the household; but though James listened, he was not won. Lesley wrote a description of James and his religious views to a member of parliament for publication. It was circulated among his party as a prelude to the rising of 1715.

"He [James] is tall, strait, and clean-limbed, slender, yet his bones pretty large; he has a very graceful mien, walks fast . . . always chearful but seldom merry, thoughtful but not dejected, and bears his misfortunes with a magnanimity of spirit. . . . There is no sort of bigotry about him. He has a great application to business, spends much time in his closet, writes much, which no man does better and more succintly. I have often admired his criticalness in the choice of words. He apprehends readily and gives the direct answer.

"He is very affable, and has something strangely engaging in his voice and deportment, that none who ever conversed with him but are charmed with his good sense and sweetness of temper. . . . I never saw a man so scrupulously nice lest

his meaning should be mistaken, and more expected than he intends.

". . . He has informed himself of past miscarriages, and knows well the difference between a king and a missionary. . . . I was sent for to officiate to the Protestants in the family. I was very graciously received upon my arrival, and the Chevalier admitted me even to freedom with him, which still continues and increases. I would not have said so much were it not to . . . expose the vile clamours of his enemies, that he has no regard to Protestants. . . . He has given all demonstrations possible to the contrary, except parting with his conscience and honour, which some would have him do, that they might object it against him as unworthy to reign for so doing; but he will not gratify them in this. . . . He will press no man's conscience, and he may reasonably expect that his own should not be pressed."

From first to last James spoke with no uncertain sound. To appreciate his action, however it may be lamented by some, it must be remembered that he had learnt in twenty-five years of exile, crowded with loyal effort as well as with self-seeking and treason, how widely spread and determined was the hostility of Protestant England towards his religion; how it alone stood in his way, a stumbling-block and rock of offence to the traditional loyalty of British hearts, longing for an English prince to welcome home, tender with pity for the young man of whom nothing was known but what was good, who was wholly innocent of having deserved by any wrong of his to see his inheritance pass from him and his for ever. He was not an old man, weary of the world, sated with power and delight, but a young man who loved what was pleasant, and who eagerly desired to recover the position to which he was born; who knew what privation and exile meant; whose life had been a series of sorrows and disappointments, of poverty and dependence, from which he might well be impatient to escape, even at great cost.

On April 11 (O.S. March 31) the Peace of Utrecht was signed. England accepted Philip of Anjou as King of Spain, though she had fought for twelve years to oust him. Louis XIV. accepted the Protestant Succession in Great Britain, and officially abandoned the cause of the Stuarts. The Jacobites recognised that this engagement was compulsory, and took for

granted that Louis would get out of it as soon as he dared. Small wonder that the Whigs raged and raved—

"Oh! the wretched peace-makers,
Bob, Harry, Arthur, Matt,[1]
Who've lost our trade
Our friends betray'd
And all to serve a chambermayd.[2]

Oh! the wretched damnèd sham peace
That must our rents and stocks decrease,
Must starve our poor
And open the door
To let in [a Papist of doubtful birth].

Marlborough the great
Our foes did defeat,
May they still by him be bang'd;
May the Skip[3] be stript
And the drawer[4] whipt,
But Bob and Harry hanged

The religious difficulty remained by far the most obstructive. In April the Abbé Butler informed Netterville, one of the busy English correspondents, that James was a Quietist. Netterville only hoped it might be believed, whatever it meant, for anything would go down better than a Roman Catholic!

Next, reports were industriously circulated that he had become a Protestant. No idea could have been more alarming to the Whigs. "Abandoning religion for interest he has taken only Protestants to Bar," Robethon, the Hanoverian Foreign Minister, scornfully writes to Bothmar, March 13.[6] The Jesuits, too, may have been alarmed at recent proceedings, for their old pupil, Plunket, suggested to Sir William Ellis that the Duke of Savoy should be encouraged to send his son to take Hamilton's place as another Pretender, and further divide the party. Ellis declined to consider such a dangerous expedient, so injurious to the king's right. Robethon, more concerned for his master's interests than for abstract Protestantism, urged Baron de Grote in London to sound Halifax and other friends as to getting James and his posterity

[1] Oxford, Bolingbroke, Arthur Moor (a private M.P.), and Prior.
[2] Lady Masham. [3] Moor. [4] Prior.
[5] A Satyr. *Harleian Miscellany*, iii. 308. [6] Hanover Papers, Macpherson.

excluded even should he turn Protestant.[1] In his fright, Robethon discovered that they had known all along that Oxford was "devoted irrecoverably to the Pretender."[2] But in February Polignac received a cardinal's hat on James's nomination, as acknowledgment of services at Utrecht, and Robethon cheered up. That did not look like Protestantism.

But the Whigs were terribly anxious, and debated whether he should not be forced to retire to Rome at once; so Lord Lansdowne told Mr. Carte. "Why to Rome?" asked Lord Peterborough. "Would they make him more papish than he was?" Lord Sunderland cried out, "Yes, by God, will we!" The Duke of Devonshire, averse from settling the crown on Hanover, pressed the finding of an Englishman for it, and maintained it was more eligible to set it on Long Tom's head (so they called the Earl of Pembroke).[3] So Carte tells the story.

Oxford University was not alone in sympathy. There was excitement over the oration of the Terræ Filius at Cambridge, wherein certain questions were asked: 1st. Whether the Israelites who worshipped the Golden Calf *de facto*, recovering from their blindness, were not obliged to worship the true God *de jure?* 2nd. Whether the moon, interposing between the sun and eclipsing it, he is to be esteemed to abdicate his light, and which suffers most from the want of it, the earth or the sun? 3rd. Whether oaths are more obliging now than they were twenty-five years ago?

In May, James went again to Lunéville to stay with the Lorraines in their splendid palace. They were very fond of him. He forwarded a protest to Utrecht against all that had passed there to his prejudice. In June he spent some days

[1] British Museum MSS. Stowe, 227.

[2] *Ibid.* In October 1713 Cadogan represented to Schutz the indispensable necessity of the elector's giving six or seven thousand pounds sterling to secure six or seven lords who were paid by the Court, whose confidence in their constancy was based upon their poverty. Macpherson, Hanover Papers, ii. 510.

[3] The oath of allegiance to James ran as follows: (June 10, 1713) "You do swear by the Holy Gospels and by the contents of this book that you do bear true faith and allegiance to our Sovereign Lord, King James the Third, and you shall know nothing that may be prejudicial either to His Majesty's person, state, or Government, but that you shall give notice of it with all speed that in you lies, either to His Majesty or to one of His Majesty's most honourable Privy Councillors, and that you shall faithfully serve His Majesty in the office of . So help you God." Carte MSS. 108 and 360. As religion was James's weakest point, his birth was his strongest. Hence, it seems, that the question of the illegitimacy of the whole House of Stuart was raised by the Whigs, hopeless of further exploitation of the warming-pan legend, for in 1713 Lord Cromarty reprinted his *Vindication of Robert III. and all his Descendants from the Imputation of Bastardy.*

with the Prince de Vaudemont at Commercy. Bar did not suit him—the air was "too sharp," and in August he went again to Commercy, where he was visited by the Marshal de Mantignon, who had sailed with him to Scotland in 1708. He fell ill, and went on to Plombières for the waters. He had no money to take him there, and the queen was obliged to raise it upon her pension from the French Government. In September he was ill again, and wanted to go to try the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, but went again to Plombières. He really needed to live in a warmer climate, and Spain and Venice were proposed. He went to look at St. Mihiel, where Margaret of Anjou had lived with her own exiled Prince of Wales, but the Benedictine Abbey seemed the only available residence, and that was an eminently undesirable address. So he returned to his first and warmer quarters at Bar in the Rue des Tanneurs.

Queen Anne was bound to protest officially against the harbourage of "the Pretender" in Lorraine. The duke replied officially from Lunéville, November 26, 1713.

He declared himself not more surprised at the address of the British Parliament than he had been at the remonstrances of the British minister at Utrecht. He understood the Chevalier's sojourn in Lorraine to have been agreeable to all and for the peace of Europe. He could not have refrained from opening his arms to receive a prince, the most accomplished, virtuous, and amiable of the human race; who only wanted to be seen to be admired, and known to be almost adored; whose magnanimity in his sufferings alone rendered him worthy of his high birth, of the royal blood that flowed in his veins. Therefore the Duke hoped Anne would not take it in ill part that he could not comply with a demand so inconsistent with honour and the laws of hospitality. His promise of protection once given, he could not abandon to the rage of his enemies an innocent and depressed prince who knew no crime but that of being born the last heir male of that illustrious family to which her Majesty herself belonged.

One result of the peace was the return of Middleton's sons to France. They arrived in June 1713, and after making their bow to the Duke of Shrewsbury, by Queen Anne's leave passed on to kiss Queen Mary's hands at Chaillot. In December James made Lord Clermont a gentleman of his bedchamber at Bar. On December 24 Middleton resigned his seals of

office, and Sir Thomas Higgons,[1] a Protestant, was appointed in his place; "a strang creature," the Duchess of Marlborough at Ostend writes to Mr. Jennings, "that's called a Protestant . . . to show what a love he (James) has to Protestants, though he would rather lose three crowns than be one himself." Nairne, who had been under-secretary under Melfort, Caryll, and Middleton, now became secretary of the closet. Roman correspondence had been his separate province. Middleton returned to the service of the queen at St. Germain's.

[1] Second son of Sir Thomas Higgons, a cavalier, by his second wife, a daughter of Sir Bevil Grenville. With his two brothers, George and Bevil, he was suspected of complicity in the Assassination Plot, 1696, and imprisoned for a short time. James knighted him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE

"Wha the de'il hae we got for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie!
An' when we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yairdie:
Sheughing kail and laying leeks,
Without the hose and but the breeks;
And up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie!"

THE world of political intrigue was now resolved into a crowd of breathless watchers round a dying queen. Every sense was strained, every nerve quivered at the slightest whisper. For the whole of those seven first months of 1714 Schutz, the Hanoverian minister, kept moving heaven and earth to summon the electoral prince to take his seat as Duke of Cambridge in the House of Lords.[1] To the last poor, dying, irresolute Anne held out against any bringing into England of her brother's supplanter. "I never saw the queen so moved," said Oxford after one of those fruitless appeals which always made the queen so ill. But, for the encouragement of the Whigs, reports were constantly set on foot that George was coming—even had landed in England.

It was of the utmost importance that James should be first of the competitors on the spot; whether to respond to the call of his country at the moment of the queen's death, or to seize the crown before the Hanoverian had time to touch it. He lived all this time in daily expectation of starting for England. Recruits for his service kept passing by Dover to France in spite of the Treaty of Utrecht. In February he wrote from Nancy to thank his Scottish subjects for their loyalty, expressing the pain he too had suffered from repeated delays, and assuring them that his purpose of putting himself at their

[1] The elector professed himself averse from his son's journey to England, lest his "*humeur brusque et fort emportée*" should make him odious to the English. Letter from Schutz.

head remained unchanged. At the same time he asked the Duke of Lorraine to support his application to the Court of Rome for pecuniary assistance towards an expedition.

Gauthier, who had been staying with Berwick, returned to England charged with instructions, and leaving behind him many promises. It still seemed to Berwick a simple matter that James should succeed his sister, seeing how anxiously she desired it, and how her ministers professed to desire it too. His own counsels were soldierly, direct, and comparatively consistent. A very Bayard, he seems to stand out in comparison with the horde of traitors and self-interested plotters who surrounded the queen at Kensington and the king at Bar. Wearied of Oxford's tergiversations, he was now for a bold *coup d'état:* the sudden presentation of the king by his sister to the Parliament (as indicated, perhaps, in the Lockhart-Hamilton scheme)—the result to be left to natural affection and national justice.

Time slipped by. Nothing was heard from Oxford. Berwick complained to De Torcy, who thought it odd. He then wrote to Oxford, pointing out that as Anne might die any day, something ought to be settled. Oxford replied that if Anne should die, it would be all over with the government as well as with King James. James must turn Protestant. "Truly all this looks ill," Berwick wrote to his son, later Duke of Fitzjames; "for after two or three years' negotiation to propose at last an impossible thing is what we call a *querelle d'Allemand.*" So Berwick, unwilling to believe in perfidy, gave Oxford up and turned to Ormond and his friends; urging them to bestir themselves and provide, if only out of self-interest, against the imminent catastrophe of the queen's death.

James Butler, second Duke of Ormond, was admired by Prince Eugène as the very finest cavalier England had ever bred. By far the most popular man in England, he was adored in private life by family, friends, and dependants alike. He lived in great splendour at Richmond, yet with strict economy.[1] "He was so noble in all his deportments," writes a pamphleteer mourning his conversion to Jacobitism; "so humble and charitable, that every indigent person was

[1] He had also a house in Ormond Street, where James was reported to have been seen in 1715.

happy in knowing him." Brave as he was good and generous, of a very splendid presence, his influence on the army he commanded and on the people who crowded round his coach and his gates, was enormous. Yet was he a broken reed.

It was just at this juncture that James was deprived for some months of his brother's immediate services. Berwick was ordered first to the Rhine, where the implacable Eugène still waged war ; then sent to Madrid in May with condolences on the death of the young queen, Marie Louise of Savoy. He remained in Spain to command in Catalonia until the end of October.

On February 15 (O.S. February 4) a spy obtained access to the Court at Bar, where he remained over a month, gathering all manner of information, which he sent on to the Electress Sophia. As his letter in the British Museum [1] is a French translation of the original, and bears no signature, he was presumably an Englishman or a Scot. His evidence tells altogether in James's favour. He describes him as "very thin, tall, dark-complexioned : his temper and his person not disagreeable. He leads a very regular life, and hunts whenever the weather permits. I have not discovered in him any inclination whatever to any sort of debauchery [no Miss Oglethorpe !]. He is firm in the Roman religion, and hears mass every day with great devotion ; but he seems lacking in judgment and resolution. His suite numbers about forty, some of whom were in the Assassination Plot [Higgons ?] and are proud of it. The Duke of Lorraine has the greatest respect in the world for him. Many English come from Paris to Bar on the pretext of seeing Champagne. . . . They are having arms made at Nancy for twenty thousand men."

This spy so gained the confidence of the Court by little presents and dinners, that he was employed to write commissions for Scotland, and told off as a fit person to accompany "the Pretender" to Scotland, whither he was going presently, and not to Venice or Switzerland, as was given out. Most of the royal silver plate had already been sent back to St. Germain's. Brigadier Nugent, of the French service, visiting the Court at Bar, expected the command, but he got so drunk the night before his departure that James himself went to turn him out of bed the next day at noon,

[1] Add. MSS. 9128. British Museum.

and sent him back to his post at Strasburg. Many wild stories were told and duly reported ; that the English army were all for "the Pretender," who had corrupted the officers ; that the Tower of London was to be seized on the moment of "the Pretender's" landing ; at which moment Mr. Lesley was to declare him to be a good Protestant ; of his grief over Queen Anne's illness and joy at her recovery, and his exclamation, "If the princess dies, I am lost ;" of the Quaker who came to Bar in January and assured James that the English Quakers were solid for him—a useful crew!

High Churchmen, sceptics, even Catholics, kept entreating James to abjure, or at least to dissemble. It was the Protestants, not the Jesuits, who were all for dissimulation. Failing to persuade, they tried to take comfort in rumours that he had abjured. "By the grace of God," he wrote to his anxious mother, "you will sooner see me dead than out of the Church." Sir William Ellis, Protestant as he was, declared he would not have him teased any more about his religion. Why did the Tories want him, James asked simply, if they expected those things from him which his religion would not allow? He took up his pen, March 13 (1714), to say his final word on the subject. The letter, entitled, "To a Person in England," unnamed, was printed for general circulation.

"I would very much have wished not to have been obliged, at this time, to enter upon so nice a subject as that of religion ; but your two last letters are so pressing and positive that it would be an unpardonable dissimulation in me should I not answer your letters with the same sincerity you write them.

". . . I neither want counsel nor advice to remain unalterable in my fixed resolution of never dissembling my religion, but rather to abandon all than act against my conscience and honour, cost what it will. These are my sentiments ; and had I others, or should I act contrary to those I have, where is the man of honour that would trust me? and how could ever my subjects depend upon me, or be happy under me, if I should make use of such a notorious hypocrisy to get myself amongst them? I know their generous character could not but detect both the crime itself and him that should be guilty of it. And would they but give themselves time seriously to consider, I am persuaded they would not make my religion the only obstacle

to my restoration; it being itself the greatest security for their liberties, property, and religion, by putting it out of my power ever to invade them, should I intend it; which is so far from my thoughts that, on the contrary, I am most willing and ready to grant all the reasonable security that can be demanded of me in relation to all these points, all my desire being to make them a flourishing and happy people.

". . . My present sincerity, at a time when it may cost me so dear, ought to be a sufficient earnest to them of my religious observance of whatever I promise them; for I can say with truth that I heartily abhor all dissimulation and double-dealing, and I love my subjects even now too well not to wish, as much for their sakes as my own, that they would at least open their eyes to see their true interest, and timely provide for their future peace and quiet."

"What shall become of me I know not as yet," he wrote to Gualterio (April 15); "but I assure you I'll rather lose a thousand kingdoms than change my religion."

Nevertheless, it seemed improbable that the English James, bigoted papist though he seemed in Protestant eyes, should be set aside finally for an unknown German prince. "It is impossible for me to believe," writes the Duchess of Marlborough, March 26, "that the queen and ministers design the House of Hanover should succeed to the crown, while they persecute all that are in that interest [the Marlboroughs], and put into power those that are declared or known friends to the Prince of Wales." Marlborough, at Antwerp, wrote to Robethon, November 30, 1713, complaining of the ministry's intention of bringing in the Pretender.[1] Lord Stanhope was urged to go to Bar-le-duc by a French official, who "wondered that anybody could think the Person that lives there was not intended to bee our king," writes the Duchess.

Stair wrote to Marlborough in his Memorial: "The last year of the queen's reign, after the choosing of a new Parliament, the Pretender's title was publicly asserted, many books printed in defence of it, and very openly owned in conversation. The Protestant succession was, in all the pamphlets and daily papers writ by authority, vilified and contemned."

There was therefore the less need to regret Berwick's

[1] Marlborough and Bolingbroke had been keeping up an interrupted correspondence (August 1714). Macpherson.

departure on active service, though a foreboding of new loss already chilled James's heart. The marshal said later that he had been privately informed by Louis XIV. that after the death of Anne he would not be allowed to take troops to Scotland. His counsel, nevertheless, was heartily at James's service.

The most urgent step he recommended was that James should marry at once, and marry well. His prospects being so good, the Archduchess Mary Amelia, younger daughter of the late Emperor Joseph, and niece of the as yet childless Emperor Charles VI., was proposed for. This would be a fairly popular marriage in England, the empire having been England's ally in the recent war, the Emperor her own candidate for the Spanish crown. James objected that the archduchess, born 1701, was only twelve years old. He would prefer the Emperor's younger sister, the Archduchess Mary Magdalen, who was just a year younger than himself, and had been proposed as a bride in 1710. The Duke of Lorraine kindly sent an envoy—De Sermoise—to Vienna to arrange matters, but that Court moved slowly. The Prince of Trantson reported that the Emperor thought the times too "perplexing," though De Sermoise was assured that at heart Charles desired the alliance strongly; especially if the Chevalier should be restored to his kingdoms, as they did not doubt would happen very shortly.

In March the Duke of Lorraine wrote to his envoy that his Majesty wanted portraits of the four unmarried archduchesses, two sisters and two nieces, or at least descriptions with regard to temper, mind, and education. James now preferred the Emperor's elder niece, Mary Josepha. But Mary Josepha was out of the question. She was heiress-presumptive to her uncle's possessions, and her husband must be such a prince as would be suited by birth and by independence of national ties to be elected emperor in succession to Charles, should Charles have no children.

The affair remained at a standstill, waiting upon the mood of England, where bitter division was widening between Oxford and Bolingbroke. But waverers were steadying. Breadalbane was reported a declared Jacobite. Ormond was "stronger than ever in the Prince of Wales's interests." An Englishman sent from Paris to the Electress an account of James favourable enough to alarm the mother of a very unprepossessing son. He described him as of a calm and just mind, straightforward,

capable of keeping his counsel and of governing his friends, understanding well the character and capacity of each, but utterly destitute of any capable adviser, as James himself was too well aware. He looked serious and sad, less from temperament than from circumstances—the finding himself surrounded only by young men, in whom he could not confide.[1] By way of antidote to such reports, all manner of libels were unscrupulously published. His courage at Oudenarde and Malplaquet being too well known in England, the stories were told of how at Dunkirk, in 1708, he had to be carried on board by force ; how at Oudenarde he had watched the fight from a distant steeple ; and so on. In all these libels it is remarkable that wine and women are wholly absent. A spy at Lunéville informed the Electress that the Scots expected the Pretender to arrive at the end of May, and urged the necessity of her grandson's immediate departure for England.

James grew very restless. In May he was ill, and went from Bar to Plombières, where he was expected to stay three weeks, then to go on and spend a fortnight at Lunéville. Spies, greedy for "copy," believed that rumours of the electoral prince's summons and consequent preparations for a long journey had come to disturb the course of his cure. He was certainly much excited over the movements of his rival, and pressed the necessity of being beforehand with him.

He left Plombières suddenly on June 2, after only ten or twelve days' stay, giving out that the waters did not suit him. He went to Lunéville, attended by Lords Newcastle and Tynemouth. The latter had arrived recently from France, and his presence gave rise to reports that Berwick was in the neighbourhood incognito ; but Berwick was far away in Spain. James remained at Lunéville until the 6th, when he returned to Bar, to stay there quietly until the end of the month, when he was due at Commercy.

The same spy who reported these movements to the Court of Hanover wrote from Lunéville on June 5 : "The Chevalier appears pensive ; indeed, that is pretty much his usual mood. Mr. Floyd, who went five days ago to (the Lorraine) Court, said to a mistress he has here that when he bade her farewell

[1] The Duke of Lorraine thought little of the Jacobites left at Bar when Middleton was gone. Higgons was reserved and domineering ; the others, young men who hated Middleton. Wolff.

this time it would probably be for the last time. Some journey is evidently being prepared."

This is the one possible mention of James having a mistress at this time. Yet the sin is probably in the spy's perplexed pronouns; or, eagerly on the look-out for scandal, he may have taken an innocent flirtation or friendship for an intrigue such as contemporary princes and others indulged in so extensively. At the same time, we have the story which Mr. Wolff unearthed at Bar, though that is admittedly a mere floating tradition of the place—the story of a vine-dresser's daughter, to visit whom James was wont to climb a long flight of narrow stone steps leading up to the present Rue de l'Horloge, above the Rue St. Jean, to a bower he had bigged for her on the brow of the hill at the public expense. The story may be true. James was but a man and a prince, and the ways of princes in those days—though no doubt we have changed all that—were often strait and secret, yet leading to destruction. Corroboration of the legend is somewhat arbitrarily conjectured from the local records of civic expenses: the repairing by the town of those dirty and tumbledown steps at the time when James was living near the bottom of them. Mr. Wolff finds additional confirmation in James's reference to Bar as his "Todis"—an evident misspelling of *taudis*, "a hole" or "hiding-place"—which he strangely or wilfully takes to be a mistake for Tomi, the place of Ovid's exile; "by a natural train of thought suggested by the *Ars Amatoria*."[1] As there is therefore no substantial evidence given for the amour, it is presumable, perhaps it is even common justice, to give James the benefit of the doubt, and to guess that the story rests on no surer bases than these: At Bar there lived an interesting young prince, and princely morals were easy; at Bar there is a long, secluded flight of steps, repaired during his sojourn, to a small secluded house. What more likely than that this has been a Rosamond's bower? And who should more picturesquely play the lover's part than the royal resident in the town?

That the lady at Lunéville could not be the Miss Oglethorpe of *Esmond* seems proved by the absence of name, for the Oglethorpes were well known in plotting society.

On May 28 the Electress Sophia died. This event faintly

[1] *Odd Bits of History: the Pretender at Bar-le-duc.*

brightened James's prospects, for her son, who took her place in the succession, was by one degree less attractive as a postulant English monarch. James went off with all the lighter heart to enjoy the brilliant hospitality of the Prince de Vaudemont[1] and his wife; "an amiable saint," he called her, who was very sweet to him, and talked to him of his mother and sister. He stayed at Commercy for a fortnight. The Duke and Duchess of Lorraine were there, and, owing to the opportune presence of a French army corps in the neighbourhood, there were sham fights and sieges in addition to the usual splendid entertainments.

Alas for his hopes of the British Parliament! On June 23 proclamations were issued against him by both houses. £5000 was put on his head—the price of Monmouth's. The Lords also petitioned Anne to press the Duke of Lorraine to turn James out of his dominions, and demanded that the treason laws should be put in force against the Non-jurors.

James was if anything the more anxious to be married. Impatient of De Sermoise's ineffectual diplomacy, he sent to Vienna his own well-trusted and now leisured Middleton to plead his cause, backed by the King of France as well as the Duke of Lorraine. Bothmar was curious as to what Middleton might be doing in Vienna, where he stayed more than a month. But it was all to no purpose. The Emperor recommended James to let the matter drop for the present. James, far from being crushed, appealed by Gualterio to the Imperial envoy at Rome, setting forth his qualifications as an excellent husband for the Archduchess Mary Josepha. He insisted upon the heiress. If he should regain his crown, he engaged to renounce all claim upon the Imperial succession; if he should fail, what more desirable consort could an emperor's heiress find?

He had so set his heart upon the Imperial alliance that, failing an archduchess, there seemed to him no other fish left in the sea. Yet that July there arrived in France two ladies, less nearly connected with the Emperor, destined to have direct concern in his domestic fortunes—perhaps arrived with the hope of sharing them at once. These were "Marysienka," the widow of John Sobieski, King of Poland, and her granddaughter, the handsome Princess Casimire. The queen was a Frenchwoman,

[1] He was an illegitimate son of Charles, Duke of Lorraine.

Marie de la Grange-Arquien, niece of the Duke de Bethune. Her son, James Sobieski, had been twice married. By his first wife, a Polish lady, he had one daughter—Casimire, now aged eighteen. By his second wife, Hedwige, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria-Neuburg, aunt of the Emperor Charles VI., sister of Charles II.'s Queen of Spain, and sister of the Duchess of Parma (whose daughter, Elizabeth Farnese, was presently chosen to be Queen of Spain), he had two daughters, Marie Caroline and Marie Clementina, the last exactly twelve years old at this date.[1] Marysienka so detested her second daughter-in-law that she had thwarted the election of Prince James to the throne of Poland, rather than see a crown on Hedwige's head. The Polish ladies went first to the waters of Bourbon, then settled down at the castle of Blois which belonged to the old Polish queen.

Now, on December 31 (1713), a certain M. de Châteaudoux had written to M. de Spebach at Versailles, asking him to find out if it were true that Mary of Modena had consented to the marriage of the king, her son, to "the eldest of our princesses," as the Abbé Butler had informed "the Prince and the Queen of Poland."[2] The Prince of Poland was James Sobieski, Casimire's father; the only existent Queen of Poland was her grandmother; Châteaudoux was the name of the equerry of Casimire's mother, Princess Hedwige Sobieska. There is, and perhaps was, much confusion among these postulant queens of England and their relationships to the Emperor and to the House of Neuburg.

James, hankering after archduchesses, seems to have been lukewarm in this matter. Berwick would not hear of the Polish marriage, and urged archduchesses. The rank of electoral royalty was not high at Versailles.[3] The Queen of Poland was a proud, ambitious woman. Casimire "took after" her, and may well have believed herself sufficiently royal to mate with an exiled monarch, while her immense fortune—she and her sisters were co-heiresses of the vast hoards of John Sobieski—would be of such high importance to impecunious majesty as to atone for the brevity of her royal descent. They had

[1] Born July 17, 1702.

[2] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 293.

[3] "I understand the difference between an hereditary and an elective queen," said Louis XIV. some years earlier when the Polish queen claimed the same reception in France as had been accorded to Mary of Modena.

just come from Rome, where the queen had "left her crown at the feet of the Pope," and was doubtless favoured in return for her devotion. They visited the waters of Plombières, according to the pseudonymous "Comtesse Dash." What more probable than that not only a cure, but a crown, was sought there?

On August 7 (O.S. July 27) Oxford resigned his staff of office; dismissed, says his secretary, Erasmus Lewis, because he neglected all business, was seldom to be understood, and when he did explain himself, the queen could not depend on the truth of what he said. He never came to her at the time appointed; and, to crown all, behaved towards her with bad manners and disrespect. Lady Masham says he used to come drunk into her presence. The Cabinet Council which ensued lasted till two in the morning, the queen in spite of her critical state of health being present. The violent agitation it caused affected her head. When it broke up, Buckingham clapped Ormond on the shoulder, saying, "My lord, you have twenty-four hours to do our business and make yourself master of the kingdom." The Duke of Shrewsbury, recalled from his short embassy, was made Treasurer. Bolingbroke became Prime Minister—perhaps for a few hours, Lord Rosebery thinks. Anxiety had hastened the end, and the queen was dying.

She sent for the Bishop of London, to whom she unburdened her soul of her desire regarding her brother. "Madam, I will obey your commands," said the Bishop. "I'll declare your mind, but it will cost me my head."[1] At half-past seven next morning, August 12 (O.S. August 1), the last Stuart princess passed away. "I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death was to her," Dr. Arbuthnot wrote to Swift.

In a sealed packet which she always carried about with her, sleeping with it under her pillow, and which was broken open after her death, they found proof of her efforts on behalf of her brother, Bolingbroke told d'Iberville, though the contents of the packet seem to have been kept secret, and it was destroyed in Council in Bothmar's presence. It was suspected that the feloniously burnt document was a will in favour of her brother.[2]

[1] Stuart Papers (Macpherson), ii. 528.

[2] Calendar Stuart Papers, i. 51.

Though Atterbury had offered to go in his lawn sleeves to proclaim King James, the Elector was proclaimed without the slightest difficulty ; somewhat to the surprise of his own minister,[1] as well as of the Jacobites. "Never was a better cause lost for want of spirit," said Atterbury. A temporary regency of twenty-five lords—which included Oxford but not Bolingbroke—was appointed, with Mr. Joseph Addison for secretary.[2] Marlborough received the news of Anne's death upon landing at Dover, and was much scandalised at the rejoicings over the deathbed of the good queen.

Long expected as Anne's death had been, it fell upon the Jacobite world like a bolt from the blue. "There was no concerted plan to meet the sudden emergency," says Berwick, "which was not the fault of the king's party and France. . . . No measures had been taken, nor could be taken, on that side of the water ; it lay with the well-affected English to arrange matters."

What could the English leaders do ? With Bolingbroke and Ormond all was lost unless they chose to try their fortunes with James. As for Oxford, Berwick had some time ago found him "a man so dark and unpenetrable, that one is often tempted to believe him a knave." Now, he pronounced him "as great a villain as Lord Sunderland was."

Oxford, of course, had played all through for his own hand, with even less scruple than the rest of the English Jacobites. It was easy enough to deceive James and Berwick, two honest men across the sea, when English peers and foreign envoys in London were puzzled as to his sincerity. Lord Lansdown told Carte that, though he had for a long time believed him insincere in his profession, accident revealed him as a true friend ! Lord Newcastle (Galmoy) believed that though he was so cunning, and close, and seemed unfriendly, he need not be despaired of, for he must keep in with James as Anne could not live for ever, though if James were on the throne he could not do for him what Hanover had done already. In 1713 Harley had charged St. John with going beyond his instructions in advances to James, which proves there had

[1] Schutz had had so little hope of the Hanoverian succession as to say it would be a miracle. Macpherson, ii. 526.

[2] At Oxford, says Hearne, a letter was sent to the Mayor cautioning him against proclaiming the elector, and advising him to proclaim James III. The authorities offered £100 to find the author of the letter or the person who delivered it.

been such instructions. The Jacobite agents, Plunket, Mrs. White, and the rest, changed their worthless opinions frequently as to Oxford's political faith. Oxford tried to serve two masters, and deservedly fell between two stools.

James was at Commercy when news was brought of his sister's death. He rushed at once incognito to Chaillot[1] to consult the queen, intending to cross immediately to England to claim his right. The French Court, informed of his arrival, sent De Torcy to Chaillot to order him back to Lorraine—to send him by force should reasoning prove ineffectual. So James, "receiving no tidings of comfort from England, where everything was upside down, not even knowing where he might land safely," said Berwick, returned to Lorraine.

On August 29 he issued his manifesto from Plombières, describing himself as "the only born Englishman now left of the royal family." Besides going over the much traversed old ground, he published "the good intentions of the late queen" and the reasons "why we sat still till her death." On September 26 he sent to acquaint his friends in Scotland with the great sense he had of their constant loyalty and zeal, and of his mortification at having been debarred from going to them when they were so ready to receive him; of the present impossibility of joining them, proved on his recent visit to Paris and his reception there. "That, however," he goes on, "shall not discourage me from seeking another way of getting to them as soon as they themselves shall desire it. . . . It is necessary that my friends should know that no foreign help must be expected at present of men, arms or ammunition, and that particularly on this last occasion, all the Irish regiments in the French service, and even every officer of them, were refused me. That, though I cannot doubt of having several friends in England, yet their great caution on one hand, and want of union on the other, leave me so much in the dark as to any help or service I may expect of them, that I cannot yet say anything positive as to that point." His friends in Scotland must let him know what they are able to do by themselves; what number of men they can bring into the field; what their plan is to do when assembled; what number of experienced

[1] As his sex forbade his residence in the convent with his mother, he always stayed at the Duke of Lauzun's house at Chaillot: a fact out of which scandal has been twisted by hostile and ignorant writers.

officers is absolutely necessary, and of what rank, "for I flatter myself that I shall be able to contrive one way or other to be able to bring over a few." He will try to get money, and will do his best to gain the help of his English friends. He would be ready on return of the bearer to come over at whatever time should be concerted. Two things were absolutely necessary—caution not to get into trouble with the Government beforehand, and perfect union and good intelligence with one another, "without which we see by experience the greatest parties are baffled." Nothing could be undertaken yet, far less succeed.

These instructions were sent by John Fisher, on October 4. James also sent his commission to the Duke of Atholl, who, his friends had proposed, should be placed at the head of affairs. But by the next post, news came that Atholl had gone to London and taken oaths to the new Government, and that the principal clans, inspired by Breadalbane, had signed and sent a letter to Mar, assuring the Government of their loyalty! It was disappointing, but one must wait, said James. The shameful Union should be broken on his landing. He doubted not to get leave for the Duke of Berwick to come. "This is the general sense of his Majesty's instructions," says John Fisher, "but his nervous, expressive, and succinct stile is beyond any imitating."

On September 15, a proclamation was issued by the Lords Justices, ordering payment of £100,000 "to any person who shall seize and secure the Pretender, in case he shall land or attempt to land in Great Britain or Ireland, or any other of his Majesty's dominions, in order that he may be brought to justice for high treason, whereof he stands attainted."

CHAPTER XV

THE BERWICK AND BOLINGBROKE MINISTRIES

"Of all the days of all the year,
The Tenth of June I love most dear,
When our white roses will appear
For sake of Jamie the Rover.

In tartan braw our lads are drest,
With roses gleaming on their breast;
For amang them a' we love him best,
Young Jamie they call the Rover."

THE years 1714–1715 were the central crisis of the life of James. If he was ever to strike a blow for the crown, now was the propitious moment, before the House of Hanover was quietly settled in power. Yet he delayed, and, when at last he arrived in Scotland, he came too late. Why did he delay? The purpose of this chapter is to make clear that the difficulties which beset him were insuperable to any man without the genius of a Montrose.

James had in August called Berwick to his side; but Berwick, from the vasty deep of war and French policy, would not come. James was now convinced that his only general did not want to attend him. Berwick, however, returned from Spain in October, arrived at St. Germain's, November 21, and immediately took up the management of the king's affairs.

He was, perhaps, after Marlborough, the greatest general of his time, and a king who could count upon such an officer was fortunate. Ever since their father's death, he had served James loyally and wisely with his counsel, though his sword had not been required of him. He was a French officer, and a naturalised French subject, but he had been naturalised as we have seen, with incoherent conditions, James having reserved his right to call upon his services "whenever and wherever" he or his heirs should require them. Yet, from the very date of his return to France, it is plain that, while Berwick was

ready to act as James's War Minister, he had no intention whatever of acting as his Commander-in-chief.

In his memoirs, written from memory, and vague as to dates and to details of events that did not happen directly under his eye,[1] he declares that the moment was most favourable ; that nine out of ten of the English being for King James, according to Mar, Ormond, and the rest, nothing could be more certain than the success of an invasion ; though Ormond maintained that invasion by French troops was absolutely necessary. He was amazed and annoyed at the utter lack of plan among the English Jacobites ; very few were in earnest. They liked plotting and making sure of both sides. Berwick insisted that a day must be fixed for a general rising throughout the kingdom, and a place selected for the king's appearance among his supporters. The Scots, already armed, impatiently awaiting the signal, could be relied upon. Only the English shrank from action, and demanded foreign help ; yet there were few regular troops in the kingdom, and it was an opportunity to be seized. Berwick was persuaded of the necessity of a sudden stroke. George I. had landed in England (September 18), and had been received with acclaim, though the story of his imprisoned consort and of his ferocious hatred of his heir was eagerly exploited ; a welcome retort to the libels on James's birth. He had turned his back on the leading Tories who had hastened to court. In three weeks' time, said Berwick, he must be expelled or the business would fail. France could do nothing : all depended on the English themselves, who, outside Government circles, were apparently in a perfect fever of Jacobitism. Delay would enable the Government to call troops from Holland and Germany. George I. had the advantage of being in possession.

Yet on November 25, four days after his arrival at St. Germain's, Berwick wrote to James that he could hardly be able to visit him for three or four months, by reason of his being very weak (a large allowance for such convalescence after the fatigues and fevers of his short campaign as would permit such an inconsiderable journey !)—though, if there was anything pressing (*if !*), he would depart [for Bar] immediately. Three days later he wrote again : "All that can be said to the

[1] His own Memoirs end in 1705, and were supplemented up to his death in 1734 by the Abbé Hook.

king's friends in Scotland is, that the king is firmly resolved to go himself in person to them as soon as he possibly can, and to carry me along with him"—(he says nothing of his own resolution in the matter)—that a little time must be allowed for getting together what was necessary, especially for the raising of money, and for taking measures with friends in England, without which little good was to be expected; that for the better keeping of the secret, the king's friends must not expect to know the precise time of his embarking, but that he would give them sufficient warning. Ormond, from whom news was anxiously awaited, had to be kept in the dark as to contemporary dealings by Tunstal with Marlborough, now George I.'s commander-in-chief; and Lady Jersey, *la Jolie*, was to use her influence with Bolingbroke, deep in the shadow of Hanoverian distrust, to make him assume the leadership of the English Jacobites. Berwick (December 7) did not "much reckon on M. Malbranche," even though "M. Malbranche" (Marlborough) gave amazing substance to his vague but frequent promises by sending over £2000 for James's service. Berwick had long ago decided that Oxford was hopeless, and they must stick to Ormond. He urged upon James (January 11) the necessity of gaining Bolingbroke, but Bolingbroke still waited on, hoping for the dispersion of the clouds that overhung his own political future.

So affairs dragged on. Ormond and his friends kept repeating that, for all their goodwill and the favourable disposition of the people, they neither could nor would take up arms until James should have landed with from 3000 to 4000 men. Berwick was for instant action on the part of every one but himself; the English, for instant action on the part of every one but themselves.

In January Berwick and Carte seemed to find matrimony more urgent and useful than invasion, and were pressing James to seek alliance with the Emperor, strengthened by marriage with his sister, "if she be anyways passable;" in spite of the fact that James was "in some engagement elsewhere,"[1] which, however, was likely to fail, as the Pope was unwilling to help.

[1] The "engagement elsewhere" was perhaps with Princess Casimire Sobieska, resident during 1714 with her royal grandmother at Blois; perhaps with the Princess of Neuburg, daughter of Charles Philip. Since the death of Queen Anne, and the consequent fall in Jacobite expectation, the Emperor and the Princes of Neuburg had changed face, going in fear of George I.

The Emperor's younger sister, Mary Magdalen, was again strongly recommended (January 11) by both Berwick and De Torcy, "provided she be not horrible." The Hapsburgs have never been noted for beauty, and have little to lose by strenuous cultivation of the family lip.

The Duke of Shrewsbury had been succeeded at the Paris embassy by Lord Strafford, whose mission was ended by Anne's death. On January 25, the Earl of Stair, K.T., arrived in Paris as ambassador from St. James's, though not at first in full ambassadorial state. Prior gave up his papers with great reluctance. Stair presently set up the most splendid embassy ever known in Paris, that the reluctantly allied French might remember who were masters. He was the son of the Man of Glencoe. No one would pretend that a taste for murder could be hereditary, but a son's mind must at least have been trained to see such policy from the paternal point of view; accustomed to excuse and ready to imitate. He was sent to Paris for the express and congenial purpose of watching the Jacobites; also of cementing friendship between the still uncertainly-seated House of Hanover and the coming ruler of France, whose sympathy and policy were as yet uncertain quantities; yet he bore himself with such hauteur that he "seemed to be charged rather to provoke a quarrel than to keep the peace." He certainly failed to give satisfaction either to his employers[1] or to the French Court, where he showed himself haughty and insolent beyond endurance. He complained that De Torcy used him like a dog. In July there were stories of the French king's displeasure with him. He was reported to have betted on the death of Louis XIV.;[2] "a strange bet for an ambassador," comments Lord Mahon. No doubt he exceeded the instructions of the Government. He certainly exceeded their estimate for secret expenses.[3] He at once sent a spy named Barton to Lorraine. He sent for a Mr. H., who was desirous of service under the English Government, and offered to spy for them in return. It is sad if this Mr. H. should be George Higgons, eldest brother of Thomas, James's secretary

[1] Hardwicke State Papers: also Stair's Memorial on his resignation of military command.

[2] Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*

[3] Treasury Papers, June 1716. Report of discrepancies in Lord Stair's bill of extraordinaries. Bill exceeds regulation by £2124, 10s. 3d. One item of £865 to several persons, spies on James, Ormond, &c. Treasury refused to pay bill.

and of Bevil, presently deep in the secret service of King James, under Berwick and Bolingbroke, trusted especially in dealings with Ormond. It is to be hoped Mr. H. was not Bevil himself.[1]

It is astonishing to find what sums of money came in for James's service, but expenses were very many. Jacobites were very far indeed from wishing to sacrifice all for their king. At the end of 1714 James had overdrawn his account with Richard Cantillon, his Paris banker, to the extent of £2752, 11s. 5d.[2] £4000 were sent to Scotland, and money was freely spent on the army. Much money was also intercepted. James in Lorraine reviewed such troops as he had managed to raise there—recruits from England and Irishmen who had served with the French colours. Emissaries kept going continually to Scotland and to Ormond and the chief Tory lords, who returned to assure James and Berwick that nothing could be more certain than success.

Captain Arbuthnot, brother of the doctor, sailing for Minorca, had a scheme for gaining the fleet. It was reported to the Government that the Whigs of Fife had become Jacobite, and that Hackston of Rathillet—a name dark with the memory of Magus Muir—had joined them. In December, people going to Falkirk market were violently forced by Jacobite gentlemen to kneel and pray for King James VIII. and curse the Elector. The Jacobites of Edinburgh were again reported to the Government as "very uppish," and all Scotland was expecting "the Pretender" in March.

Berwick urged in vain. The English simply repeated their conditions. The king's imminent arrival was nevertheless expected and reported by friend and foe, but Berwick declared (February 23) that "nothing was in readiness, nor would be soon." The Duchess d'Aveiros, mother of the Duke of Arcos and the Duchess of Alva, sent timely help to James in ready money, and suggested his going to Portugal, which he declared to be impracticable; but much larger advances were needful. Berwick was for sending Hooke instantly to Germany to insist upon the handing over to James of the necessary archduchess, but James now commissioned O'Rourke to treat, in the first place, for "Prince Charles's daughter" (of Neuburg), and Hooke was to make himself useful in Holland, which was near Sweden.

[1] Bevil being a baronet in England, his elders being attainted, would hardly be styled *Mr.* H. by Stair.

[2] Dicconson's account of the King's expenses. Carte MSS. ccxi. 318.

The chiefs and Scottish lords at least were in earnest. Mar, dismissed from his appointments by George I., was in correspondence with Glengarry and other "disaffected" chiefs.[1] The leaders were now Harry Maule, Lord Panmure's brother, and the Bishop of Edinburgh. Lochiel, Glengarry, the Captain of Clanranald, and Sir John Maclean, were in constant counsel, while Lochiel's nephew and Harry Maule carried letters, arms, and ammunition between James and the Highlands. The £4000 was conveyed to Drummond Castle by a guard under Rob Roy, where it was deposited in charge of the now reverted Lord Breadalbane, to be divided within a fortnight of the king's leaving, as Lochiel advised. Arms were lodged in a mill below Fort-William, and the Duke of Gordon's bailiff sent two barrels of powder through Badenoch to Lochiel. A ship near the mouth of the Spey at Gordon Castle unloaded arms night after night.[2]

Nevertheless neither arms nor men had as yet come in sufficiently, and unpaid troops meant pillaged country and demoralised army. The chiefs and lords undertook to place on a war-footing 8000 Highlanders and 10,000 foot soldiers besides, but they could not raise at the most a thousand horse, and those of very inferior quality. Yet they talked wildly of seizing the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton. On the other hand, though Fort-William was prepared against war, its guns were of little use, being mostly old ones painted up to look like new. All these particulars were duly reported to the English Government.

On March 11, 1715, James wrote to Lords Drummond and Breadalbane, laying positive command upon them to keep to themselves and "give no handle" to the English Government: a zeal not kept within bounds might ruin all. To the Bishop of Edinburgh he lamented the many disappointments that delayed his coming, but nothing should ever discourage him. Friends in England were not yet ready to act in concert, but he hoped before the summer to be with them. He assured them he was as impatient as any for that happy day, but the good prospect must not be balked by precipitation. "I conjure you," he goes on, "by all that is dear to yourselves, by all you owe to me, have patience a little longer. Sit quiet and give the Government no handle of molesting you or incapaci-

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 349.
[2] State Papers, Record Office, Bundle 23, George I.

tating you to serve me hereafter. I shall acquaint you when all is ready and [when] I am on the point of embarking, and let us need no further messengers to one another for fear of accidents." Accidents occurred!

Early in April Bolingbroke arrived in Paris, flying from the gaping gates of the Tower and the chances of the block behind them. He sent at once to Stair to beg for an interview. The Duchess of Marlborough says Stair refused to receive him until official reports should have reached the embassy from England. According to his own story, he had been guilty of no more than "an increase of his disposition to Jacobitism" after losing his seals. He declared that he had neither personal affection for James nor principles favourable to his interest. He was innocently surprised when asked if he had come to join James; still more surprised to hear that the English were on the point of rising. He knew nothing of it. Urgent invitations to him from Bar were resolutely declined. He visited Stair instead, and promised him to enter into no negotiation with James. He was uncertain whether his prosecution would be pushed, and so dallied, more than shy of committing himself with the Jacobite party, so that Berwick had to wait until the end of the month before diplomacy succeeded in obtaining an interview with this much desired adherent. Bolingbroke now made strong protestations of his true zeal for James, but added that he could best serve him by returning to England, and, says Berwick, he confirmed the news of the favourable disposition of the English people. He refused at once, and absolutely, to have anything to do with Middleton, whom he detested, and he never went to see the queen, whom he distrusted, and who was very ill just at that time. He was most curious to know what Ormond was doing.

Ormond, James's "only considerable friend in England," had been appointed by him Captain-General in the three kingdoms on March 13, and was now his chief agent at home, under such conditions of secrecy that the English Jacobites themselves were not aware of the fact until this very moment, the end of April, a secrecy against which James protested strongly.[1] Bolingbroke recommended Ormond as honest, brave, popular, and willing, but wanting wise guidance—say of Atterbury, Lansdown, and Sir William Wyndham. He would urge De

[1] Stuart Papers, i. 358.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

From a Painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud in the National Portrait Gallery

Torcy to urge his king to help James; insisted on James's marriage, and said nothing about religion. But urgency as usual was all for other people. He himself wanted to go to Languedoc for his health. Berwick recommended Orleans in preference. There was no question of Bar.

Nevertheless, though James was anxious that Bolingbroke should be "undeceived of the senseless notions he had received of Middleton," he found Berwick's report of the meeting "very comfortable," but wished earnestly for a conversation with Bolingbroke himself, though considerately unwilling to expose his unpledged well-wisher to danger. It could be arranged so that no one should know except Sir Thomas Higgons, whom Bolingbroke "dos not seem to be so shy of. . . . Since he is so much for (my) marriage," James continues, "why might it not be proposed to him to go to Blois to stay there, a fine pleasant country where he may have occasion of seeing pretty Miss, and of even negotiating that affair if t'other fails, as I believe it will—after that I acquainted the queen with some days ago. . . . It shows a confidence tho' it should after come to nothing, tho' I see no other choice if t'other fails"—the archduchess? or the Neuburg princess?

Who was "pretty Miss"? The "engagement elsewhere" of which the Pope did not now approve? The Queen of Poland was still at Blois with her granddaughter Casimire, and James may easily have met them there or at some watering-place in Lorraine. When her grandmother died suddenly, February 1, 1716, Casimire lingered on in France; "nobody knows why," said Saint-Simon. She may have been hoping for the crown destined ultimately for her little sister.[1] Certainly it would be odd if James should speak of a Polish princess as "Miss." He had met an English lady a month earlier, to whom Mary of Modena wrote, April 5: "Tho' I was very well pleased to find by the king's letter that he was charmed with you (it is his own phrase) yett I must own to you I was yett better pleased to find by yours that you were charmed with him and the good qualitys God has given him, for I take you to be a good judge and no flatterer." Mr. Percy Thornton,

[1] In 1718, when James was engaged to Clementina, there was some intention of marrying Casimire to the Duke of Modena, and her sister Charlotte (Caroline) to the Duke of Guastalla. Neither of these marriages came off. Caroline married (1723) the Prince de Turenne, who died very shortly after. Then she married his brother, the future Duc de Bouillon. In the same year, May 18, Casimire died unmarried.

who gives the "pretty Miss" letter in his *Stuart Dynasty*, supposes this lady (unnamed) to be a princess; he suggests the daughter of the Emperor, who had no daughter. It seems more probable that she must have been an Englishwoman, as the Italian queen writes to her in English; possibly the "pretty Miss" of Blois whom James half thought of marrying: nothing less, else the strict queen would not have written in such a strain. Or the queen's correspondent may have been an ordinary visitor at his Court, and "pretty Miss" the handsome Princess Casimire Sobieska.

But James was more eager to meet Bolingbroke than to be married, and Bolingbroke still held aloof—was still in favour of temporary retirement at Orleans, looking to return safely to England sooner or later, and he shrank from committing himself irrevocably to a cause of which he saw nothing but the seamy side as presented in Paris by James's agents. After his final break with James, he described those agents in his well-known letter to Sir William Wyndham, into which has been read a meaning of which the angry but well-informed writer was quite innocent:—

"Here I found a multitude at work. Hardly one would lose the air of contributing to a restoration by his own intrigues. Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face. No sex was excluded from this ministry. Fanny Oglethorpe, whom you may remember in England, has a corner in it, and Olive Trant is the great wheel of the machine." Out of this paragraph Thackeray probably fabricated his legend of "Queen Oglethorpe," the mistress whom he gave to James at Bar. Olive Trant herself, daughter of Sir Patrick Trant, an Irish Jacobite, has also been taken for a mistress of James, though she was the acknowledged mistress of the Duke of Orleans. She lived with Mlle. de Chausseraye, "an antient gentlewoman," once of the Duchess of Orleans' household, who in 1715 inhabited a cottage in the Bois de Boulogne—which *petite maison* has been translated by certain writers with invidious meaning. She had her finger deep in every political pie, says Saint-Simon, and was known as the sibyl of the Bois de Boulogne. The Duke of Orleans' secretary, Abbé Tesieu, was another wheel in the machine. Fanny Oglethorpe was the youngest of the four daughters of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, and lived under the wing of her sister Eleanor,

Marquise de Mézières. She corresponded busily and at length with the Jacobite leaders, especially with the Duke of Mar, as did all the Oglethorpes, more or less. Their brother Theophilus had been an absentee member of the British Parliament until February 1714, when he was defeated. In this same year he settled himself as James's representative at the Court of Turin. He, too, corresponded busily, but was little regarded.

There is no allusion whatever in any of the memoirs or correspondence of the time to any bond between James and any of the Oglethorpes except that of correspondence. His own letters show that they bored him by their prolixity and empty pretence of importance.[1] So much for the assumption of novelists and careless memoir-writers that the Trant and Oglethorpe coterie—Bolingbroke's "female teazers," as James called them—were his Majesty's Parisian harem. The shady coterie were Ormond's chief agents in Paris; intimate friends of the coming regent, who used them for his secret support of James. James himself was uneasy (March 29) to see how many people Ormond trusted. Bolingbroke scornfully declined to have anything to do with the women, and earned their bitter resentment in consequence. James, informed of this obstacle in the way of Bolingbroke's adherence, anxiously directed Berwick to let him know that he (Berwick) was his Majesty's "only sollicitor." But Bolingbroke was besought in vain to journey to Bar. Marlborough too wrote to Berwick in cipher that it would be impossible for James and Bolingbroke to meet unknown to Stair.

Carte, historian and intimate friend of the Oglethorpes, arrived in Paris early in May with his usual roseate report; all second-hand news, says Berwick. English Jacobitism grew at least louder and louder. On May 8 several persons on horseback in disguise proclaimed King James at Manchester. It was reported that Berwick was in England, and that there was restlessness among papists and old Jacobites.[2] May 28 was the birthday of George I.—a coincidence with the 29th

[1] He writes to Bolingbroke, August 2: "Here is also a long letter to myself from Mrs. Oglethorpe, the first part is very odd, and I can make no answer to it without your advice, the rest of it is most of it stuff. Mr. Inese can give you an account of that correspondence which has never signified much and is embarassing enough, but in my circumstancy's wee must heare everybody, disgust none, if possible, and without trusting too many, draw from all sides all the light and help wee can gett." Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 382.

[2] Record Office, Bundle 14. Spy Thomas Wells.

that demanded protest. Church bells were tolled faintly in his honour, churchwardens pretending the ropes were lost. That night at Oxford, dissenting chapels were pulled down, and people ran about shouting, "King James III. the true king. No usurpers!" Heads of houses protested that it was the Whigs who began, and that the "honest party" were only hindering their extravagant designs. Next day, Royal Oak Day, rejoicings were so great and so public as had not been known at Oxford since the Restoration. Every house near the street was illuminated. King James's health and the Duke of Ormond's were drunk everywhere with enthusiasm, and oak was universally worn. On June 10, loyal bosoms blossomed in white roses, but at Oxford the authorities obliged the king's health to be drunk very privately. There was a meeting of the wealthiest Non-jurors and papists at the Old Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, from whence they sent one of their body to entreat the Duke of Ormond to do them the honour of his presence. The duke accepted the message very kindly, but declined to comply therewith.

In June it was advised that James should land in England rather than in Scotland. The King of Spain gave hopes of supplies, and the Emperor had replied civilly to representations made by the Duke of Lorraine on James's behalf. As to the marriage question, Berwick believed (June 18) it must be postponed, as James would hardly have time to be married before his journey to England. But Louis XIV. delayed his subscription to the invasion fund, so necessary for preliminaries. Officers might be provided from Spain, and James would be glad enough of these since he could get no troopers. Sir John Webb had £500 ready, Berwick's "neveu's father-in-law." Lord Derwentwater, whom Berwick may have looked upon as a nephew,[1] had in 1712 married Sir John Webb's daughter. Communications went on busily with the King of Sweden, whose agent, Baron de Spaar, deeply pledged to James, Ormond, and the Scots, required a temporary advance. James directed that the expected Swedish contingents should be despatched to Newcastle. Here again fate fought against him. Charles XII. was besieged in Stralsund. He was still willing to help to the overthrow of his enemy, the Elector of Hanover, but he was

[1] Stuart Papers, i. 370. Berwick to James. Derwentwater being grandson of Charles II., Berwick nephew of Charles II.

handicapped by his own serious position. Despatches were necessarily delayed on their way to him, and he needed ready-money if he must presently help. James sent fifty thousand crowns. Charles was then compelled to reply that in his present situation he could spare no troops from the defence of his own states, while necessity obliged him to abstain from taking the initiative against George I., who had not yet declared war against him. Meantime he assured James of his friendship, promised to prove it eventually, and returned the money.

Berwick believed that Charles had thrown away a golden opportunity. He was positive that James, with the help of Sweden, would have been restored and Stralsund saved ; while Charles lost Stralsund for all his valour on December 23. Mar was now corresponding with James,[1] who expressed himself as glad to see Mar so hearty in his cause ; but seemed a little doubtful of his adherent, nevertheless.[2]

On July 2 James wrote to Bolingbroke urging the immediate necessity of their meeting, as he hoped in God he might soon be able to set off, and that Bolingbroke might manage to bring him some ready-money, "for what can be done without it?" He saw no reason for believing that affairs "lagged in England," he wrote to Berwick, July 9. It seemed to him that nothing but his presence was wanted ; "therefore neither time nor pains must be spared that I may bee once sett a flotte."[3]

Events were moving fast. Harley was arrested for treason, his concern in the Treaty of Utrecht, and committed to the Tower on July 16 ; to the indignation of "all honest men" says Hearne, who nevertheless did not by any means approve of the "prevaricating tricks he had used to avoid acting the particularly honest man." Ormond was threatened. He retired to his splendid house at Richmond, and sent word to the king by the Dominican, Callaghan, that he would stay there as long as he could, then go north or west, and place himself at the head of his friends and the "reformed officers" whom he had dispersed in the provinces for the purpose. He had already prepared relays of horses to save time, and had agents in Plymouth, Bristol, and Exeter to seize those towns for maga-

[1] Letters, June 29 and July 20. Stuart Papers, i.
[2] Stuart Papers, i. 388. Copy.
[3] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 374.

zines. He was so popular that if he had declared openly for King James he would at once have been joined by a large following; but brave and true as he was, says Berwick, he was neither a hero nor a great soldier, so he contented himself, for the present, with setting up King James's standard, in a fashion, at Richmond.

Now occurred, thanks to Callaghan, a rash act on the part of James, which has been magnified into a piece of bad faith towards his ministers, by an error in Berwick's Memoirs. Berwick had shown distrust of James's courage (July 16).[1] "His honour was at stake . . . no delay must come from his side." Berwick (July 17) had told De Torcy that, if James did not act at once, "he might make himself cardinal, for he never would be king." Thus urged by Berwick, James, before consulting him, did act at once, on Callaghan's message from Ormond. He sent a message instantly (July 15) to Mar in London,[2] fixing August 10 for the Rising, and Berwick and Bolingbroke did not know this till July 19. By July 26 James received a message from Ormond and Mar, the reverse of Ormond's message through Callaghan. James instantly sent Allan Cameron to Mar to countermand the rising of August 10, but "accidents occurred." Allan was arrested at Deal, but escaped, and, through Menzies, conveyed to Mar James's message, that his departure for Scotland was indefinitely delayed "for some weeks." The rising was to be postponed. The Scots were to avoid "giving jealousy to the Government."[3] Mar then went to Scotland, and, as we shall see, hurried on the rising: the blunder was all his own, and was fatal. This was Bolingbroke's opinion; "he says he sent Mar a message not to rise in arms, and that he returned him answer that he would follow his advice, and yet notwithstanding he had a letter from him at Rights [*sic*] telling of his being in arms."[4] Mar replied, "I am sure I followed my instructions as to rising in arms, and he [Bolingbroke] was with the king when they were sent."[5]

It is impossible to explain Mar's rising, as according to Allan Cameron, he had only orders to keep James's friends in

[1] See Lang's *History of Scotland*, vol. iv. pp. 176–179, and notes 10 to 20, p. 201.

[2] James probably sent Lord John Drummond to Mar about July 15, on receipt of Callaghan's report. (Lang.)

[3] Stuart MSS., iii. 577–559.

[4] Southesk to Mar, January 2, 1716.

[5] Stuart MSS., iii. 389–489.

Scotland "in heart, since you [James] knew he would manage your affairs there with a great deal of discretion." Mar's idea of discretion was to raise the standard at a venture.

Now Berwick, in his Memoirs, avers that James, *in September*, gave orders for a rising, without consulting himself or Bolingbroke. This error of memory has been welcomed by historians as proof of treachery, on James's part, to his ministers. The truth is that, urged by Berwick to "act at once," he *did* act at once, on Callaghan's message. Hence, through the insensate folly of Mar, arose the premature attempt of "the 'Fifteen."

Meanwhile, Bolingbroke delayed, coquetting with Stair and refusing interviews to Berwick. He went to Dauphiny and to Lyons, since his residence near the French Court was objected to. James's impatience increased. Then, in spite of what Bolingbroke called the base and fawning submission he had made to Stanhope, the Act for his attainder was passed. "With its sting tingling in his veins," he went to Bar at the beginning of July.

The much desired meeting took place in profoundest secrecy. The visit was short but satisfactory, at least to the king, who bestowed on Bolingbroke the seals of Secretary of State. The new minister returned to Paris to act in conjunction with the Duke of Berwick.

Bolingbroke described the interview afterwards to Stair and to Sir William Wyndham under the tingling of a new and sharper sting in his views. He declared that he had been shocked to find James ardently taking for granted that he was to set off at once, but vague as to his route and subsequent proceedings. (Small wonder seeing how he was advised, re-advised, and counter-advised, always respectful of experience, and anxious to act according to his minister's counsel as became a British sovereign.) Bolingbroke declared that he had earnestly striven to dissuade him from taking any such step as setting off for England, assuring him that the number and importance of the English Jacobites was grossly exaggerated and that a rising at that time would mean ruin.

Stair now set a spy upon Bolingbroke, and soon discovered his liaison with Madame de Tencin, the future cardinal's sister, with whom he was the reverse of reticent, and who passed his secrets on to De Torcy. The setting of this spy seems to prove

that Bolingbroke and Stair spoke the truth when they denied having held traitorous communication while Bolingbroke held the seals of James.

It seems quite certain that though Bolingbroke had committed himself to James, he really repented having engaged in his service. He came from Lorraine "making terrible reflections on the Chevalier." At the same time he complained of Stair, and spoke contemptuously of the King of France. He declared that he had no affairs to manage and would keep no measures; that James had nothing for encouragement but general assurances upon authority seldom satisfactory and at best verbal. His messengers were doubtful, mostly men of desperate council. Persons of importance held back, and nobodies had to be used instead. There was no order, no cohesion. Every one did what seemed right in his own eyes. It had indeed always been the case, never so much as now. Jacobites persuaded one another to look upon the success of each undertaking in turn as infallible; every meeting-house demolished, every drunken riot, served to confirm sanguine expectation.

James's great offence, his unbelievable stupidity in Bolingbroke's eyes, was his refusal either to abjure or dissimulate the religion which was the one real obstacle in his way to a throne. The sceptic minister could not understand such failure to realise the duties of his position. "He has all the superstition of a Capuchin," he scornfully declared to Sir William Wyndham, "but I found in him no tincture of the religion of a prince. . . . He absolutely forbids all discourse concerning religion. . . . I conversed among very few of the Roman Catholics who did not think him too much of a papist." The easy-going Catholics of the French Court would have burnt Jansenists as readily as they broke all the commandments, whereas James, who firmly refused to agree that three kingdoms were well worth Mass, and who was devout and pure in his private life, was a Catholic of the most tolerant school of his time—in fact, a Quietist or Port-Royalist.

James, on the strength of Callaghan's message from Ormond, had ordered a ship to be ready for him at Havre, and wrote to Bolingbroke commanding him to join him there and embark with him. Bolingbroke went at once to inform De Torcy. Louis XIV. was privately helping James, had two ships prepared for him at Dunkirk, and had ordered his grandson of

Spain to send a large sum of money; but he summoned Berwick to Marly, July 24, and told him that such a risky step could not be consented to without the approval of Bolingbroke and De Torcy. Berwick said they must wait to hear from Ormond. The poor old king, now very ill indeed, was concerned for James beyond expression, and dreaded miscarriage through haste. "I am for losing not a moment," Berwick wrote to James, "but I own I am not for making more haste than good speed."

In June, Mary of Modena had come to Lorraine to visit her son. They moved from town to town of Lorraine; from Bar to Commercy, Nancy, and Lunéville. At Lunéville there was an alarm raised of an attempt upon his life, and great precautions were taken to guard him. Stair's spy, Dean, once aide-major in Berwick's regiment, returned from Bar in July, reporting that the Court seemed apprehensive of some such design, and were "diffident" of Mr. Dean.[1] Guilleman, spy of Lord Townshend, English Secretary of State, reported that James's life had been attempted by an English priest, falsely suspected because he had refused to unburden himself to any one but "the Pretender." Doors were closed, and servants were threatened with severest penalties if they should admit any person insufficiently credentialled.[2] Cadogan stationed a spy of his own at Nancy. On August 1 a suspicious person named Douglas came to Bar for five days. James supposed he must be a spy, but said the spy could find out nothing that mattered. We shall probably meet this Mr. Douglas again.

Meanwhile, an ill wind over the sea was blowing a great and leal friend to James's side. He had sent Callaghan back[3] to Ormond to bid him come at once from England. Ormond needed no bidding. Atterbury and Hanmer sent a messenger ("Sir C. P.," probably Sir Constantine Phipps, an old friend of Ormond's Irish viceroyalty) to warn them that guards were being despatched to surround his house and arrest him. He fled to the coast—without leaving any sort of order for his followers, says Berwick—and crossed to Calais. On August 7 he arrived in Paris.

[1] Hardwicke State Papers; H.M.C. Reports.

[2] Hist. MSS. Comm. Report XI.; Townshend Papers. "He was only a courier with good news from England, for which he got flattery and 500 or 600 crowns." *Ibid.*

[3] Berwick calls him a man of good sense, though Bolingbroke in his wrath calls him "a bogus monk."

Beyond his presence, Ormond brought little comfort from England; only his own voice to add to the vain solcitations for French help. Marlborough, he said, was still "perplexed," but Shrewsbury was "engaged."

On August 9 Berwick went to Paris to meet Ormond and Bolingbroke, and on the following day he waited on Louis XIV. and De Torcy. The results of their interview were yet another memorial drawn up for the English and a courier sent to Spain for money and arms. Pontchartrain expected that the ships would be ready to take James over by the end of the month. Louis was evidently very ill, and Berwick advised Ormond to ingratiate himself with the Duke of Orleans, by way of Olive Trant. James naturally wanted to see Ormond himself, but though Ormond was of the same mind, Bolingbroke, Berwick, and De Torcy forbade. Then Ormond caught a convenient chill and went to bed. James was willing to court the coming regent, aware that the condition must be that the regent's daughter, Mlle. de Valois, should share the throne when James had won it. The new Duke of Leeds,[1] son of the Lord Danby of 1693, met Berwick, professed warm loyalty, was full of great projects. Berwick wrote to urge De Torcy to grant such present help as might save England from becoming a German province.

As for Berwick, in letters to James he blew hot and cold. James must be brave, but not too brave. The great commander excused himself from attending upon his sovereign because he had caught cold! James, in his reply, showed Berwick that he did not suspect him of any tendency to rashness in his support of the Cause.[2]

[1] Succeeded to title 1712; the same year his heir married Oxford's daughter, Elizabeth Harley, who died 1713.

[2] Stuart Papers, i. 376.

CHAPTER XVI

THE 'FIFTEEN

"O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa';
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude
Afore the battle drap."

SCOTLAND at least was ready. The heather was on fire awaiting the touch that should set it ablaze. A year ago Lord Mar, with other Tory and Jacobite leaders, had hastened to bow his knee to the newly arrived Elector of Hanover. He bore as credential for his loyalty to the Protestant Succession and for his power in Scotland, an address professing devotion and entreating protection from a number of signatory Highland chiefs—Maclean of Dowart, Macdonnell of Glengarry, Mackenzie of Fraserdale, Cameron of Lochiel, Macleod of Contulick, Macdonald of Keppoch, Grant of Glenmoriston, Macintosh of Macintosh, Chisholm of Comar, Macpherson of Cluny, and Sir Donald Macdonald. George, perfectly informed as to Mar's late proceedings, and of the probability that at that very moment there were letters from James in his pocket, refused to receive the address, saying it had been concocted at "the Pretender's" Court, and ordered Mar to give up his seals. At the same time the Earl Marischal was deprived of his command of the Scottish troop of horse-guards; the Duke of Montrose replaced Mar in Scotland, and the Duke of Argyll was made Commander-in-Chief for Scotland. Marlborough was one of the seven new Cabinet Councillors, Captain General and Master of Ordnance, but he was rarely invited to the councils, and had no influence even in his military sphere.

On August 12, N.S. (1715), Mar again paid his respects to George I., who turned his back upon him. This last icy gust

of Court disfavour blew that fitful allegiance finally towards King James, and on the following day, how fatuously we have seen, he embarked at Gravesend for the north, accompanied by his brother-in-law Colonel John Hay. They changed boats at Newcastle and went on to Fife. His doings, his raising of the standard without a commission, are matters of general history.

Bolingbroke, up to August 19, kept urging that affairs in England were hurrying, and that James at the head of the Tories must save Church and Constitution, or both perish for ever. He was strongly in favour of marrying James to Mlle. de Valois, though he had affected to laugh at the idea. He now hinted to James that the marriage was suggested to him by a lady with whom he was on very intimate terms (Madame de Tencin), who herself was so very intimate with the Orleans family as to guarantee some good authority for her plan, such as Mlle. de Valois' own strong desire for that marriage. What did King James say to the plan? James admitted it to be worthy of consideration, though he confessed to having other views for himself, known to Berwick and Innes, which were more to his mind, though he was only hopeful, not engaged.[1] What the Duke of Orleans said was, "Nous verrons, ma fille, nous verrons." By August 26 Bolingbroke had changed his mind on the subject, finding that the marriage would be exceedingly distasteful to the English.

Louis XIV. was dying. He continued to show himself and to do business, but his sands were rapidly running out. Sciatica turned to gangrene. The queen hastily left Lorraine on August 22, arrived in Paris on the 29th, and tried to gain admission to that faithful old friend, that she might once more appeal to his generosity on her son's behalf; but the Duke of Berwick barred her approach[2] that she might not vex with futile entreaties the peace of the great king's passing.

It was a moment of intense anxiety, aggravated by forced inaction, for contradictory news reached James from England, and the seas were covered with English ships. He did not greatly count upon the Duke of Orleans. Indeed, since he might expect no open assistance from Louis XIV., the demise of the French crown could make little difference. The Eng-

[1] Stuart Papers, i. 393. James to Bolingbroke.
[2] James to the Duke of Lorraine. Carte MSS. 211, f. 349. Stuart Papers, i. 410.

lish Jacobites, however, tried to cheer themselves with the idea that a younger, more energetic prince would be more likely to venture in their cause.

The Duke of Leeds wrote to James a loyal letter "in general terms," but his terms and views were altogether too general, and Bolingbroke decided (September 1) that he was a madman, and useless except in the moment of desperate attempt. The Duke of Shrewsbury's loyalty was answered for by his aunt, the Dowager Lady Westmoreland, another sister of Lady Middleton's. Bolingbroke was anxious to gain Peterborough and also Lord Portmore. Marlborough still lay low. If Berwick's military support should fail his king at this crucial moment, might not the still greater soldier blot out his many falsehoods by standing forth to redeem his promises? "Has nothing been said to Marlborough?" Bolingbroke asked, August 21. Berwick should "try to pin him down to something definite." Berwick had already written to insist that Marlborough should repair to England to meet James on his arrival there. James wished for combination between Marlborough and Ormond, but Bolingbroke declared that Ormond must not even know of the negotiation with Marlborough.

"I do not see," James wrote to Berwick, August 23, "why when [I go] to Scotland, [I] might not write a letter to Malbranche to require his attendance there, on his declaring openly for [me] in England, for such an order would of necessity oblige Malbranche to pull off the mask and trim no longer. I think it is now more than ever *Now or Never*" (the motto of Tyrconnell's banner).

On September 1 Louis XIV. passed away, and the Duke of Orleans became regent for the child Louis XV.

Would another year of his living have made any difference? His death, like Queen Anne's, might have occurred at any moment for a long time past. The Rising might have broken out at any date since Anne's death, as probably as now. James had been impatient to leave for England for more than a year: during the same time the English had been crying to Louis for help. Louis, out of his strong, faithful affection for the Stuarts that dated from boyhood, had done all he could to help them. He was as much bound by the Treaty of Utrecht as the regent could be; he knew the state of affairs thoroughly, and his

heart was with his cousin. Yet nothing had been done. What more could have been done had he lived a little longer?

James was comforted in his own personal grief by receiving from the regent assurances that he would follow in the footsteps of the late king in all that regarded James and his mother, although at first he must use much caution. So James wrote to the regent's son-in-law, the Duke of Lorraine.[1] Bolingbroke believed there was nothing to fear from the regent, and everything to hope. Philip of Spain was faithful, and agreed to send four hundred thousand crowns in specie, and promised "further assistances." The French Court continued the pension to James and his mother. The regent could not at once fly in the face either of the late king's private policy, or of the Treaty of Utrecht.

On September 5 James received the thrilling news of Mar's journey to Scotland, communicated by James Murray, Secretary for Scotland in Paris with Bolingbroke. Mar, Murray reported, was "in great uneasiness that there was no authority to act by in that country in case the necessity of affairs should bring things to any extremity there." No commission had yet been given to Mar, because James was still hoping, in spite of chill doubts and rumours, that Berwick would command in Scotland. According to Bolingbroke, James said, on receipt of Murray's report that Scotland was ready: "Wait for England, but if you cannot, then rise and I will make the best of my way to you." He wrote instantly to Mar, who received the letter October 7, that he was coming at once to Dumbarton.[2] The Duke of Atholl was suggested by Ormond and Bolingbroke as commander in Scotland. Both believed Atholl's fidelity to be doubtful, but worth winning by such trust. A second and blank commission should nevertheless be sent with Atholl's, in case of refusal from that powerful personage. Rae says that Mar offered Atholl the command, to be held under Berwick, and that he refused it, affronted that it should be offered by Mar and not by the king.

"There was no sort of organisation; all was loose and abandoned," said Bolingbroke of the whole business. If the tragedy of the Rising lay not too deep for tears, it would read

[1] Holog., Carte, 211, f. 349. A second letter, same to same (Cal., Stuart Papers, i. 416; copy), September 10, refers to the last.

[2] Lang, *History of Scotland*, iv. chapter vi.

like comic opera. Mar was no soldier and the military difficulties were nearly insuperable, yet James in his gratitude at finding one man really acting instead of talking, appointed Mar Commander-in-Chief of his forces in Scotland by land and sea, by a commission dated September 7 (O.S. August 27).[1] The Rising had begun ; delay was over. The best chance of success, beyond even the services of a first-rate military commander, was that the king should head his army in person ; yet Ormond and Bolingbroke seized upon the pretext of the change of government in France to insist on James's further delay. Nothing could be done with the Scots alone, and unless James were to be met on landing by the chief persons of England and sufficient troops, it were madness to set out. A serious blow was struck when Stair discovered the ships at Havre, and compelled the regent (September 20) to stop the transmission of crews. If James had money to buy more, he could not buy them in any country without consent of the sovereign. Stair, however, had information from Bar that "the Pretender had all his things given back to him, his plate and equipage that was in the Scotch ships . . . and that the powder and ammunition were secured for his use."

Confident as he was of the effect of his presence in his kingdom, as all his adherents and as his ministers had been until the moment for action came, James constitutionally abided for the present by his ministers' advice. Indeed, among counsellors pulling contrary ways, he perforce stood still. He had promised Bolingbroke that he would have patience and wait for a month from that date, but he never swerved for a moment in his resolution to sail.

On September 25 (O.S. September 14)[2] the standard of King James flung its blue and gold upon the breezes of Braemar ; the Scottish arms wrought in gold on one side ; on the other the thistle with the Scottish motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*, above, and beneath, *No Union*. The pendants of white ribbon were inscribed—the one, "For our wronged King and oppressed country;" the others, "For our lives and liberties." The day (of course) was stormy, and it was said that the golden ball at the top of the standard spear was blown down—a discouraging accident. How could the sanest soul forget that King Charles's standard had blown down at Nottingham,

[1] Stuart Papers, i. 415. [2] *Ibid.*, 424. Letter from Mar to Glengarry.

that the crown had tottered on the head of James II. at Westminster ?

Only sixty gathered round the standard on September 17, but the Macintoshes and other clans came in, and by the 1st of October Mar had about 1500 foot and 1000 horse under him. On September 19 (8) the Jacobites might have possessed Edinburgh Castle but for the folly of Lord John Drummond's party stopping to "powder their hair"—to drink at a tavern until two hours past the appointed time when the rock should have been scaled and the conspirators admitted by friends in the garrison. The secret had leaked out, and instead of gaining the Maiden Fortress with the £100,000 of the "Equivalent" it contained, King James lost many good men—Lords Home, Wigtown, Kinnoull, and Deskford, Lockhart of Carnwath, and others, who were imprisoned on suspicion of being concerned in the attempt. On September 20 (9) the Duke of Argyll set out for Scotland to take command of Government forces. On September 25 (14) Colonel John Hay, with 200 horse, was able to snatch Perth from the advancing 500 of the Earl of Rothes, and to hold the Fair City as governor for King James.

James Murray of Stormont arrived in Scotland on October 9 (September 28) with James's blessing in letters and Mar's commission, and the promise of immediate despatch of twelve ships with arms, stores, and officers, and of his own immediate arrival.[1] Mar now had a greater army than Montrose or Dundee had commanded, more than double Argyll's force of 1500, better men and a far superior position, yet he hesitated to meet the Government troops. The Earl of Sutherland, who was raising the far north for the Government, had a vessel furnished with arms at Leith for the use of his men. Mar heard in Perth how she was sheltering from a gale near Burntisland, and sent the Master of Sinclair to take her—which he did, and carried the arms to Perth, October 14 (3).

The Jacobites were now masters of the whole north shore of the Firth of Forth ; of the east coast to the Moray Firth ; of Skye, the Lewis, and all the Hebrides ; of the west coast from the Lochy to Faro Head, Lochaber and Ross, to the north-west point of Britain. Caithness, Strathnaver, and Sutherland were Whig. The Jacobites held Dunstaffnage for a while, and were "within a mile of Edinburgh toun" when Argyll arrived on the scene.

[1] According to Rae and Chambers in their histories of the rising.

James, chafing against delay at Bar, panting to join in the fray, went on with his preparations for departure, though he agreed with his ministers that secrecy must be kept as to the day of his landing. He wrote a batch of circular letters to the European princes announcing his departure, postdated, to be despatched after he was gone. But councils were divided manifold, and orders were scanty and indefinite. MacMahon, who had brought horses by Ormond's order, had no orders as to what must be done with them.[1] Ormond and Bolingbroke were on bad terms with Innes, who differed from Nairne as to their backwardness. Berwick kept asseverating that certain conditions were still requisite without which to go would be throwing one's self away, and it seemed dangerous to act against the opinion of one of such experience and authority. If the king did not go now his friends would be ruined, said Nairne; if he went without substantial assistance from his promised allies they would still be ruined, and he with them, said the others. If it were true, as was said, that three parts of the nation were against Hanover, delay could not be so very dangerous, as "such an aversion does not change so easily nor quickly, and may increase," said Nairne.

James was nevertheless determined on departure at once. As for foreign assistance, he had never had confidence in Sweden, he wrote to Bolingbroke (September 23), and always grudged the money spent there. The Duke of Orleans was incomprehensible, but he hoped that at least he might remain neutral. James, always reasonable, admitted the regent could hardly help himself in the teeth of Stair's protestations. He wanted four ships to be made ready in Spain, in Holland—Bolingbroke's favourite jumping-place—and at Havre and Dunkirk, that he might have ample choice at the final moment. He himself was in favour of the Spanish route, and so by the west of Ireland to Dumbarton. But he was exceedingly depressed. Allan Cameron, Lochiel's brother, one of the most loyal and active of Jacobites, had brought news of the Scottish rising—premature and hopeless, unless in conjunction with England. The news was contradicted, but James continued mournfully: "I must confess my affairs have a very melancholy prospect, every post almost brings some ill news or other, all hopes of the least foreign help are extinguished, instead of

[1] Carte MSS., 211, f. 328.

gaining new friends, we apprehend a powerfull enemy, and all our endeavours and pains are in a manner lost, and 'tis all rowing against the tide ; but yet this [is] so far from discouraging me, that it doth but confirm me in my opinion of a present undertaking, for I cannot but see that affairs grow dayly worse and worse by delays."

Berwick now was all for immediate departure ; would not hear even of Ormond visiting Bar, on the pretext that the visit would cause delay ; so Ormond's visit was abandoned. By September 29 Bolingbroke had prepared a vessel. No suite must attend the king beyond Ormond, Bolingbroke, Leeds, and Sheldon. Captain George Cammock must meet them at the seaside. When the king had sailed, the rest must follow as they could. Again, Berwick declared that he would fain set off at once, but the regent seemed unwilling to allow it. If certain difficulties could be overcome he would part with "great zeale and heartiness," but even at this crucial moment, when he himself was urging speed and definite plans, he could not answer positively. He reminded James that he himself had proposed accompanying him two and a half years ago. With the memory of that proposal James was ultimately to content himself. Meantime Berwick would "press Marlborough very home" as to his intentions.

As to his own—that was another matter. James wrote to him that it would be doing him a great wrong to doubt his willingness to go ; that nobody could hinder him if he were resolved to go ; go his Majesty "does count he will." Bolingbroke wrote (October 7) that James might now expect "absolute connivance" from the regent, who was holding back from further engagements with Hanover, and money from Spain might be counted on. Ships were ready at St. Malo, and might be discovered if delay were prolonged. But Berwick's excuses for his own delay were now beyond hope and patience. "[He] is so incommunicable and incomprehensible," James wrote to Bolingbroke (October 10), "that as the surest way at present is best, I have directed [the Duke of Ormond] to say nothing to him of the present resolutions. [He] is now a cypher and can do no more harm, and if he withdraws his duty from me, I may as well my confidence from him. . . . I cannot but suspect that he hath been sooner or later the cause of the strange diffidence they have of me at the French Court."

James's own departure was fixed for October 14. On the 13th, patience worn out by Berwick's excuses, he tried to pin *him* down to something definite by sending him a commission as "Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of all our forces by land and sea in our ancient Kingdom of Scotland," thus superseding the provisional commission to Mar. At the same time he wrote no longer as a friend but as a king: "Our will and pleasure is that immediately upon receipt of this order, you will repair in the most private and speedy manner you can to our ancient kingdom of Scotland, and there take upon you the command given you by virtue of our commission of this date. So not doubting of your ready compliance herein," &c.

On the following day, October 14, he wrote again to Berwick less officially, but sternly and authoritatively (Bar, October 14, 1715):—

"O.O. At the time you receive this will be the conjunction in which I shall see the sincerity of your frequent and sacred promises to the king my father, and to the queen. I shall not indeed doubt of them till I see the contrary, but as a proof of your good intentions, I hereby require you [word undecipherable] either to come and join me in person with as many officers as you can get to follow you, or to give me some other public and signal mark of your loyalty, such as declaring openly for me with such as 'tis well known you have influence over, and that out of hand, to the end that if you cannot serve me in person, you may at least cause a considerable diversion to the usurper's forces. It is not words but deeds that I expect now from you; that is all and the only answer I will receive to this letter, to which I have nothing to add, but that your future happiness, your honour, and your all, are now in your own hands: O.O."

Berwick did not reply at once to his sovereign's letter. He wrote a note to Bolingbroke acknowledging the packet and expressing deep mortification at being unable to obey the king's commands, sensible as he was of the honour done him. He would yet try, as far as conscience and honour would allow, to follow his own inclination by complying with the king's command and the desire of Scotland. Bolingbroke forwarded this document to James, who read in it only "as positive and extraordinary a refusal as I ever saw." He would make no

reply to it. The gentlest reply he could make would be silence and withdrawal of trust.

Berwick replied to the king, November 3, saying he had been advised by lawyers that he could not leave France without the regent's leave. The regent was helping James *sous main*, but it would have been another thing to allow a Marshal of France to lead an army against an officially friendly power. But this was just the situation for which the terms of Berwick's naturalisation had illogically provided. The defection was a serious blow, all the harder to bear, since at this most critical moment it was struck by the soldier and brother upon whom James had most surely counted.

"The sweetest temper in the world" must have given way at such trial, following upon so many anxieties, disappointments, and this was the cruellest, the once most unexpected disappointment of all; "*il gran rifiuto.*" It was to sting even the gentle, patient James, to speak "one bitter word" ("bastard," to Bolingbroke). We have found no other such fault in all the records of his life. On October 22 he drew up a commission confirming the commission of September 7, by which he made Mar commander-in-chief in Scotland; with the omission of a clause restricting him to act by the advice of others. At the same time he created him a duke, "with remainder to his heirs in tail general." He the less regretted Berwick's defection, he said, in that Mar had been so successful and deserved to have full credit of ending the work so prosperously begun.

In this unhappy affair, Berwick's

> "Honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true"

to France. Had he chosen to sail with James, then to France he must have been faithless. He had none to blame but himself and his acceptance of the self-contradictory warrant permitting his naturalisation.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KING GOES HOME

" But to wanton me, to wanton to,
And ken ye what maist wad wanton me?
To see King James at Edinburgh Cross,
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper forced to flee,
O, this is what maist wad wanton me."

THE limits of a biography do not permit an account of the Rising of 1715–16, till the arrival of James, worn and ill, in the camp of the lost cause. We cannot enter into details about the romantic loyalty and courage of Derwentwater; the folly of Forster; the bravery of Mackintosh; the pitiful death of young Lockhart; the incredible futility of Mar, while commanding an army capable of great things; and the successful perfidies of Lovat. On November 13 (24) Forster surrendered at Preston, and Mar threw away the chance of victory at Sheriffmuir.

Until almost the last moment, October 14 (N.S.) remained the date fixed for James's departure, and Scotland for his destination; then suddenly there was new postponement, fresh change of plan. Ezekiel Hamilton returned from England with a gloomy account of unreadiness. Bolingbroke went to Bar, October 10, with Hamilton's evil report, but, on the other hand, to discuss the bearing upon affairs of newly strained relations between the regent and St. James's. Bolingbroke returned to Paris within the week; the result of his visit being a fortnight's postponement of the king's journey, whom he had persuaded to abandon his cherished Spanish route, the regent being now willing to look the other way, and to cross from St. Malo to the neighbourhood of Plymouth. Campion and Courtney were to repair at once to the west of England with instructions to Sir William Wyndham, who was, if possible, to receive the king on his landing, and to the officers at Plymouth. It had been settled that Ormond must not leave Paris

until James was safely off. Now Ormond was to go before the king to make all preparation for his reception, and on the fourth day from hearing of Ormond's departure, the king was to set off, Bolingbroke following according to his private orders. James Murray and Cameron were to go to Scotland, by way of the Texel, with Mar's new blank commission, and a commission had to be sent to the queen by Callaghan for Lord Granard. Hamilton was ordered to London to tell the clergy how the king counted upon them, and Sacheverell was to join the king unless he could do more for him in London. Compliments were sent to Lords Jersey and Lansdown. The Bishop of Derry, a new adherent, was to meet James with Lord Ikerrin.

Postponement was vexatious. James must have been in a fair way to lose his head among conflicting counsels; Berwick, always urging instant departure, then deprecating rashness; Bolingbroke, always urging the same, always hurrying to drag him back at the moment of springing. Bolingbroke's news seemed to compel prudence for the moment. On October 13 he wrote to James that nothing could render his cause desperate except "exposal of his person."[1] There were rumours of an English plot timed to kidnap James on his way. On October 21 a description was published of an Irish Protestant named Kelly, a "reformed" officer, who had left London on October 19 (8) on his way to Bar to kill the King of England.[2] It was supposed that he had received 800 pieces of money from the English Government. Stair, undiscouraged by many disappointments, had his traps set on all roads between Bar and the coast. That was a game two could play at, and Stair complained that Bolingbroke, too, had his spies set to pick up every word his sometime friend, the ambassador, said in his own house.

James had intended that Bolingbroke should accompany him, and Berwick believed this ought to be arranged, but Bolingbroke proved to James that he must indispensably remain in Paris to watch affairs there. He would not work with the queen-mother nor recognise her ministry, and he stipulated that important secrets must be kept from her; this last with too much reason. A memorandum (French) reached the English Government (October 28), describing the "Pre-

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 436. [2] *Ibid.*, 445.

tender's" designs and Bolingbroke's commission to stop in Paris to hasten the execution of a secret treaty between Mary of Modena, on behalf of her son, and the Regent of France, who promised to assist him with arms and men, stipulating for James's marriage with his second daughter,[1] Mademoiselle de Valois. On his return to Paris, Bolingbroke found that one of the ships at St. Malo, destined to carry his secretary, James Murray, and Cameron to Scotland *viâ* Holland, had been seized—a breach of the "absolute connivance" so frequently promised. The regent expressed himself as much surprised at the action, and Bolingbroke found himself and Ormond treated by the French with "a new air" that augured well for the Court's sympathy. He sent James Murray to Bar (October 18) with money, letters, and the seals.[2]

Ormond's departure for the west of Ireland was fixed for Monday night, October 21, but was again postponed. On the 17th he had at last a private interview with the regent, who pleaded his treaty obligations as excuse for previous exclusiveness, and made great professions of interest and friendship for James.[3] He promised "20,000 [stand of] arms and ammunition proportionable,"[4] and sent M. le Blanc to Ormond next morning to make arrangements. The arrangements had to be kept secret from Bolingbroke. The French Court evidently knew something of Bolingbroke's efficiency in keeping secrets from Stair.

Ormond set off, October 24,[5] accompanied by Olive Trant as far as the coast, only to find that their trusted friend Maclean had betrayed the English schemes to the Government, who had arrested the leaders. All chance of a south-western rising being thereby balked, Ormond stopped at St. Malo to await his king.

James had three months ago prepared circular letters to announce his departure to the Emperor and other sovereigns of Europe; to the English universities and the officers of

[1] Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports, xi., p. 165; Townshend Papers.

[2] If Chambers and Rae say correctly that James Murray of Stormont brought letters to Mar at Perth on October 9 (September 28), this could not be the same person. Besides this, Bolingbroke's secretary was a married man, which James of Stormont was not.

[3] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 442. Ormond to James.

[4] Ormond to Mar, December 27, *ibid.* 480.

[5] Stair had given Ormond's coachman a guinea a day in vain to know the day of his departure.

both services. He now dated them October 18, and at the same time he touched up and signed a memorial, drawn up by Bolingbroke, addressed separately to the English and to the Scots, dated October 25. After his ministry had come to a violent end, Bolingbroke described to Sir William Wyndham, with a fury of contemptuous comment, his master's conscientious editing of that work; admitting regretfully that he could not of his knowledge accuse James of having submitted it to the editing of his mother and her priests. "He took exception against several passages," says Bolingbroke, "and particularly against those wherein a direct promise of securing the churches of England and Ireland was made. . . . The whole tenor of the amendments was one continued instance of the grossest bigotry, and the most material passages were turned with all the Jesuitical prevarication imaginable. For instance:—

"[Queen Anne] was called in the original draught 'his sister of glorious and blessed memory.' In that which he published, the epithet of 'blessed' was left out. Her eminent justice and her exemplary piety were occasionally mentioned. In lieu of which he substituted a flat, and in this case an invidious expression, 'her inclination to justice.'

"'When it pleased Almighty God to take her to himself' was the expression used in speaking of the death of the queen. This he erased, and instead thereof inserted these words: 'When it pleased Almighty God to put a period to her life.'

"He graciously allowed the universities to be nurseries of loyalty, but he did not think that it became him to style them 'nurseries of religion.'

"Since his father passes already for a saint, and since reports are encouraged of miracles which they suppose to be wrought at his tomb, he might have allowed his grandfather to pass for a martyr; but he struck out of the draught these words, 'that blessed martyr who died for his people,' which were applied to King Charles the First, and would say nothing more of him than that 'he fell a sacrifice to rebellion.'

"In the clause which related to the churches of England and Ireland, there was a plain and direct promise inserted of 'effectual provision for their security, and for their re-establishment in all those just rights which belong to them.' This clause was not suffered to stand, but another was formed wherein all mention of the Church of Ireland was omitted, and nothing

was promised to the Church of England but 'the security and re-establishment of all those rights, privileges, immunities, and possessions which belong to her,' and wherein he had already pronounced by his declaration of this twentieth of July to secure and protect all her members."

But where was the "Jesuitical prevarication" which so shocked Bolingbroke, the very man who had so strongly recommended dissimulation? The royal editing indeed suggests that James, irritated by Bolingbroke's theological counsels, had gone out of his way to be explicit. Certain phrases almost seem to have been inserted for the express purpose of annoying and defying the Secretary of State.

The 28th was finally fixed for James's departure. James Murray and Lord Clermont were despatched to Scotland. The royal seals and a sealed packet of letters with a little golden heart were taken to the queen in a shagreen case, with a devotional book, all in a new trunk. His legacies are all affectionately recorded by Nairne, down to his old inkhorn and portfolio. His books he bequeathed to Dr. Ingleton, his old preceptor. Nairne could not bring away the four volumes of James II.'s Memoirs, so he sealed them up and left them in charge of Dr. Ingleton and Sir William Ellis. Letters and copies were left in the most orderly bundles. Two keys—one "the king could not well remember what it was," the other of a strong-box containing his clothes, left at the Scots College, were to be sent to the queen. He assured Nairne that nothing but the necessity of secrecy would have made him leave as he did, literally alone, without the comfort of having anybody of confidence with him; but he had directed the queen to send Nairne and Middleton over to him first of all.[1]

Dr. Ingleton sped his pupil "at this separation" with a letter as full of personal affection as of spiritual counsel, urging him, so beset as his position must be with temptation, never to depart from the laws of God; warning him that snares and scandals would be laid in his way, but God, who had so often saved him like a sparrow from the net, would be his defence. His faith would save him. As to any offer of kingdoms as the price of his soul, that were too gross a bait for any man. He

[1] Orders to Nairne before the king passed for Commercy, October 20; Carte MSS. ccxi. 332 v. 333; Nairne to Innes, 330–332. The king's instructions to Nairne before setting off, July 21, 1715; Carte MSS. 211, f. 328.

warned him that any concession at the beginning, however small, would pass among the people for a staggering in the faith. He encouraged him by pointing out how David had gained a crown when things seemed most desperate. "As for myself," he adds, "though condemned to separation from your Majesty, I have seldom suffered since your infancy. My heart and soul will be where you are."[1]

Then, all being left in order, James went to a hunting party at Commercy given by the Prince de Vaudemont, changed clothes in the forest and, disguised as an abbé in violet cassock, set off literally and entirely alone on his dangerous way. He travelled as Monsieur du Puis.

He had plenty of money with him to cheer his solitude. Besides three bags of money he took from Bar, the Duke of Lorraine, who had not approved of armed rising against the English Government, sent him a kind parting letter, with 27,000 louis in gold, which he kept with him in a strong-box, sleeping with it under his pillow. The Pope had sent 300,000, the Spanish ambassador 300,000. The cause was now well financed. Four bags were sent to Scotland by Lord Edward Drummond, four more by General Echlin, seven to the Duke of Ormond, three to Mr. Gordon, one was left at Dunkirk, and three were sent to Mr. Flanagan.[2]

Beset as his path was by spies, James arrived safe and sound at Paris on October 30. The fact of his sojourn is confirmed by Stair, though he did not hear of it until some days later. He stopped at the hotel of the Count de Breteuil, husband of the lovely Laura O'Brien, Mademoiselle de Clare, the Duchess of Berwick's niece ; a chief house of call for Jacobites. His friends came there to pay their respects. They found him "a very handsome prince, *infiniment poli*, looking not more than five or six and twenty. There he held a council which lasted half the night. At dawn he went to see his mother at Chaillot, slept as usual at the Duc de Lauzun's cottage there, and departed in one of Count de Breteuil's carriages for the coast, attended by some gentlemen on horse-back disguised in the Breteuil livery. These were his doctor, St. Paul, acting as valet, his surgeon, William Erskine, brother of Sir John of Alva, and a servant besides the coachman.

[1] Carte MSS. 211, f. 351 ; holog.
[2] Carte MSS. Sir William Ellis's accounts.

The gentlemen must have joined him only in Paris for safety's sake.[1]

The watchful Stair had news at once that James had visited his mother at Chaillot and had departed for the coast by Alençon. Stair instantly sent out spies to cover various roads, with especial regard to the Alençon road, whither he sent a certain Colonel Douglas of a reformed Irish regiment, with two horsemen, all armed ; Douglas in a postchaise. This Douglas, says Saint-Simon, was well known in the best Parisian society ; very poor but well-mannered, with a great reputation for valour, and apparently incapable of crime. He was most likely the Douglas who had appeared at Bar on August 1, whom James suspected of being a spy. A "Letter from London" asserts "on the best authority" that a Mr. Elliott at Stair's embassy had undertaken to murder James, and that engaged with him in the plot was "a Mr. Douglas, an attaché at the embassy, called Count," son of Sir William Douglas ; also that "Mr. Macdonald is going upon the account."[2] These names will occur again so coincidentally as to give value to a letter that might otherwise have been dismissed as irresponsible gossip.

Stair's three emissaries arrived on November 2 at Nonancourt, a village nineteen French leagues from Paris, three from Dreux, the same from Evreux, and stopped at the posthouse for refreshment, where a fourth joined them. Lospital, the postmaster, was absent, but his wife was there, a very respectable, brave, and intelligent woman. Douglas inquired anxiously after a postchaise he expected to meet there, but feared it had already gone by. He described its occupants, and asked so many questions, and was so suspicious of the answers and so full of threats and promises, that Madame Lospital's suspicions were aroused, but she could be sure of no more than that they were English engaged in some serious treachery, and guessed that it must concern King James. So she later informed Saint-Simon. She determined on saving the fugitive king.

She secured the confidence of her present guests by devoted attention to their requirements, and promised they should infal-

[1] Bolingbroke wrote to him on November 2, addressed to St. Malo ; he received the letter on his arrival on the 8th. He may have spent a few days at Chaillot unknown to Bolingbroke, as a week seems long for a journey to St. Malo, even if devious routes were preferred.

[2] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 481.

libly have notice of the chaise's arrival. Douglas went out for a walk with one of his companions, leaving the last arrival with their servant at the posthouse. The postmistress was embarrassed by the unexpected presence of this observer, but must make the best of it, and at once. Douglas had finished his lunch when the fourth traveller arrived, and had offered him none. Now the postmistress plied the hungry man with the best wine and meat, and set one of her servants to keep watch and appear silently when the expected chaise would come in view. Then she would shut up the two men together, and relay the chaise with Douglas's horses.

But the chaise delayed; her prisoners grew impatient. She persuaded the Englishman to take a siesta in a back room, and went out to take a trusted friend into her confidence, who agreed to receive the expected traveller and hide him in her house. She begged from the priest, a relative, an abbé's cassock and periwig, then returned to find the English servant watching at the posthouse gate! She hid her consternation, compassionated his weariness, admired his watchfulness, assured him that he should be as quickly and faithfully warned as if by his own eyes, and got a postilion to ply him again with drink until he fell under the table. Then she locked him up in his master's room, and came to take her own watch upon her doorstep.

Half-an-hour later came the trusty servant she had placed as sentinel to announce the expected chaise, King James inside, escorted by three horsemen. She presented herself to his Majesty, told him how he was trysted, and that he must trust her and go with her to her friend's house or be lost. He followed her at once, her honest face being her credential, heard her story, and was hidden with his escort as comfortably as was possible. Madame Lospital then went home, sent for a magistrate, told him of the plot, had the sleeping Englishman and his servant arrested, and sent postilions to inform De Torcy; which seems to imply some sort of commission from that minister.

The English gentleman (Elliot?) was furious when he came round to find himself arrested, and would have strangled the postmistress, who went in fear of her life for some time after. He declared he had been sent by the English ambassador. What became of Douglas no one knew, save that he was met at

various points of the road asking questions and crying that some one had escaped.

James stayed three days hidden at Nonancourt, until the excitement of the arrest was over. He confessed his identity to his preserver and gave her a letter to his mother, which she presented in due course to her Majesty at St. Germain's. There she was warmly thanked and much petted, and presented with the queen's portrait. Some months after, when he had time and letters were safer, James himself wrote to her, and sent her his portrait. It has been scornfully remarked by Saint-Simon and others that she never received a penny of reward, not even reimbursement for her expenses in the king's service. Perhaps she refused such payment, being a well-to-do person, if the poor queen was able to offer any, for she was undoubtedly greatly pleased with her reception, and never said a word about disappointment as to payment. Saint-Simon does not hesitate to speak of this incident as a plot not only for the arrest, but for the assassination of James, and Parisian society was of the same opinion and closed its doors upon Douglas when he turned up there after those distracted wanderings and questionings about Nonancourt. He tried to brave it out, as Stair did, but at last disappeared, discouraged, from the scene, leaving his wife and children dependent on charity. Saint-Simon thinks he died abroad. Perhaps he may reappear two years later.

James reached St. Malo safely on Friday, November 8, "after a troublesome journey enough," he writes to Inese, but refrains from details. He stayed at Larmoisie, close by, for privacy. Here he met the Duke of Ormond, and, in spite of fresh advice that they should wait, he would not abandon his determination to sail at once for the west of Scotland, while Ormond sailed for the south-west of England.

Stair had evidently been so confounded by the failure of his Nonancourt plot that until November 4, by which date all France knew that James had left Bar,[1] he believed him still to loiter in Lorraine. Then came fresh news that James was on his way to Paris, and Stair went to the regent to demand that he should be stopped at Château Thierry, about fifty miles east of Paris, where he must pass. The regent promised to send a party to arrest him, and carefully selected Major Contade of the guards, a very intelligent officer, devoted to himself, who

[1] Saint-Simon. Also Berwick to James; Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 452.

set off with his brother and two chosen sergeants, instructed and resolved to miss what they sought. Contade set off on the night of November 9 [1]—James being then fairly safe at St. Malo. Stair wrote to Townshend the same day, informing him of Contade's mission.[2] He had to write again that when Contade arrived, it was to find the bird flown ; thus confirming long suspicions of the regent's good faith towards England. The regent had indeed given notice both to Berwick and Bolingbroke on November 8, of the mission to Château Thierry, and Maréchal d'Huxelles had assured Bolingbroke that his master was entirely for James, and that everything possible would be done to give him time ; while they had agreed how to "banter" Stair as long as necessary, "but that must not be very long." [3]

Berwick, as if unaware of offence, kept pressing that James should sail at once for Scotland. James was firmly persuaded of the same urgency, but resented Berwick's intention to be "still meddling," and ordered that he should be told nothing, else he would thwart all measures. Bolingbroke must deal directly with the queen, or there would be confusion of counsel ; but Bolingbroke would deal as little with the queen as decency left possible. James wished notice to be sent at once to Mar of his impending arrival at Dunstaffnage, now in his hands, but he found his determination vigorously opposed. "I never wanted you so much in my life," he writes to Bolingbroke, November 15, "for we have been in a strange confused chaos here these eight days. . . . I have been harassed to death since I am here, and have been a little sick to boot, but I hope 'twill be nothing, for I am well to-day, but if I have life in me, shall not let slip the first fair wind." [4]

On the same day Bolingbroke was writing to James that Murray and Lord Clermont, Middleton's son, had been seized at Flanders ; Allan Cameron also, at Mons, returning with messages, but he had escaped to Paris and was coming at once to St. Malo. Lord Clermont went to the Tower for the second time. The fair wind refused to blow. On November 20 James, at Cap Frehel, had had no news for ten days, and, depressed by the weather, feared that some mischance had arrived. The badness of the weather was in his favour in Scotland, keeping

[1] Hist. MSS. Comm., Reports XI., V. p. 177. Townshend to Argyll.
[2] Hist. MSS. Comm., Reports XI., V. p. 177. November 15 (4).
[3] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 454. Bolingbroke to James, Nov. 8.
[4] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 458-9 ; holog.

back even the northern Highlanders from joining the Whig Lord Sutherland's forces. At Cap Frehel, James was joined by Colonel John Hay, with advices from Scotland.

Chilled by weather, wearied and confused by contradiction, James was compelled to put off once more, persuaded even to think that his intention of speedy departure had been a little precipitate. Owing to the careless chatter of Ormond and his crowd of followers, the indiscreet zeal of Sir Nicholas Giraldin, who had joined him later, and the long delay enforced by weather, every one at St. Malo was perfectly well aware of his identity. At the first change of wind, he went on board the too expectant ship, intending to sail round by Ireland for Scotland. He called the seamen together to consult them as to the difficulties in the way, atmospheric and preventive. The route was pronounced impossible ; Captain Cammock, who was in command of the ships, said bluntly that he would give his head if any of them were ever heard of more. Then St. George's Channel was discussed, and dismissed as too dangerous ; the passages very needles to thread among the narrow seas and the troopships crossing from Ireland. Cameron and Hay were of opinion that, as Mar must now have carried his army into England, a landing at Dunstaffnage would be unprotected, and the roads between coast and army impracticable in winter.[1] The east coast was then fixed upon. James's courage and resolve never for a moment flinched. "My health is good," he writes to Bolingbroke (November 24) in his long account of these deliberations, "and I can bear hardships." He had made up his mind not to sail in public from St. Malo, at the mercy of fifty tongues on board his ship and all the ships on the coast there, but to slip off in disguise to Dunkirk and embark privately. He sent Cameron to Bolingbroke with this news to be told only to the queen, and Hay was sent to Mar, who alone had to be trusted with the secret of his landing-place. Hay was windbound at Bréhat until the end of December. Sick of advice, James flatly told his minister that, though advice was necessary, "when a party like this is taken there remains nothing but the execution. . . . I own to you it has gone hard with me to be obliged to take a party like this on myself, but there was a necessity of it, and I saw no other so little bad." Ormond was to go

[1] Dunstaffnage was soon lost to the enemy, owing to the disobedience of the Highland clans.

direct to Lancashire, unless the winds compelled him to stop on the Cornwall coast. He would have 300 stand of arms with him and about 100 men. "After this, I cannot but unburden myself to you as to the hard game I have had to play this fortnight past." Ormond's friends had whispered and babbled. "Everybody knew everything and would play the minister. Every resolution was known and blamed, while there was nobody capable of giving good advice." Ormond himself was visibly wavering, and disapproved of the king's plan, though he would not speak out. James II.'s old officer, St. Ruth, whom the queen had sent with General Dominic Sheldon to the king, had, especially, grown dictatorial, but in spite of the king's pitiful entreaties, St. Ruth refused to sail with Ormond, and said he only wanted to end his days in peace and quiet. "In fine, on the whole, my circumstances have been most cruel, but with God's help and blessing I must and will overcome all difficulties, and be discouraged from nothing in pursuing my point." He sent a commission for the Duke of Leeds, appointing him vice-admiral of England as he knew something of the sea, and ordered all his people to stay in France until he was actually gone.

Ormond set sail on the 27th for Cornwall. St. Ruth changed his mind, and went with him. James, terribly anxious for Ormond's safety, was profoundly hurt by hints that he had "slipt his [own] neck out of the collar" and left them to be sacrificed; as if the plan of Ormond's preceding him had not been the oldest and most recurrent of all! He went on eagerly preparing for his own immediate sailing. He left fifty pistoles with Giraldin (now in a fright about his own safety), as provision for the wives of those officers who had sailed with Ormond, and charged the queen to look after them.

He had a grateful heart. "The man of this house," he writes to Bolingbroke, November 28, ". . . has been the heartiest man alive, and indeed farr beyond what could be expected, for to cover the secret he goes allong with me himself. . . . I part on Monday, and will carry this gentleman at least to the place I meet Cameron. I wish I had some handsome present to make him *en passant.* If the queen could send me by Cameron a ring for him, it would do mighty well. . . . Nothing but the secret's getting out can I think make it fail, but indeed I think secrecy is banished from the world."

The seas were filled with ships watching for him, there was £100,000 on his head ; but he never swerved again from his resolution, now he had found that if he waited on counsellors' fitful advice, he would never move at all! He only insisted that no one must follow him into such dangers. On December 2 he set off, taking the road to Morlaix as a blind, accompanied by his nephew, Lord Tynemouth, Berwick's eldest son, who had recently joined him ; who had always been and ever remained one of his dearest and most loyal servants. Until New Year's Eve, the king and Lord Tynemouth rode disguised along bye-ways deep in snow, in the bitter December cold of the Breton and Norman seaboard, and lurked in one small port after another, in miserable shelters, yet all the time, says Rae, James never had the least ailment or indisposition.

> "His limbs were borne up bravely
> By the brave heart within."

He wrote to Bolingbroke from time to time, seizing secret opportunities. December 12 found him at "Mr. Farrel's house," where he received the discouraging news of Ormond's return and saw a printed account of Sheriffmuir, which at least did not seem to be defeat, fruitless though victory itself must be when want of provisions forbade advance. Mr. Farrel's house was perhaps a cant name for Morlaix, or for Cap Frehel, if James had had to return. Ormond waited behind at Morlaix. Stormy winds still kept the royal adventurer back, but he crept on to Dunkirk. There the queen sent the 200,000 crowns from Philip of Spain by Sir John Erskine of Alva. These ingots were shipped at once to Scotland in charge of Lord Tynemouth, his connection, Francis Bulkeley, and Sir John Erskine, only to be lost at sea. James was uneasy at sending all his eggs in one basket, and his forebodings were realised.

The small ship prepared by Bolingbroke was waiting at Dunkirk ; it carried eight guns, was manned and armed to the extent of its capacity, and laden with brandy to disarm suspicion. A British man-of-war also lay in the roads, waiting for his Majesty! But a wind blew fair on December 27, and he seized the longed-for moment, regardless of warships and the dangerous way. Only Allan Cameron and two servants

accompanied him. He had five days' tossing and watching on the wintry sea. On New Year's day, N.S. (December 21 in Scotland), his ship was sighted from the heights of Montrose, and his signals flew the news to the rocky shore that the king was come to his own again. But a suspicious vessel lay watching the harbour, and the royal sloop steered northward. Next morning, January 2 (O.S. December 22), the sloop ran into the little fishing haven of Peterhead, a burgh of the friendly barony of the Earl Marischal, and James VIII. at last set foot on the land of his fathers.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN HIS AIN COUNTRIE

"O the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The bonnie broom of the Cowden knowes!
I wish those lords had stayed at home
To milk their minnies' yowes."

THE king and his companions, still disguised as common sailors, stayed a night hidden at Peterhead, whence he wrote to his mother, to Bolingbroke, to the Prince de Vaudemont, and others, announcing his safe arrival in his "antient kingdom of Scotland." He wrote joyously of finding himself at home after so many troubles, though except for the joy of feeling his feet on Scottish soil, there was little joy about and before him: midwinter of unusually severe type; the beauties of his ancient kingdom veiled in mist and buried in snow, bitter winds sweeping that north-eastern coast. He reported himself nevertheless as marvellously well, though wearied, and everything as answering to his fondest anticipations.

Allan Cameron was sent at once express to announce James's arrival to Mar at Perth. Cameron arrived there only on the 6th (O.S. December 26), the roads being so bad. James and his party stopped the second night at Newburgh, a house of the Earl Marischal; passed incognito through Aberdeen next day with two baggage horses, and on the 4th (O.S. December 24) arrived at Lord Marischal's great house of Fetteresso, where the earl, his host, with Mar, General Hamilton, and between twenty and thirty persons of quality, with a guard of horse, came to kiss his hand, and he was proclaimed. But the news they brought was a dismal Christmas gift and deepened the gloom. He learned the truth of his victory of Sheriffmuir and the circumstances of the Preston surrender. Mar's army was reduced to half the fighting strength present at Sheriffmuir. The Camerons under Young Lochiel had gone home; the Frasers and other clans had followed suit. Inverness, held for King James, had been taken by Lord Lovat with Duncan

Forbes of Culloden ; which misfortune compelled Seaforth and Huntly to withdraw with their contingents from the army to protect their own lands from the new Hanoverian garrison. Argyll had been reinforced by several thousand Dutch troops, and Mar was meditating the abandonment of Perth before that host. There was as yet no news of Sir John Erskine and the Spanish ingots. Cameron, with General Hamilton, was sent back (January 14, O.S. 3) in the ship that had brought the hopeful king, to represent the serious state of affairs in Scotland to the French and Spanish Courts, and to beg for further supplies—also to do a little shopping ; for Hamilton bought in Paris blue ribbon for the king, lace for Mar, and ninety-three bottles of champagne to cheer their drooping spirits.[1] The reason of Hamilton's mission was that, though "one of our only two experienced officers," he had been head of the wing that ran away at Sheriffmuir, and the Highlanders had consequently taken such a "disgust" of him that James devised this delicate and honourable way of getting rid of him, brave and honest as he was.[2] James fell into a state of depression which he was wholly unable to shake off. Hundreds of his adherents were in prison with their gallant leaders, Derwentwater, Wintoun, and Kenmure ; he had no general, and hardly any money. Fatigue and exposure had told upon his delicate frame, and on the day he arrived at Fetteresso he was shivering with ague and burning with fever, and was unable to accompany Mar back to Perth. He was obliged to stop indoors until the 10th (O.S. December 30), but was able to receive addresses from the Episcopal clergy, the Aberdeen magistrates, and the authorities of Marischal College, while his last Declaration of Commercy was distributed and dropped at night about the Aberdeen streets. On the 10th he moved to Lady Panmure's house at Brechin. Her lord had been wounded at Sheriffmuir and lay ill at Dundee. Here James stopped over the Scottish New Year's Day (January 12, N.S.).

His perplexities must have been somewhat increased by the devotion of the Neuburg princess, while he was being wooed at the same time on behalf of the very desirable Mademoiselle de Valois. "The generous way in which Prince Charles Philip of Neuburg and his daughter were behaving to

[1] Hamilton to Mar. Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 503.
[2] Stuart Papers, ap. Mahon (January 2, O.S.). James to Bolingbroke.

him," he wrote (January 12) to the Duke of Lorraine, "obliged him more than ever to wish the fulfilment of their desires, while his own heart was entirely with them, but though he wished these sentiments to be conveyed to that family, he dared not altogether commit himself."[1] How could he with either lady, when things looked so black in Scotland?

From Brechin he went (January 13,[2] O.S. 2) to Lord Southesk's house of Kinnaird, and two days later to Glamis, Lord Strathmore's castle, which he admired beyond any castle he had ever seen. He found the affection of the people beyond description. His ague being past, his spirits rose.

The young Earl of Strathmore had been killed at Sheriffmuir. He was of the very flower of Jacobite chivalry. "Deserted by his men, he had seized the colours, and, with fourteen others as brave, held his own till he was struck by a musket-shot, and sabred by a dragoon." Even the Master of Sinclair says, "He was the young man of all I ever saw who approached the nearest to perfection." It is like Clarendon's lament for Falkland. The king's host was his brother, a delightful boy, scarcely sixteen; "very sensible and intelligent," says Hearne, who knew him. His brother's minority had saved the succession from forfeiture. In the following December, when he went up to Oxford, he spent an evening with Hearne and several honest gentlemen, and gladdened their hearts by his account of his royal guest, whom he described as very cheerful, a very fine gentleman, and a lover of dancing; also of great and uncommon understanding, punctual to his word, very religious, modest, and chaste. Had not his very looks showed him to be a king, he had proved his claim by touching for the king's evil while in Strathmore's own house, for all the patients recovered.

A heavy fall of snow kept James at Glamis until the following day. Here Mar wrote a description of him intended to cheer the drooping hearts of the faithful. It was no flattery but mere justice, wrote Mar, to describe him as the finest gentleman he ever knew, with a very good presence and resembling that popular monarch Charles II.—as his mother

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 485.

[2] The dates have been confused by historians. James dates N.S. from Fetteresso January 8, from Brechin January 11 and 12, from Kinnaird 13, Mar from Kinnaird 14, and from Glamis, January 5 (N.S. 16). These dates do not always coincide with Rae and Chambers in their histories of the Rising.

and the Chaillot nuns had observed before. He was affable yet majestic, and sweet-tempered exceedingly; in every way fitted to make a happy people. It would be odd if his presence among them, after running so many hazards to compass it, did not turn the hearts of the most obdurate.

From Glamis James made his state entry into Dundee. Mar rode on his right, the Earl Marischal on his left; a retinue of about three hundred horsemen followed him. At the request of his enthusiastic people he remained about an hour on horseback in the market-place, giving his hand to be kissed by all who came; a Commons' King, true son of the gallant knight of Snowdoun. He dined and slept that night with Mr. Stuart of Grantully. Next day he rode by the Carse of Gowrie to Castle Lyon, later Castle Huntly, another seat of Lord Strathmore's; slept at Fingask, Sir David Thriepland's, and on Saturday, January 18 (O.S. January 7), he arrived at Scone and took up residence in the royal palace till his house should be ready in Perth.

Next day he held a sort of military inspection at Perth. He had eagerly wished to see those "little kings," the Highland chiefs, and rank and file were equally eager to see him, but the meeting resulted in mutual disappointment. James was delighted with the warlike appearance of his soldiers, but dismayed at finding how few they were, not nearly enough to show at a creditable review, while the men were surprised and discouraged by his silence and too evident dejection, and asked if he could speak. In spite of the brightness of his black eyes, the pallor of recent illness and his extreme slenderness contrasted dolefully with the ruddy strength of the men he had come to lead. A pamphleteer[1] also found his words grave and few, and never once saw him smile. A bright, sanguine king would have inspired his men with new vigour, but James, who had counted on firing them by his presence, fell upon them like a wet blanket. He again felt too ill to interest himself or even to feign interest in military details, and the soldiers were bitterly disappointed that he did not go among them familiarly and see their exercises, well practised for display before him.

At Perth, to add to his vexations, the weary religious

[1] A True Account of the Proceedings at Perth; the Debates in the Secret Council there, &c. Written by a Rebel. (London, 1716.)

difficulty came up once more. A day of public thanksgiving for his arrival was proclaimed for Thursday, January (26 O.S.).[1] His coronation was discussed but not officially announced. The ancient regalia of Scotland had been carried away at the Union, no man then knew whither, but the ardent Jacobite ladies denuded themselves of jewellery to make a new crown. There had been no Scottish coronation since Charles II. had purchased the crown of the Bruce by signing the covenant that ruined his father. This king, so like his uncle in outward appearance, in spite of his grave demeanour and his amazing indifference to female beauty, would surely take the same practical view of religious differences, seeing how much was staked upon Scottish susceptibilities. There was that terrible new royal Declaration, essential for the legality of the ceremony, bristling with defiant Protestantism, carefully composed that it might be impossible to Catholic lips. James had refused so much as to listen to a Protestant grace ; how should he thus formally and violently forswear his faith ?

And where were those chiefs who had excused themselves on plea of the king's absence ? Surely they now would come trooping to his side ? But the Highland roads were blocked with snow ; they had expected the king to come with plenty of money and troops ; and it had been well enough known for more than a month that Perth was to be abandoned at the first approach of Argyll. The king tried earnestly to save Perth, weak as it was, and urged that battle must be given to the approaching enemy, 8000 strong. So says a French officer of the Jacobite army, whose letter was printed as a pamphlet.[2] The cold was unprecedented ; mills were frozen, and the coal-mines of Fife were in the enemy's hands. The Jacobites had no coal, and wood was extremely scarce.

James tried to cheer the drooping hearts of his council by a hopeful speech. Failing to meet with response, he ended with a mournful peroration ; "for him it was no new thing to be unfortunate." His melancholy provided much food for mirth to the Whig pamphleteers and ballad writers. One, very hard hitting and very coarse, *A Hue and Cry after the Pretender*, was probably written from the report of a spy or of a discouraged adherent, so close are its observations of James's little languid table-tricks of making bread pellets, leaning on

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 486.

[2] Carte MSS. ccx.

his elbow. His chastity was not admired by the Whig pamphleteer as it was by the Jacobite boy, Strathmore. The outraged dignity with which, says the pamphleteer, a student of Swift's manner, he turned his back on the advances of two Highland women, "nicely washed but venal," roused the jeers of this observer, who scoffed too at his slender length of limb, his swarthy complexion and, as "dead-looking," the black eyes that others found so piercingly bright and animated. "He never laughs till he is drunk; plays at cards on Sundays," says the shocked pamphleteer. James is never accused of drunkenness by any other contemporary writer, but he was no ascetic at table, and did his best in society to cheer the weary way.

The various proclamations from "the mournful Jemmy" to his "dear vassals of the north" provided much Whig mirth; his promises to relieve them from miseries they did not feel. They twitted him with his style of King of France (forgetting that the Elector had assumed the same style), and advised him to stick to that kingdom of his. There were gruesome reminders of Temple Bar, where the heads above should be more than those below. These jokes were relieved by merriment over Mar's dukedom, Ormond's brains, and Forster's arrest in bed.

There was a worse scarcity than fuel. Even yet, if James had had a general, all might have been saved. He had been greatly and justly angered by Berwick's defection; but Mar himself, honestly avowing his own incompetence, must have persuaded him that in such straits, such dangers for others, his anger and his kingly pride must be set aside. Berwick must still be his general, though never more minister of his; and the Scots were told that he was coming. Mar himself, loyally setting aside his own *amour propre*, wrote to Berwick by the king's command[1] (January 12), describing the sore need of the king as to substantial and speedy succour, and urging upon Berwick his sworn duty to lead his army. Berwick again, even at this critical juncture, delayed his reply! Perhaps he really did plead for a month with the regent; perhaps he pleaded for a month with his wife.[2] Perhaps he waited to see

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 500; Berwick to Mar. Berwick refers to this letter as of January 1, Mar using O.S. invariably. Also James to Bolingbroke, Stuart Papers, ap. Mahon.

[2] According to his son's Memoir he was henpecked, as was Marlborough, and "the fair Nanette" no doubt had much to say in the matter of his late conduct.

how the wind blew. On February 12, when all was irretrievable, he wrote from St. Germain's that he and Bolingbroke had left no stone unturned as to the succour, but as to the other matter—his alleged promise to follow the king to Scotland—Mar had been misinformed. The promise had always been conditional upon the French Court's permission. He was still ready to make good the promise; but it was consistent neither with his own honour nor the king's interest that he should "desert like a trooper." So Berwick stayed at home.

Ormond also lingered in France, declaring his impatience to do his part, but up to the end of January he was without news of his English friends, save for what reached him from Bolingbroke as to every one of importance in England being imprisoned, dispersed, or dispirited.

The coronation never took place. Fate intervened before the appointed day, but it appears to have been the tactlessness of James's Catholic subjects that made it in any case impossible. James writes, January 22, to the invalid Lord Panmure at Dundee: "I do believe our Catholics had no thoughts of doing anything extraordinary next Thursday, but my own modesty in those matters must and shall be their rule. It is over the hearts of my subjects, and not their consciences, that I am desirous to reign, and if my moderation and all the assurances they have received on that head do not meet with suitable returns, it may be my misfortune, but it can never be my fault."[1] The Declaration must necessarily have been abandoned, but James would have been ready in return to yield in non-essentials, even to be crowned by a Protestant bishop, as his father had been; or by a Moderator; or by Mar, as Charles II. was crowned by Argyll; or by a woman, as Robert Bruce was crowned. It was no time for parade and pageant which the simple, ancient rite, like a sacrament, does not need.

On January 12 (23), news came at last of Sir John Erskine and the Spanish ingots. The ship, which ought to have arrived in Scotland before James, had been detained at Calais till after the 19th; then, after a stormy voyage, was stranded off Dundee and broken to pieces with all the money in its hold, Sir John and his companions, Lord Tynemouth and Francis

[1] Hist. Comm. Reports; Eliot Hodgkin MSS.

Bulkeley,[1] escaping with their lives. Sir John and his crew waited at Dundee where the hulk still lay on the fatal sand-bank, hoping to recover the treasure before it should fall into the hands of the enemy or of the usual shore thieves. Nothing, however, seems to have been saved. Lord Tynemouth joined James at once.

On January 13 (24), General Echlin was sent to the help of Lords Huntly and Seaforth in reducing Inverness. James and Mar went on expecting help from the Regent of France.

Until January 18 (29) only vague rumours, such as had been going for many weeks past, had reached the Government of James's landing. Even on January 11 (22) Argyll only reports "a rumour" thereof. Cadogan had joined Argyll in December, the Whig commander-in-chief being found lacking in vigour—or in animus—against the enemy he had not quite defeated at Sheriffmuir. Cadogan at once prepared to march against Perth at the head of ten thousand men armed with nearly thirty guns. Argyll objected that the deep snow made travelling too difficult; but Cadogan did not mind snow, and the country people were made to clear a road. The Jacobites, wrought upon by their energetic though invalid king, set about fortifying Perth, the men exulting like their sovereign in the prospect of battle, and wild with joy when they heard, January 17 (28), that Argyll was to march next day.

Might not Argyll be met with something more winning, or more potent for conquest, than Highland valour sharpened by fierce feudal memories? Had there not in Anne's reign[2] been rumours of his leaning towards his native prince? He was already distrusted by his Government, suspected of Jacobite sympathies, as King James's army must know perfectly well. James ardently desired that the supposed sympathy of the most powerful westland Whig should be sunned into active Jacobitism, even in this winter of discontent. Weighing these things, James wrote from Perth to Argyll and his brother, Lord Islay. He received no reply to these letters, which a later letter shows he expected. Lockhart heard that the letters were never delivered; that they had been opened and found to be written so as to widen the breach rather than to heal it; to be no gracious appeal but threat of vengeance and extirpation

[1] "Two valuable young men," Bolingbroke calls them in his anxious letter to Mar, January 31. Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 493.

[2] Lockhart, ii. 15.

should the present Argyll refuse to atone for the treasons of his fathers by his own return to loyalty. Certainly such letters would be calculated rather to freeze such shy sympathy than to sun it into life. Mar was supposed to be the inspirer of these fierce documents. That James did write to Argyll is proved by his own reference, though neither letters nor draft have been found by historians. He appealed to Argyll, as he had appealed to Berwick and Lovat, on his own initiative. Mar could not forbid such appeal, unwilling as he must have been to bring such a rival, an opponent of his own, to the king's counsels. As to his giving the letters a literary form so unlike James's own gently dignified epistolary style, that seems impossible. James was far too sensible, as he was too gracious, to be persuaded to send under his signature threatening letters, almost blackmailing letters, to a proud Highland chief, a foe to woo to friendship. Perhaps Mar prevented the letters from reaching the addresses out of jealous fear of their charm.[1] If they did reach the addresses they failed to charm. Tremendous snowstorms kept Argyll back, but also interrupted the Jacobite communications and starved the garrisons. James's craven council was vainly shown by the French officer how the weather might serve for the defence of Perth, as, supposing the enemy could come up, trenches could not be dug, while Mar's cavalry could cross the frozen Tay to form outposts on the opposite banks, and fight in the open rather than defend the feeble city. But Mar was invincibly despondent. Orders were now given by the council to burn the farms and other storehouses of provision on the way of Argyll's march. The burning was "mightily against the king's mind," Mar wrote to General Gordon,[2] but inevitable. Heaven and earth were moved for help. On January 20 (31) James wrote to his companion in misfortune though not in arms, Charles XII.,[3] sympathising in his troubles, and representing once more the advantage he would gain by joining forces with himself against the Elector and his Dutch auxiliaries. Even Lovat was appealed to that he might at least abstain from warring on Lord Huntly, and James refused to believe that his sometime adherent would actually draw his sword against him.

[1] The letters are not among the papers of the Duke of Argyll.
[2] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 496, &c.
[3] Stralsund had capitulated December 13 (23), 1715, after a siege of thirteen months.

February 5 (January 25) brought a thaw which it was hoped might hinder Argyll's march from Stirling; but hope was frozen in the breasts of Mar and his fellow-councillors, though Glenbucket swore the loyal clans would seize the king and fight round him, 10,000 strong. On February 9 (January 29) consent to abandon Perth was wrung from the cruelly disappointed king. It was said that James wept on signing the warrant. "Weeping is not the way to conquer kingdoms," commented Prince Eugène, unsympathetically, for the hope of conquest was past, and over the loss of a kingdom surely a tear might be condoned. James himself wrote a full account of the surrender.[1]

The resolution, he says, was taken on "Monday the 23rd of January (O.S.)." Sanguine people, says the king, might say they had thrown up the game by submitting to retreat, but the fact was, retreat was the least bad of offered alternatives. They were hopelessly outnumbered; scarcely 4000 to oppose to 7000; only 2500, ill-armed, on whom they could rely. By no common chance of battle, but only by a miracle, could they have held Perth or fought Argyll. They had little or no powder (this lack of powder was chronic, though Mar could have had it made, and Bolingbroke might have sent it), little or no food, and the Highlanders were not practised in defence of towns. The frozen river could be easily used by the enemy to surround them, and there was not a man in his army who understood anything of sieges. (Alas! in the conduct of sieges Berwick was specially distinguished.) Perth being incapable of defence, it would only have been Preston over again. In any case, a beleaguering enemy could easily starve them out.

James had as yet no idea of abandoning the campaign and the country. It was only retreat upon Inverness, and better than utter ruin. When they had joined Huntly and Seaforth they could easily make a stand, and it was just possible that despite the hitherto obstructive weather, some stay-at-home Highlanders might join them further north. He made nothing of Inverness not being at present in his possession, "for Lord Sutherland can as little look us in the face when we come up to him as we can now encounter the enemy."

But February 14 (3) found James, not marching north with his faithful remnant, but at Montrose; whither he and his reduced army had gone for breathing time, said Mar,

[1] Carte MSS. ccxi., ff. 334, &c.; holog.

believing the enemy to be lingering.[1] To their unpleasant surprise, intelligence arrived on Saturday afternoon, February 15 (4), that the enemy had hurried on without stopping at Perth, and were within four miles of Montrose and Brechin. Here was convincing proof of their objective—the king himself! There was no possibility of slipping past to Inverness, through the mountains impassable in snow. The troops were disbanded that they might find subsistence. A ship, some time ago come from France, lay "by accident" at Montrose, says Mar. Mar and the others pressed upon the king that since his person was the chief object of the pursuing army, pursuit would slacken once he were out of the way. On February 3 (14) James wrote from Montrose, asking help from the Regent of France. Later, a hopeless report from Huntly decided his flight. He was dreadfully distressed; held out against the pressure brought to bear;[2] then yielded, distressed still more that his presence should cause further suffering to his people. All the correspondence and Mar's own story testify to the truth of this account. Most reluctantly he was prevailed upon to escape. His army did not know of the resolution. He insisted upon Mar accompanying him, who would be in as great danger as himself. Marischal refused to desert the army. He took the Marquess of Drummond, who could not march, having been wounded in the leg by a fall from his horse. He wished to take Lords Tullibardine and Linlithgow, but they were absent at Bervie and Brechin. Lord Edward Drummond and Lord Tynemouth were five miles off, and a message was sent to them and to the Duke of Melfort. James appointed General Gordon commander-in-chief. Also, he left certain letters with Gordon. One was a letter of adieu to the Highlanders, thanking them for their devotion. The other letter was addressed to Argyll,[3] under care of General Gordon, but it is noted in James's hand as "Never sent."[4] Perhaps there was no balance left to distribute, perhaps Gordon never forwarded the letter. He here expressed in his usual

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 508.

[2] Letter from the French officer in his army previously quoted. Carte MSS. ccx.

[3] Printed in Browne's *History of the Highland Clans*, ii. 340. Also in Chambers' *History of the Rebellion*, p. 312.

[4] Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 505. The letter is described as holograph in the Calendar of the Stuart Papers, but the letter as given by Chambers in his *History of the Rebellion* is written by a secretary, James adding in holograph, "I thought to write this in my own hand but had not time. James R." Chambers says that the original letter was preserved in the family of Fingask.

simple, lucid manner, his distress at the necessity of having had to command the burning of villages, and said that he could not leave the country without attempting some reparation. He had therefore consigned money to the magistrates of (certain towns left blank, as also the appropriate sums) desiring Argyll, if not as an obedient subject, at least as a lover of his country, "to take care that it be employ'd to the designed use, that I may at least have the satisfaction of having been the destruction and ruining of none, at a time I came to free all," and referred to that previous letter to Argyll to which he had had no reply. The usual parade was kept up round his quarters; the army was ordered to march that night and his baggage was forwarded with it. The retreat began at midnight, but in the dark of the February evening (15–4), at nine o'clock, the heir of the Stuart kings slipt out of his lodging by a back door, while his horses were standing at the fore-entry and his guards beginning to march. He reached the Duke of Mar's lodging, and they, by a back way, got to the water-side and immediately into a boat and were carried aboard of a vessel of ninety tons, the *Maria Theresa* of St. Malo's. There followed two boats with Lords Melfort and Drummond, General Sheldon, and ten gentlemen more.[1]

James had failed. It was the old story of more Stuarts than one. Even the lion-hearted Mary Stuart lost courage after Langside, and fled to seek her doom. All accounts show that, at Perth, James could not control his depression. His health and circumstances would have depressed most men, but not a Bruce or a Montrose. Mar doubtless urged that success was impossible; that £100,000 was set on James's head; that he was the one hope of his country, and must secure his own life. In all this there was reason, but he who listened to all this was not a man of romantic and chivalrous daring. It may be said for him that he obeyed advice, while his son, when he deserted his army after Culloden, was deaf to wiser and more valiant counsel. A king, and the sole hope of his line, must take care of himself, and James did. It is vain to pretend that his ancestor, James IV., would thus have abandoned a lost fight. James VIII. was not James IV.

The fugitives had a very good passage, says Mar. It was therefore precaution and not an ill wind that sent them towards

[1] Mar to H. Straiton. Cal. Stuart Papers, i. 509.

Norway and thence by Walden. On the afternoon of February 21 (10) they landed at Gravelines.

With the last chapter of the 'Fifteen the most perfunctory readers of history are well acquainted; the death of Derwentwater and Kenmure on the scaffold, the romantic escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower by means of his heroic wife; the death by hanging and ghastly mutilation of the commoners; the flight into exile of the remaining leaders; the further disarming of the Highlands. It was the most helpless rising in arms that ever was; the most futile waste of blood and possessions. From first to last there was no hope in it, no method, no plan, nothing but boastful or desponding talk. One person concerned who was serious and constant from the first to the stage next the last; who acted logically, who knew what he wanted and did his best to get it, was the king, and he was misled by false information, and his courage and resolution were thwarted and nullified by contradictory advice and cowardly opposition. The gentle, high-minded Derwentwater went like a lamb to the slaughter, not like a hero to battle for a crown. The Northumbrian squires went like foxhunters to the day's sport. The waters had been bubbling for twenty-five years —bubbling with talk and plot and rumour—and would have simmered on till exhausted or cooled down, for no accession of fervour came to make them boil, had not George I.'s disdain of Mar's profession of loyalty kicked the pot over. Then Berwick's defection placed Mar, *faute de mieux*, at the head of a sufficient army which he could not lead and would not allow to fight more than one doubtful battle. The English division had scarcely drawn a sword. They took up arms because they could not help themselves, and were so hopeless of success that they refused to drag down in their expected ruin the Northumbrian farmers and peasants who would have swelled their poor ranks. There was from first to last hardly any idea of fighting; all the discussions were as to terms with the Government. They had pretended that the king's presence was the main necessity, and when he came the main necessiy of his advisers was to hustle him out of the country. At Pretston the Scots, Highland and Lowland, and the English cavaliers, were "lions led by a sheep." At Sheriffmuir the fighting clans fought like themselves, but they lacked that "one hour of Dundee."

CHAPTER XIX

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

"The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blink he had
In my ain countrie."

As soon as he landed at Gravelines, James busied himself by ordering two ships to Scotland to bring away as many of his friends as possible. From Gravelines he went with Lord Drummond to Boulogne, and thence by Abbeville and Beaumont sur-Oise to St. Germain's, where he arrived on February 26. He dared not stay with his mother in the palace, but lodged for some days at Malmaison close by, vainly endeavouring to see the regent. His cause was no longer helpful to France. The regent dared not brave Stair by so much as seeing him, and ordered him to leave the neighbourhood at once. James left Malmaison, but found sympathetic though unreputable refuge in the little house at "Madrid," in the Bois de Boulogne, with Mlle. de Chausseraye and the women who teased Bolingbroke and pestered Berwick.

At Malmaison he received Bolingbroke and Ormond, and sent for Mar, who had travelled from Gravelines by Marquise. He was most gracious to Bolingbroke; declared his unaltered and perfect confidence in him, and bade him follow as soon as he (James) should have left Paris. Two days after leaving Malmaison, he sent Ormond to Bolingbroke to command him to give up the seals, on the charge of grave neglect and negligence in the discharge of his high duties.

Berwick says that Bolingbroke, greatly surprised, gave up the seals at once. According to Bolingbroke himself, he received his dismissal with a frenzy of indignation. One wonders why. Neither interest nor affection was struck at; on his own confession, he never had the least affection for James, nor sympathy with his cause. The cause was wrecked; there was now neither dignity nor emolument to gain by serving

"such kings and queens," as Stair sneered, to whom the fallen minister went to lay bare his bruised soul, and to confide the exceeding disinclination with which he had accepted the seals. Had he previously confided his master's secrets to Stair? Stair denied to Mr. Murray, Bolingbroke's Scottish secretary in Paris (not James of Stormont, since he had a wife to be anxious about), that he had so confided during his term of office,[1] but he admitted frankly, as if it were a joke or an amiable weakness, that "poor Harry" could never put a solemn enough face on his plotting; that he got drunk, and told his mistresses all his king's secrets, and spent upon them the money intended for arms and ammunition. It was of common enough knowledge that men and women could get anything they pleased out of "poor Harry" when he put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his honour. Thanks to these indiscretions, Stair had been kept excellently well posted in Jacobite schemes for all Bolingbroke's righteous indignation and plaintive comparison of the king to Judas.

Berwick, dazzled by Bolingbroke's brilliance, and unable to see and believe what was plain enough to many others, blamed James severely for his action. It seemed to him the most fatal of mistakes to dismiss the experienced statesman, by far the ablest of his servants. He declared that Bolingbroke had acted faithfully, and done all he could. He ascribed the dismissal to the jealousy of Ormond and Mar, who were anxious to shift the blame due to their own imbecilities upon the minister's shoulders; also to the feminine influence under which he supposed James to have fallen immediately upon his arrival at Mlle. de Chausseraye's house—the fury of women scorned by a Secretary of State. Bolingbroke and Berwick continued in close intimacy, which was curious, since Berwick could hardly have been unaware that the intimacy between Bolingbroke and Stair was undoubtedly resumed.

According to James himself, he had acted upon a report brought to him by a confidential messenger from his friends in England. Thus he wrote to the regent (March 6), averring that he took the seals from Bolingbroke as much in the regent's interest as in his own.[2] Mar also states in a letter to Atterbury

[1] Stair to Craggs, Hardwicke State Papers. On this occasion, February 14, Mr. Murray supped with Stair with the purpose of finding if there had been any intelligence between the ambassador and "Harry."

[2] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 5.

(August 28) that it was knowledge of the bishop's sentiments and of those of his colleagues that had determined the king to act as he did. Perhaps the English Jacobites also had talked too freely over their cups, for there was consternation in their ranks at the news of serious royal displeasure. Sir Constantine Phipps and a Mr. Buril[1] inquired anxiously of Sir Thomas Higgons what was the reason that one who so thoroughly understood the business was put out of it; whether it was for unfaithfulness in dealing, as such doubt naturally made them shy of further dealings.[2]

James offered the seals to Mar, who declined them at first, saying it was better that the vacancy should not be filled for the present. Naturally such filling would have given too much colour to current talk. He must not step at once into the shoes torn from Bolingbroke. Stair says he refused them on plea of not speaking French; perhaps on a scornful suggestion of Bolingbroke's, who did possess that accomplishment, rare among British statesmen. On April 6, in spite of his deficient French, Mar accepted office as James's Secretary of State. Bolingbroke then wrote his open letter to Sir William Wyndham to justify his own conduct and pour invectives upon James and the "female ministers" whom he supposed to have opened his Majesty's eyes.

Certainly James never accused Bolingbroke of more than criminal negligence, though the terms on which the minister stood with Stair before and after his holding of the seals were enough to give colour to the worst suspicions of treachery. Criminal indiscretion is admitted. Stair informed Craggs in an undated letter that Bolingbroke came to see him "the day after the arrival of Mr. Pitt" (James? Mar? Ormond?), and talked an hour and a half of the sore-heartedness with which he returned to the service of King (George) and his country. He then told Stair everything that his position had brought to his knowledge, likely to be useful to the ambassador, and promised to help him heartily according to what lights he had gained. He would not do things by halves, and would show the Tories what kind of man the "Pretender" was.[3] Yet in all Bolingbroke's rage, written and reported, he reveals nothing

[1] There was a Burrel to come in September from England as spy and assassin. Stuart Papers, ii. 506.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 79.

[3] Hardwicke Papers. *Cf.* Cal. Stuart Papers, iii. 57.

whatever that tells against James's character, except his idea of filial duty to a very indiscreet mother, and his inaccessibility to the gospel that Bolingbroke preached.

Neglect and indiscretion had undoubtedly contributed to the failure of the rising. The army in Scotland had never received the smallest supply of arms and ammunition from abroad from the raising of the standard to the retreat from Perth, though so much, according to the Jacobites, had been entrusted to Bolingbroke for transmission. Hence the exceeding wrath of Mar and the Scottish officers. "It grieves one's heart," Mar writes to Straiton, March 6, "to see the neglects (to give it no worse name) that have been on this side of the water. . . . It is hard to think it was roguery in him, but I must say it looks odd, and seems to have been occasioned by neglect, negligence, or some by-view with regard to others by whom he rather wished the work to be done; but be what it would, there was no passing it over, and besides, he and [Ormond] were on such terms that they could no longer have confided in one another, and [the French] these five months had got so bad an impression of [Bolingbroke] that [they were] averse to trust him."[1]

Many besides Berwick have blamed James in this matter. Certain sympathising critics find that though the dismissal might be less than folly, the manner of it was equal to any piece of Stuart duplicity—the frank, affectionate reception, the sudden insult; forgetting that on his return James had no reason to suspect his minister's loyalty, and believed himself greatly indebted to his energy and ability. Atterbury and General Hamilton told a very different tale. Through them came the shock of revelation. There was no alternative but to act at once. To James, with his horror of any sort of duplicity, there could not be question of an hour's delay. What minister, discovered unfit for confidence, could be trusted for another moment—a moment which might contain a secret imperilling many lives? Confidence once lost is lost for ever. Nor was James III. as James I.[2] to let down gently his fallen minister by temporary simulation of unchanged and affectionate confidence. Berwick should never more be his minister

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 12. Mar to Straiton, March 11. (Cipher names here, as usual, deciphered.)

[2] With Car, Earl of Somerset.

because he had chosen his own construction of his promises. Bolingbroke was dismissed in obedience to Atterbury and other party leaders in England.

James stayed a week hidden in the Bois de Boulogne, waiting for answers to letters he had written from Malmaison to the Pope, to Philip of Spain, to Charles XII., to the Duke of Lorraine, and to the Prince de Vaudemont, to explain his return and to beg for further assistance, or at least for asylum. The answers were bitterly disappointing. The Pope alone offered him hospitality. The Duke of Lorraine hesitated, as did the Prince de Vaudemont. They dared not fly in the face of the victorious English Government, and recommended James to seek refuge at Deux Ponts under the protection of the King of Sweden. If that were to be refused, then the Duke of Lorraine professed himself ready to receive the royal fugitive at any cost.[1] Spaar, it was said, assured James of the friendly feeling of Charles XII., but circumstances would demand absolute secrecy as to that for the present. This made Deux Ponts less desirable. James shrank from that ominous alternative, a home in the Papal States, whether in Italy or at Avignon, and his heart turned to the cousin of Spain who had so generously continued the friendship of his grandfather. After much difficulty, James obtained a secret interview with Cellamare, the Spanish ambassador, in a nook of the Bois, and drew a touching picture of his homelessness and destitution. Smarting with the recent pain of Berwick's desertion and Bolingbroke's alleged treason, he attributed all his evil fortune to those wrongs, and bade Cellamare tell nothing of his affairs to those two recreants, but confer only with M. de Magny, one of the coterie of Mlle. de Chausseraye.[2] He also represented to Cellamare how his last hopes of England would be ruined should he be driven to Rome or Avignon, yet there seemed no other choice before him. Then he wanted help desperately, not only for himself, but for those who had lost all for him. Alberoni, who acted for the interests of Elizabeth Farnese, the new Queen of Spain,[3] and her children, had withdrawn his promises of help when he heard of the Scottish *débâcle*, but

[1] Berwick, *Mémoires*.

[2] The Marquis de Magny, son of Foucault, Councillor of State, distinguished and rich, who had made a fool of himself, says Saint-Simon, as Intendant of Caen. He was now Introducer of Ambassadors.

[3] Married to Philip V., September 1714.

Cellamare represented the kind Philip. Would not Philip assist him to the extent of 100,000 crowns? Cellamare was as kind as could be without promising anything. Presently Alberoni found that it would be safer, after all, in spite of the formal demand of George I., not to drop James completely, and he sent him a little money.

Stair, after prolonged insistence, was granted an audience by the regent, and pressed upon him that James and his friends must stay neither in France nor Lorraine. The regent assured Stair that he had sent to James as soon as he heard of his arrival near Paris to bid him be gone, and that he was gone; and he promised the immediate removal of the "chief rebels" if [George] would promise to act a like part by himself in similar circumstances. So when James left Paris for Commercy on March 7, the Duke of Lorraine came at once to meet him, only to beg him, with sincere regret, to leave his state.

James stayed at Commercy until the 14th, then posted with nine horses to Châlons-sur-Marne, where he stayed a week, waiting until his next abiding-place should be settled by the controlling destinies. Here he received the sad news of the executions on Tower Hill, where the rose of Kenmure was dyed red and Derwentwater's innocent blood went up crying to the skies.[1] His posts brought little comfort. Mar wrote that Deux Ponts was out of the question, the domestic difficulties of the King of Sweden standing in the way of assistance to another monarch in difficulties; his friends were therefore all for Avignon. The English would understand that only compulsion had driven him there, and perhaps be all the more eager to rescue him from the papal dominions.

Money troubles pressed terribly. There were debts left in Lorraine;[2] a heavy bill had been to pay for the campaign; there were ships to supply and send to Scotland to bring away the wanderers among the glens and islands—Tynemouth, Tullibardine, Marischal, Southesk, Seaforth, and many others.

James had written a short letter to Magny of the Bois de Boulogne, but found little solace on hearing in reply of the

[1] On the night of his execution, March 6 (February 24), the aurora was beheld so strangely red and bright in the Northumbrian sky that the people about Dilston saw in it "Derwentwater's blood running red in heaven." The Devil's Water, a stream by Dilston Castle, reflected the light, and seemed, too, to run red with his blood.

[2] Wolff, *Odd Bits of History*.

melancholy that had fallen upon the nymphs of Madrid since he left them and the consolation they had found in his letter. Olive Trant also wrote in the name of her sister nymphs, promising that if he should wish at any time for concealment, they would not prove themselves useless. But James did not then write to the nymphs; he only asked Magny and the Abbé de Tessieu to give them his news and thank them for their notes. On March 21 he took a grateful farewell by letter of the Duke of Lorraine.

Far from resenting the forced inhospitality of the Duke of Lorraine, he addressed him in terms of the most sincere gratitude. "I should be the lowest of mankind if I cherished any other sentiment. . . . You know my heart, and I know yours; I do justice to your feelings, as I trust that you do to mine. Excuse this little expression of my emotion, which I cannot resist. It will convince you that my gratitude and affection will never change with changes of time and place. Believe me, I hope sincerely that absence cannot undo our close friendship, which I trust may exist between us till the last moment of my life. . . . French regard for French interests does not permit me to stay long in France; my regard for your interests prevents me from lingering in Lorraine, and it is decided that I go to Avignon to await replies from Sweden. . . . Our poor Scots have escaped into the hills—a death by slow fire: God knows how they will exist, and what manner of terms they may obtain, resourceless as they are. I have sent them two ships in the hope of saving some of them. You will have been touched by the death of poor Lord Derwentwater: he died as a true Christian hero. . . . My news are sad indeed, and crushing to me who thought myself in a manner happy while I was alone in my misfortunes, but the deaths and disasters of others of which I am the innocent cause pierce my heart" (March 21, 1716).[1]

James was not wont to wear his heart on his sleeve. Here he speaks out, and reveals his true nature.

By March 23, following the advice of Mar and Ormond, to say nothing of the sterner mandate of necessity, James decided upon Avignon as his home for the present. On the 29th he was at Lyons on his way thither. On April 2 he reached the city of the Babylonish captivity of the Popes.

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 251.

He entered very quietly by the Porte de l'Oulle, attended by Mar, by the captain of the archbishop and the vice-legate's cavalry, and by a few of his household. He took up his abode in the Hôtel de Serre, near the church of St. Didier, vacated for him by the commandant of the Pontifical Guard. Later, when his friends came trooping in from their wanderings, the hotel became too small, and part of the adjoining house was taken in. The rent, with table-linen, was to be 80,000 crowns a year. His suite was quartered in other houses.[1]

Ormond arrived April 4, and was followed by Lords Drummond, Panmure, and Tullibardine; by Lord Nithsdale later, whose for ever famous wife was a prisoner in the Tower; and by Sir William Ellis, his treasurer, who brought 80,000 crowns, welcome as flowers in spring.

At first the king was sad and tired; terribly distressed for the sufferings of his adherents over the water;[2] and as it was still Lent, there were no amusements in the austere papal city for his distraction. He sought consolation in religious observance; attended Lenten sermons even in rain and frost; heard Mass daily, and carried a taper in processions—a tall, slim figure, with a gracious but melancholy air and hesitating manner; dark and thin-faced, marked with smallpox; high-nosed, with the "strange Italian eyes inherited from his mother" (like his sister's "curious large black eyes"); seldom speaking, never smiling. His sadness was not for his lost crown; it was the far deeper, bitterer sadness for his lost illusion. The key to it was in his own simple words on leaving Scotland: "When I came to free all." It was sad to be once more an exile, terrible to lose not only the hope of glory, but the hope of personal freedom; yet the deepest pathos of his fate was in his firm belief that his enslaved people had cried to him to save them from foreign tyranny; that they would take him, their native prince, to their heart. And nobody had wanted him. His very friends had hustled him out of the country. They all preferred the fleshpots of bondage. The vision was over—for the time.

Presently the noble Jacobite exiles began to stream into

[1] All particulars of the king's residence at Avignon, not otherwise referenced, are taken from *Les Stuarts à Avignon*, by J. J. Marchand (1895).

[2] Add. MSS. Brit. Museum, 20,310, f. 154.

Avignon, all in a state of the most desperate and heart-breaking poverty, to the increased distress of the king. It was good news to hear early in May that over a hundred lords and gentlemen, including the Earl Marischal and his brother, Lords Tullibardine and George Murray, Southesk, Edward Drummond and Kilsyth, had been landed safely at Morlaix ; that General Forster with Colonel Hay had arrived in Paris ; but they were all penniless, and though some sought service with Sweden and Savoy, they nearly all came on to Avignon to be supported by their penniless monarch. James wrote (May 26) to Cardinal Albani, the Pope's nephew, that he could not conceal his pain at finding the Pope's pension insufficient to support all those poor Scotsmen who arrived daily, and to whom he could not without cruelty refuse bread after they had lost all in his service.

They sought household appointments with as much and as jealous eagerness as if there had been secure salaries attached thereto. The old Duke of Perth died May 5, and there was as keen competition for his vacant Garter as if James had been at Windsor. The Duke of Mar had been made K.G. in 1716. James gave very few Garters, and the vacant "stalls" were not often filled on that side of the water, where the real stalls were unattainable. Mar was only the second K.G. of James III. Lord Panmure wished to become a gentleman of the bedchamber, but the post was refused, because James had "already four Scots in that capacity, more than any of his predecessors had had since the union of the crowns ; and your lordship knows," wrote Lewis Innes, "what jealousy there is between the two nations, and what measures his Majesty is obliged to keep that he may not disgust the English, who . . . cannot bear our being putt upon ane equal foot with them, much less can they bear our being preferred to them."

Besides financial troubles and racial jealousies there were strong personal grievances. It was inevitable that blame for the conduct of the rising should be freely scattered among the exiles who had suffered so terribly from its failure ; inevitable that Bolingbroke should not be the only scapegoat. The Scots mostly blamed Mar. The Earl Marischal and Tullibardine spoke with exceeding bitterness of his management of the campaign, to the great distress of the king. Others blamed

Huntley and Seaforth, whose withdrawal to protect their individual interests had so severely drained the fighting force. Then there were whispers of treason among the faithful. Huntley had tried in vain to make terms with Argyll early in the campaign. A Mr. T. Wescombe, himself a doubtful person, wrote to James (May 22) that Lord Galmoy (Newcastle), now on his way to Avignon, was reported to be in Stair's pay, and that his letters had better be intercepted.[1] A brother of Brigadier Mackintosh was reported to have a mistress in London, Madame Mouchette, to whom he reported everything that passed at Avignon, though the lady was as destitute of discretion as she was of character.

By July there were four or five hundred of the exiles in Avignon, including servants. The Court list alone comprised a hundred and fifty names. Far from sitting down to bemoan their fate, in spite of poverty and jealousies and rancours, the exiles amused themselves exceedingly, and the constant coming and going made the old city quite gay. They drew the king out of his melancholy retirement to be as merry as they. He dined everywhere, and danced a great deal. In his honour, an operatic company was allowed to penetrate the exclusiveness of the papal city. It was not only among his own countrymen that he was popular. The people of Avignon adored him, says Ormond, in his Memoirs. The Doni, Lords of Goult, were foremost among those who sought to brighten life for him, and were admitted to his intimate friendship ; as was Alemanni Salviati, the vice-legate. His birthday was celebrated by a grand *ambigu*.

The cares of poverty, jealousy, and suspicion were presently supplemented by religious scandals. The French were surprised to find among the exiles as many Protestants as Catholics. The number of the Protestants was jealously reckoned up by the Holy Office, who complained to the Archbishop of Avignon, in fear lest the jolly British soldiers might presume to proselytise in the ultra-papal precincts ; or, at least, that Catholics might grow lax in their seductive company at table. It was remarked, too, that though James had two Protestant clergymen with him, Dr. Charles Lesley and Ezekiel Hamilton who for a while acted as Ormond's secretary, he had no Catholic chaplain, and availed himself of the services of the local clergy.

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 175.

In London there was "a mighty talk" that the Pope had given Dr. Lesley and the Protestants a public chapel in Avignon, though the fact amounted to no more than that "old Mr. Leslie read prayers to them in the king's house, but in this country they must not make a noise about it."[1] In June a complaint was made that not only did the Protestants then amount to 1500, but that their conduct, in spite of Dr. Lesley's services, was unedifying; that they had even "carried their enterprise" into the convent of the nuns of St. Laurence.

If continual accessions to Court and society brought variety, they brought, besides sure drain upon the royal finances, illusive stories. Lord Clermont arrived July 21, from captivity in the Tower; a sportsman out of water at Avignon, where there were no forests as in Lorraine. He reported that nine out of ten in England still wanted James back and war with France, if only to get rid of the whole house of Hanover; that though the officers of the army were Whigs the men were Tories, and would join James if—the eternal *if!*—he landed with 8000 men. James knew better than to welcome such a promise. Had he not issued a manifesto from Avignon with the object of encouraging his Scottish adherents, promising to return again to fight for his right, to find that his adherents, exhausted by their recent efforts, received his promise only with consternation?

In spite of the excessive heat, and the illness and absence of his doctor, St. Paul, James kept in good health. He was fond of riding and driving; visited Vaucluse and all the lions of the neighbourhood. He was desirous of nothing for the present but to be let alone, yet from the moment of his arrival Stair ceased not to insist that he must be moved on. The Whigs in England clamoured for driving him to Rome. The regent, at peace with George I., must not permit to George's rival any extended sojourn within French boundaries, though he had no power to use except diplomatic pressure by which to oust the Pope's guest from the papal city. It was only owing to the fact of relations being strained between France and the Holy See that James found a resting-place there for ten months.

He held out desperately against being driven to Rome, and entreated for refuge in Spain should he be hunted out of Avignon. Sir Patrick Lawless, his agent at the Spanish Court,

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 216. Mar to Harry Maule.

did his best there for his master, but Alberoni would not hear of it, and declared that Philip's finances were in such a low state he could not even send further supplies to James. Father d'Aubenton, Philip's confessor and only sincere friend, was the power in opposition to Alberoni; to him Lawless recommended the king's friends to apply, as he was very zealous in James's service. But later (September), Lawless found the father very vague, afraid of his shadow, saying he dared not meddle in affairs outside his profession, and that Alberoni alone was master of all the rest.

Another faint, ever-shifting hope, the hope of Marlborough, continued to augment the tangle of perplexities that beset James. Disappointed trust in princes set him looking the more anxiously for chances of recall to the British Isles. Scotland was ruined; but England, save in Northumberland, had suffered little, and was as lip-loyal as ever. Berwick was hopeless, Ormond and Mar were discredited as generals, but all this time Marlborough had been corresponding with his nephew of Berwick, assuring him of his zeal in King James's cause; only never explaining "in what manner he intended it."[1] Berwick wrote to Mar, who was commissioned to find from the Marshal what his uncle's intentions were. The great soldier was drawing to the close of his splendid-shameful career. He had had a stroke of paralysis, and much mystery was made as to his real condition. In the autumn he was so seriously ill that his recovery was hardly believed in, and from this time forth he was almost imbecile. Mar said he would believe in any good from him when he saw it—not sooner. Yet Marlborough's name further disturbed diplomacy at Avignon, over which Ormond presided officially. At the same time Olive Trant, pretending to keep a vigilant eye upon Jacobite affairs at Paris, but turning both eyes greedily upon South Sea bubbles, assured James that there was nothing to do but sleep, sleep. But James had no mind for sleep. The one apparent way out of his troubles seemed to be invasion of England. True, blood had not yet ceased to flow there in payment for the last attempt, but failure was also experience.

The cruelty of the Government had stirred much sympathy in the suffering cause, and the unpopularity of the reigning house was exacerbated by the Elector's preparations for a

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 135. Berwick to Mar, May 4.

sojourn in his beloved Hanover. But the helpless state of shattered Scotland made foreign help less than ever dispensable. France, drawing more closely to England, was no longer to be hoped for, but the promises of Sweden, like those of the English Jacobites, were still unredeemed, and sundry diplomatic annoyances reminded France and Spain that, after all, the Pyrenees still existed. Charles XII. was far from being out of his own wood, but his difficulties should show him that his hope lay as much in alliance with James as James's hope lay in alliance with him. General Arthur Dillon was instructed to represent this to him once more, through Spaar. Mar wrote, by his master's orders, to ask if the King of Sweden would at least take care of ships for King James until he should require them. Walkinshaw of Barrowfield, Clementina's father and Sir Hugh Paterson's brother-in-law, was sent to Vienna to watch which of the two political parties that divided the Imperial counsels was the more likely to be useful to King James. O'Rourke was sent there about the same time to propose again for James to the Emperor's niece, the Princess of Neuburg, whose father was now Elector Palatine. Spaar asked that a minister plenipotentiary might be sent from James to Charles XII. to negotiate the new alliance. On April 20 Sir John Erskine arrived at Avignon, and in July he was sent towards Sweden, but he got no farther than Lübeck. Charles was too busy fighting Danes and Russians to make other engagements, and Dillon was possibly jealous of Erskine's mission, crying that it would ruin all were Charles to be addressed at present. Erskine turned back, to hang about in various "nasty places" in North Germany, and in Amsterdam. The hero of the north was still with James in sympathy, and he agreed to the alliance, still under stipulation of strict secrecy. Bestead as he was, he could not do anything for his ally until he had done something for himself. Being in desperate want of money to pay his own troops, he was compelled to ask that James should first of all make some arrangement with his friends in England by which the necessary advances might be procured. Dillon suggested that if the king would take the English Jacobites into his confidence as to the negotiations with Spaar, they would be the readier to invest their money in the affair.

Appeal was made to the king's cousins of Savoy, but all in

vain. Theophilus Oglethorpe lived near their Court as James's ambassador, but the King of Sicily would have nothing to do with him, his wife told a special envoy ; nor with Bolingbroke, whom the queen seems to have still looked upon as an authorised minister in Paris. Victor Amadeus refused both men and money ; he could not afford to disoblige England. Even if James were obliged to pass through his dominions on being turned out of Avignon, his passing must be as short as possible and the king be excused from seeing him. As for his kingdom of Sicily placing him in a position to assist other and needier monarchs, Sicily was a burden rather than an advantage. It cost him the keep of 12,000 men, and he had no money to spare.

Though his companions-in-arms trooped into Avignon, not all for his enlivenment, James had the pain and mortification of missing among them one very dear face. His ardently loyal nephew, Lord Tynemouth, one of the very best of the Jacobites, arrived at St. Germain's with Francis Bulkeley in the middle of April, but he did not go on to Avignon. He at least would have been no burden on the royal exchequer, and his affection would have been a great comfort to his master. But Berwick, seeing now no prospect of a restoration, was determined on settling his eldest son in life on a firmer foundation than hope and enthusiasm. Before taking up his own new command in Guienne, he made over all his Spanish possessions in Valencia to the young man, with his dukedom of Liria. In July he sent him to Madrid, "to declare himself a Spaniard," as Berwick had already declared himself entirely a Frenchman, said Mar, "so that all may be secured happen what will. The son is a very good young man, as I thought when with him." Straiton, in Edinburgh, had been "really charmed with the good behaviour of that modest, sweet, well-tempered youth." The poor affectionate boy—he was scarcely twenty—was forbidden even to come within reach of Stuart magnetism, and sent to Madrid by Bordeaux. He wrote to Mar—royal displeasure forbade writing directly to James—to excuse himself for being unable to pass by Avignon, begging him "to remove the ill impressions his enemies were so base as to give the king" on his account. James was evidently, and naturally, deeply hurt ; but when the new Duke of Liria wrote (September 7) to beg for his Majesty's consent to his engagement with the sister and heiress

of the Duke of Veragua, James added a kind word to his congratulations; "the cheerfulness with which you followed me to Scotland is what I never shall forget." Sir Patrick Lawless pretended to have made up this match, and expected great advantages for James in Spain to accrue from it. It was from him that news of the match first came to James, who wrote at once, not only to Lawless bidding him congratulate bride and bridegroom and bride's brother, but to the Duke of Berwick. Of this last letter we hear only in Mar's letter to Liria, enclosing the royal consent. Whether it was kind or reproachful for a great omission of courtesy one can but guess.

Some consolation came to the disappointed king in a new and important adherent, the young Marquis of Wharton, a wild boy of eighteen, though a married man since the previous year,[1] who ran away to Paris from his governor in Switzerland, and on August 21 sent his formal submission to King James, begging for his Majesty's commands to present himself at Avignon. James replied kindly (August 29), advising him to keep his good intentions to himself until he could be of real service. He must not, however, return to England, where his relations might capture him, but come privately to Avignon *viâ* Bordeaux, attended, *vice* the deserted governor, by a tutor of James's recommendation.[2] The boy was all aglow with hero-worship for a king who had so lately set off for his kingdom with two or three servants, £100,000 on his head, and had slipped successfully by the watchful British ships; but he did not accept the invitation at once. "Business," he explained to Mar (September 25), had recalled him to Switzerland (his tutor had no doubt caught him); but here he was at Lyons again "on his own," ardently vowing fidelity to James, engaging to furnish a regiment of horse for his service at his own expense at a week's notice, penitently equipped with the arms his father used against the king's father "in the rebellion of 1688." He asked for the king's commission to raise the regiment, and hoped he might have the Garter in return. The commission was granted, but the Garter must wait until the king was on the throne. There was such bitter competition for these honours that James intended to give no more while in exile. Dr. Erskine should be sent to meet Wharton at Lyons.

[1] Jacobite Peerage, Marquis de Ruvigny. [2] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 391.

Stair says the boy asked for both the Garter and a dukedom before he left Paris. He was no more than a baron at James's Court, his marquisate and other titles being post-revolution.

He went to Avignon, was presented to his sovereign, enchanted, and confirmed in his allegiance. Hereditary right, he says in his Memoirs, shone in his Majesty's every feature and filled the neophyte with awe. James's air of high breeding and his true British sentiments spoken in pure English charmed young Wharton, who saw in him rather the patriot weeping over his country's ruin than an injured monarch lamenting his private wrongs. Wharton was also relieved to find inviolable resolution in the popish king to preserve that Church of which he himself was such a shining light. Since that happy interview, he says, he devoted himself at heart to his Majesty's service. Though circumstances presently directed him to temporise with the Hanoverian Government, he temporised, he declared, always in that service! On December 22 James created him Duke of Northumberland.

There was other, though very doubtful, consolation in overtures from a correspondent weightier and deeper than young Wharton, more shifty than Marlborough, whose reversion might atone for Bolingbroke's desertion. Lord Oxford, embittered by a year's durance in the Tower against the cause for which he had forsaken James, was now on significantly friendly terms with Atterbury and corresponding with Avignon, professing himself to be "heartily in" with King James.[1] It is ominous that he should have used as his messenger a Captain John Ogilvie, the very man he employed as a spy on James in 1705. Ogilvie arrived at Avignon September 9. The letter he bore from Oxford is now missing, but it was seen by Sir James Mackintosh at Carlton House.[2] But though his overtures were politely received by James and Mar, they knew well that Oxford's friendship promised far more of danger than of assistance.

In September Lord Nithsdale left Avignon on a very joyful errand—to join his "deservedly immortal lady," released from the Tower and awaiting him at Lille. They spent some time together at Flanders, and then rejoined the Court.

The gleams were few that illumined the many shadows gathered round the gay paupers of Avignon, and there were

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 458, &c.

[2] Mahon, i. 418.

deeper shadows than even poverty and disappointment. The sword of Hanoverian dread hung by a hair perpetually over James's head. Three or four of Stair's spies were missed from Paris at the beginning of June,[1] supposed to have been transferred to Avignon. That there were two "Hanoverian Protestants" in Avignon was reported to Gualterio in June by Des Oeillet, the same who reported the alarming number of Protestant Jacobites. Stair had had a spy there since April 2, whose lengthy narrative in the Bodleian is here supplemented from the Stuart Papers.[2]

This man, Alexander Macdonald, applied first to Captain Robert Arbuthnot at Rouen on February 9: "A shag-faced, thin fellow . . . and a very great rogue," formerly an officer, now clerk to Hammond, one of Stair's men in Paris. Arbuthnot cold-shouldered him. Cammock and other Jacobites pretended to be Whigs, and lured him into confessing himself a trusted man of that party. He went on to Paris that same February, and was introduced by Hammond to Stair, who employed him to pick up information about "the Pretender" among the Jacobites. He had the advantage of being connected with the Duchess of Perth at St. Germain's, and was slightly acquainted with Mar. Stair sent his new employé to find a place near Mar, with whom and with his secretary, John Paterson of Bannockburn, he had many interviews, with many promises. In March, by Stair's orders, he sought to be taken by Mar to Avignon, that he might report the persons who came there and find out the addresses of their letters. For this service Stair promised a captain's commission and weekly commendation to the British Government. Mar could not take him on at once, but bade him follow and something should be done for him presently. He left for Avignon about April 2, Stair having supplied him with money. On the way he made acquaintance with a Mr. Thurston, through whose hands all the "Pretender's" letters passed. At Avignon, where the postmaster sent all letters to the Duke of Mar to be opened, he took care to date his own from Orange, where he posted them himself. By the end of May suspicion fell upon Mr. Macdonald. He tried to escape, but was arrested, imprisoned, and searched. Information had been received that he had been sent by Stair to Avignon to

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 458. Inese to the Duke of Mar.
[2] Rawlinson MSS., D. 360, f. 89. Bodleian.

assassinate "the Pretender." He cleared himself of the assassination charge, but was condemned to death, and Mr. Lesley was sent to prepare him for that event. Mar's[1] secretary, Patterson, very kindly got him off, and he was packed out of Avignon before the end of June. Stair sent him to England[2] (September 26), where he was presented by Secretary Methuen to the heir-apparent of the absent Lord of Herrenhausen, who placed him on the establishment as lieutenant.

Whether or not Stair's satisfaction was for safety of his secrets, suspicion received some confirmation three months' later. James was warned, August 14, that an elderly and a young man, calling themselves Scots but speaking "natural French," had passed through Vennes on their way to Avignon; whose improbable account of themselves gave rise to suspicion of a sinister design against the King.[3] According to letters among the Gualterio Papers in the British Museum,[4] Stair sent a Frenchman to Avignon in August to do his dirty work. This man signed his name "La Grange," and also wrote from Orange (August 24). He had much difficulty in effecting his entry into Avignon, the Macdonald discovery having increased vigilance. His commission was to join forces with a member of James's suite for the assassination of the king. Shortly after his arrival, when taking a country walk, "the Chevalier" with his suite passed him on his way to visit a convent. Stair's correspondent hid in a roadside vineyard, chiefly anxious to see if his intended confederate were in the suite; which he was not, having recently been dismissed. It was a splendid opportunity to do the deed, but, to his profound regret, M. La Grange had left his pistols at home. The design confided to this precious pair had failed, but La Grange assured Stair that he could accomplish the mission more successfully alone than in partnership with a stupid "foreigner" incapable of avoiding discovery so cleverly as a Frenchman.

This was a man of resource. There were the churches, so convenient for hiding and escape; the "Chevalier's" frequent drives round the town by the river, and there was always

[1] Mar and Fanny Oglethorpe mention a Macdonald who was passing letters between them, August 23, 25, 1716. Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 365, 370, &c. This was Alexander Macdonnell, a different person.

[2] From Account Extraordinary of Expenses of John, Earl of Stair:—July 3rd, 1717, Paid for Alexander Macdonald at Lyons for his Majesty's service, 500 livres, *inde* £33, 6s. 8d. *Annals, &c., Earl of Stair*, John Murray Graham.

[3] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 346. [4] Gualterio Papers, Add. MSS., 20,311, f. 342.

poison. He did his best daily to suborn persons through whom he might gain the necessary opportunity for administering that poison which he asked Stair to send him by one Desmeins, who must meet him at a certain place on September 8. Should he himself perish in the attempt, he would be satisfied in having given peace to the nation and kept the oath sworn to the king (George).

This precious missive was to be confided to a person who was to come for it disguised as a tailor, perhaps the other of the two "Scotchmen"; who accordingly on Friday, August 28, left his house at Beslene with the messenger who was to guide him to the writer. Before he had gone a league on his way, the tailor was fired upon but missed by persons lying in wait. They then hit him in the ankle with a stone, and fled on the coming up of a crowd. The tailor returned home, and wrote an account of his adventure to the man at Avignon. Copies of the letters are among the Gualterio Papers.[1] The correspondence was evidently captured by James's guards, for Mar writes to Sir Patrick Lawless three days later (August 31): "I shall write to you again soon and give you an account of a most hellish design against [King James] discovered by the greatest accident in the world . . . it will show the world what wretches [the Elector of Hanover] and his people are and how unsecure they think themselves as long as [King James] is in being."[2]

Assassination was in the air and on the nerves. The Oxford Jacobites were greatly disquieted by reports of these attempts.[3] Mar had a warning from Graeme, a Capuchin (September 19), that "Douglas who undertook to murder the king [at Nonancourt] had passed through Calais to Paris, and that Lord Townshend had sent an English parson to spy at Avignon."[4] About the same time one Henry Douglas wrote from Dunkirk to "a lady of St. Germain's," of four villains coming from England to Avignon to assassinate James by a poisoned arrow, Burell, the chief of the party, being an expert archer. But the arrow destined to fly by night was turned

[1] That this tailor was not the before-mentioned Macdonald, is proved by entries in the above quoted account of Stair's expenses: "August 15. Paid for said Macdonald's relief and subsistence at Lyons and Geneva after his misfortune at Avignon, 1000 livres."—*inde* £66, 13s. 4d. In September: "Paid him for his subsistence at Paris three weeks before I sent him to England 12 Louis d'or; 240 livres."

[2] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 400.

[3] Hearne, *Commonplace Book.*

[4] Cal. Stuart Papers, ii. 449, 506.

aside by an angel disguised as the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday. Towards the end of September, James fell seriously ill, and was confined to his room.

It seemed at first to be no more than an attack of his old malady, hæmorrhoids, less severe than the attack in Flanders. After a few days' disablement, he was able to attend to his incessant business, though his eyes were troubling him, and his mother sent him a pair of spectacles (September 27). His doctor, Wood, who attended him in Flanders, was liberated from prison in England just in time, and reached Avignon (September 28). James had then been a fortnight in bed, suffering great pain. The malady was declared to be fistula, and an operation was necessary. The news caused great anxiety and sympathy, and prayers were offered in all the churches of Avignon and at Rome. The queen sent Guérin, surgeon to the King of France, and on October 20 an operation took place successfully.

Owing to his natural delicacy his recovery was very slow. He kept his bed nearly three months, and was not allowed to see a visitor until November 9, though he had Mass said daily at his bedside. The church bells of Avignon were silenced; an interdiction many times renewed. By December 10 he was able to resume his usual occupations, but Guérin stayed with him until January 3.[1]

[1] It is hard to explain the affair of La Grange (pp. 275, 276), because, if genuine, we might expect that Mar would have made the matter public.

CHAPTER XX

A WANDER-YEAR

"Here's a health to the valiant Swede,
He's not a king that man hath made.
. . . . . .
Here's a health to the mysterious Czar,
I hope he'll send us help from far,
To end the work begun by Mar,
Then let his health go round."

WHETHER or not Stair had really tried to end all difficulties by the assassination of James, he refused, perhaps out of disappointment, to believe in the illness that might have done his work, and declared it to be a mere pretext for lingering at Avignon. The *entente cordiale* between England and France demanded its victim, and urgent despatches kept coming to Avignon ; ill or not, James must be packed over the Alps at once. The treaty between England, Holland, and France, signed at the end of November, contained this stipulation. The Pope declared that his guest should not go without his own full consent, but His Holiness was compelled to give way, and Villeroy was sent with the news to the queen at St. Germain's. Stair persuaded the regent to stop the queen's pension, and to order the troops about Avignon to use force if James should delay or try to escape to Switzerland or Germany. To Rome alone he must be forced to go.

He put off as long as he could on the score of his health, which was frail enough, for though he knew removal was inevitable, there was much business pressing which made change of address and increased distance highly inconvenient. There was also to be considered the consequent depreciation in his value in the eyes of a desirable bride.

The Elector Palatine, Philip William of Neuburg, had died in June, and been succeeded by his brother Charles Philip. James sent his condolences to the new Elector by O'Rourke, his chief matrimonial agent in that quarter, and trusted that

Charles Philip might now act as an independent prince and bestow his daughter Caroline in marriage without troubling about the Imperial sanction. He professed himself unshaken in constancy, uncooled in ardour; flattered himself that he was not without merit in the princess's eyes, and declared that only she could make him happy. But Charles Philip was still afraid of the Emperor, and preferred his cousin, the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, as a suitor for his daughter, or, failing him, another cousin, the Prince of Sulzbach.[1] Then came the new triple alliance, and it was cheering for the invalid in this dark hour that the Emperor should mark his displeasure thereat by turning a friendlier face towards him and a friendlier ear towards his proposals for his niece, whose importance was probably diminished by a scheme of marrying her sonless father to an archduchess. The Jacobites hoped much in the princess's detestation of her cousin of Sulzbach. Others urged that, princesses being coy, James should marry an English gentlewoman as his father had once done before him. But in spite of the indignity with which James was threatened by the might of the British Government, his prospect of presently turning out that Government and its head seemed nearly certain. Charles XII. was eager for the fray. Articles were drawn up by Görtz and Spaar, and by Dillon representing King James; Count Gyllenborg, the Swedish minister in London, was with them. There was to be a Jacobite rising in England in April 1717, and Charles XII. would simultaneously invade Scotland at the head of 12,000 foot and 2000 horse—the horses to be found in England. Charles certainly required two million livres before starting, but ultimately consented to take one million. Even one million was not easy to find, and Spaar threatened Dillon with the failure of the expedition unless expenses were prepaid. Not one penny had yet been raised. Dillon was driven to bluff, saying he had got credit in Paris for the whole sum, or for as much of it as he wanted, giving bills payable at two months. The Swedish ministers accepted his assurances and 100,000 livres for immediate necessities.

Then Dillon's Irish wit used an unpleasant charge for the moment's advantage. The regent was for sending him to Avignon to turn James out and over the Alps. Dillon protested against being employed in so unwelcome an office, and

[1] Cal. Stuart Papers, iii. 104, &c.

moved the regent to sweeten it in some measure by paying arrears due to him. The regent gave him a bill of 80,000 livres, and another of 100,000. The money was sent to Sweden, and all bills punctually paid in England. Six French ships were bought to be sent to Sweden for the enterprise. Spain supported the arrangement, and Alberoni sent a million livres. All went well and so quietly that Stair reported to his Government that nothing was under way. In England, at James's earnest desire, Oxford and Atterbury had been made friends together officially, though "a thousand *démeleés* and vicissitudes" parted them privately. The Duke of Shrewsbury and Lady Westmoreland were working hard and hopefully. It was suggested by Menzies that James should offer the Shetland Isles to Charles XII. as equivalent for his alliance.

But there was no longer any pretext of illness to detain James at Avignon, and France, driven by the British Government, pressed for his departure. He still held out against the papal dominions. The King of Sicily refused to perceive his dynastic concern in giving asylum to his wife's first cousin. Switzerland was suggested as a refuge, but the Cantons declined the honour, with the exception of Uri, which might consent to his residence at Altdorf. The weather was very severe, and his crossing the Alps seemed impracticable, but Italy was the one possible alternative. No sovereign anxious to maintain diplomatic relations with St. James's might harbour him, and the Pope was not only willing but "ardently desirous" to receive him, so James set his face unwillingly towards Rome. But he refused to be received there as a refugee. The Pope promised every possible honour and welcome short of that public triumphal entry which regrettable circumstances would not permit. Prince Carlo Albani, the Pope's nephew, should attend upon his Majesty from his entry into the States of the Church ; also the Marquis Bufalini, whose brother had been at Avignon, and the Abbé Chiapponi, one of the Pope's principal Masters of the Ceremonies. James still shrank from Rome itself. Albano, Tivoli, and lordly Caprarola were suggested ; the pontifical palace at Castelgandolfo by the Lake of Albano was recommended as most suitable and conveniently near Rome ; Urbino or Pesaro would be pleasantly bracing for *villeggiatura*.

Ormond says that Pesaro was settled upon provisionally,

but Bologna was chosen as a first residence. James was full of hope that his stay there would be for a very short time; that he would leave Bologna for Dantzig as soon as Jerningham, his agent in Holland, should notify the striking of the hour. From Dantzig he would travel through Silesia, Poland, and Pomerania to Sweden. Ormond, who would accompany him to Bologna, would travel to Sweden by another route. James's departure from Avignon was fixed for the beginning of February.

He was now well enough to enjoy the Carnival gaieties before his banishment. It was the gayest Carnival within Avignonese memory, though the British colony had been dispersing for some time, and the Court was "very thin." The vice-legate threw open his palace on Thursdays, where there was dancing, playing, and feasting. James with all that remained of his Court attended the great final festival there on February 4. On Saturday, February 6, he left Avignon, and set his face towards Italy.[1]

He travelled incognito as Marquis de Cavallone, attended by the Dukes of Ormond and Mar and a small suite—about seventy persons, says Marchand—inclusive of Colonel Hay. His Avignonese servants were all so fond of him that they insisted, even to the laundresses and kitchen boys, on going with him to Italy. The carriages and household went by sea. James, being a bad sailor, had chosen the land route in spite of the weather. He did not reach Mont Cenis till the 20th, so thick had been the snowstorms while he crossed Dauphiny. At Susa he was met by Lord George Murray, then residing at Turin. Mar had left the king at an early stage of the journey, and gone to join his wife in Paris. On Tuesday morning, the 23rd, James arrived at Turin.

Here he was in the home of his nearest relations, who alas! were not at all overjoyed by his coming. The fact that the Queen of Sicily, Duchess of Savoy, was James's first cousin and heiress presumptive placed Victor Amadeus in a most delicate position. He was most anxious to keep the peace with George I., yet, as a kinsman, he could hardly

[1] Calendar, Stuart Papers, iii.; also Marchand. Ormond, who travelled with the king, and records the journey in his Memoirs, says that though James had agreed to leave before February 10 (Ash Wednesday), his departure was delayed for another fortnight by snowstorms unparalleled within living memory; that he left at the end of February, and arrived at Turin, March 6. But Ormond's dates are even wilder than those of the usual memoir writer. Had James waited at Avignon till the end of the month, he must have heard of the downfall of his immediate hope in Sweden.

refuse an open door through his dominions to the royal wanderer, nor could he refuse a personal interview. He had sent the Marquis de Caravaglia, brother of the Archbishop of Avignon, with part of his household and state carriages, to meet and entertain James at the frontier, and cannon saluted the royal entry into Turin. James was quartered in the house of Madame Royale, and Victor Amadeus received him kindly, though privately, accompanied by his wife and their son, the Prince of Piedmont. Though James remained incognito, in spite of the cannon, and passed only a few hours in the town, the British envoy at Turin complained of "so pompous a reception."

Ormond says, with obvious inaccuracy, that James was met at Turin by something worse than coldness; by the news that once more his political hopes were overthrown. Three days after his departure from Avignon the blow had fallen. Spaar, who was seriously ill, had been saving expense by sending cipher letters through the common post to Gyllenborg. The letters were intercepted. On January 29, O.S. (February 9, N.S.), the Swedish Legation in London was surrounded; Gyllenborg was arrested, and his papers secured. Parliament had authorised a measure so extreme and exceptional,[1] an ambassador's house being ex-territorial and sacred, on the plea that Gyllenborg had violated international law by conspiring against the sovereign to whom he was accredited. Görtz was arrested at Arnheim; Lord Lansdown, Sir Jacob Banks, Dr. Julius Cæsar, and Colonel Hay[2] in England, were imprisoned on suspicion. Hay was condemned to death, but George I. refused to sign the warrant and he escaped to Avignon. In a few days the others were all liberated.

James had certainly not received the news by February 25, when he wrote to Mar from Asti, fifteen leagues beyond Turin, for he refers to nothing more serious than that he "could get no good out" of the King of Sicily. On February 15 he had written to Atterbury of the certainty of an immediate Swedish descent on England. From Turin he went on to Piacenza, where he was entertained with the highest honour and utmost magnificence by the Duke of Parma. His wife was aunt of James's future bride. James made a short stay at Parma,

[1] Like the recent violation and spoliation of the Nunciature at Paris.
[2] Brother of Colonel John Hay, in attendance upon the king.

seeing all that was to be seen there, and then, by Reggio, went on to Modena, where he arrived on March 12. Here he again found himself with kindred, the Duke Rinaldo being his mother's uncle. The queen had looked forward with great interest to this visit, and hoped her son might be permitted to stop in the pleasant home where she spent the summers of her girlhood ; at least until he should have fully recovered his health. The invitation was not given, but his welcome was warm and splendid. The widower-duke met him with his two sons in the palace yard, and then he went to pay his respects to the Duchess of Brunswick, the duke's mother-in-law, and to the three fair princesses under her care. James was charmed with Modena, its beauty and its art treasures ; with the beauty and dignity of its Court ; with his great-uncle, the duke, who had "the frankest, kindest heart" the delighted king ever met ; with his cousins, the princesses—especially charmed with the beautiful eldest, whom he found like his mother, and proposed to on the spot. (All hope was over with her cousin of Neuburg and the Palatinate.) The duke, for all his hearty kindness, was extremely taken aback by this unexpected proposal, and referred the suitor to the Emperor, but he does not seem to have heard of the Gyllenborg catastrophe.

James also visited his great-aunt, a Carmelite nun, whose holiness amused him by forbidding her to look him in the face : the strictness of Carmelite enclosure being impermeable to a great-nephew, even though he were a king. Next morning, after being detained a few hours by a sumptuous luncheon, James went on to Bologna in the duke's carriages. He was certainly in love and full of hope, which did not seem to be set too high, though it was destined but to fade as other hopes had faded. It was a marriage scheme which delighted the Pope and Mary of Modena. They would not hear of an immediate refusal ; the Pope even offered to perform the marriage himself at Loreto. The duke, however, broke off the project in the following October, to the great grief and indignation of James and his mother, and (the queen said) of the princess too.

The papal representative met the king near Fort Urbano, at the long shunned papal frontier, and attended him to Bologna, where he was lodged at the Belloni Palace, illuminated on all sides in his honour. Here he received state visits from the

legate, the archbishop, and several of the Bolognese nobility. Next day he shut himself up, immersed, says Ormond, in the business of his "great affair" with Sweden until evening, when he received more visits.

Next morning, says Ormond, he left Bologna for Pesaro. All through the Papal States he was received with royal honours, but he declined the salute of cannon at Pesaro, as if too desponding to find fitness in such recognition. He settled himself at Pesaro in the Villa Cattani, where a mural inscription commemorates his residence.

Ormond says that news, or confirmation of the Swedish arrests, reached James at Pesaro, and that he suddenly lost heart. Perhaps he saw not only his political prospect darkened, but his happy hope of marriage further chilled. His health too broke down, and he talked to Ormond in the dismal strain of 1716; said he saw it was hopeless to continue the enterprise; fate was against him; he was born under an unfortunate star; there was no more to be hoped for from that quarter. Ormond, courtier-like, says he bore the blow with his usual dignity. It was at best rather with his usual fatalistic calm. The duke strove to cheer him; bade him not give up all hope, but go to Rome to await a more favourable opportunity; Rome offered a safe asylum. James agreed to go there; a resolution indeed of despair.[1] Ormond swore unalterable fidelity, though he hesitated as to attending his master to Rome, lest any rumour of his conversion to Catholicism should injure his own reputation among English friends, as well as the king's. James, however, overruled his objections.

The royal rover stayed at Pesaro till late in May. The town where Tasso lived is beautifully situated by the sea, in a rich country, five hours by road from Urbino. It had been ruled in turn by Popes, by the Malatesta of Rimini, by Sforzas, and by the Della Rovere, Dukes of Urbino. But Pesaro was very lonely, though the Venetian ambassador complained of the scandal given by this roistering English Court. The place did not suit the king's health; he was ill again at the beginning of May, and suggested the long deferred visit to Rome. Now it was Gualterio who demurred, afraid the visit might hurt his

[1] Ormond says he went to Rome next day, but here dates cannot be depended upon, and it is improbable that James visited Rome till the following May. Ormond wrote from a very faulty memory.

interests in England. James said he had no apprehensions on that score! He did not care; had given up hope. So it was settled the visit should be paid, and that he should stay under the roof of Gualterio, recently made Cardinal Secretary of the newly created congregation appointed to deal with the affairs of missionary countries, afterwards so well known as the Propaganda.

On May 26 James arrived in Rome; Rome from which he had shrunk so long, seeing prophetically in her secular dust the grave of his cause; driven by the dogged persistence of a power that knew even better than he did how Rome spelt ruin more irretrievable than lost battles or death itself. A number of his courtiers had left him, rather than accompany him there. He stopped for a night on the way at Loreto, a shrine for consolation and hope.

Rome received him with open arms. Here at least he was a confessor for the Faith, and even a still possible Catholic power. Gualterio came with two coaches and six to meet him at the first gate, and drove with him to the Gualterio Palace near the Lateran,[1] magnificently decorated for his reception.

He stayed in Rome from May 26 to July 4. The daily incidents of his visit were chronicled by one of his suite, corrected by Nairne.[2] All was splendour and hospitality. His visit to St. John Lateran caused much excitement and alarm among his Protestant followers in England, for a rumour came that he had committed the enormity of ascending the Scala Santa on his knees! The Hearne circle at Oxford was in great agitation, leavened by incredulity! He wrote in the book kept in the chapel at the top of the stairs, "Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus." Naturally he must have ascended on his knees: how otherwise could one mount those stairs, believing in their history? a belief that strikes so potently with actuality in the ascent, as James, too, testified under his hand. Neither is there any other and royal road up that staircase. But it shows what were the terrors of Protestantism that such an act could be held not only for superstition, but for indignity beyond belief to the majesty of England.

In Rome he was joined by Lords Southesk and Panmure. Nithsdale and Kilsyth were already with him. He received

[1] Ormond. [2] Carte MSS. ccviii. 338–359.

agents from the clergy of the English and Scottish mission, inspected the English College, and heard Mass at the Scots College[1] on June 10 (St. Margaret's Day); in the chapel still existing, though the college is more modern.

His twenty-ninth birthday was kept with great ceremony on June 21. As nearly as possible to the exact hour of his birth, the astronomer and archæologist, Monsignor Bianchini, placed in the Carthusian Church an inscription engraved on copper, where the sun must shine directly upon it at that hour, in memory of his Majesty's having been in Rome for his birthday at the solstice of 1717. By a coincidence, according to Monsignor Bianchini, it was only after a revolution of twenty-nine years that the sun could find itself exactly at the same point as at the hour of the king's birth.

He went to Tivoli; attended more musical parties and functions, and sat to David for his portrait. Of this portrait several replicas were made.

Then followed the illumination of St. Peter's on the Vigil of the Apostles, St. Angelo being illuminated, contrary to the usual practice, on the side within the king's view, who gave the signal to light up, usually given by the Pope. Gualterio's palace was illuminated, not by little lamps, but by torches, in right of his position as his Britannic Majesty's minister as well as host.

On July 3 James paid his farewell visit to his kind friend the Pope. The visit lasted two hours. He presented Lords Southesk, Nithsdale, Panmure, Kilsyth, and Kingston, and the rest of his suite. The nobles were permitted to enter the papal presence with hat and sword, "in consideration for his Majesty."

He left Rome on the night of July 4, sped by the sincere sorrow of his magnificently generous host, Gualterio, and by an enthusiastic crowd of English and Italians. Colonel Hay went with him in his carriage, Booth following with the servants. They crossed the Campagna without stopping, and rested next day at Caprarola, the palace of the Duke of Parma; then by Soriano and Terni to Foligno. Here the king was detained by illness, but he recovered in time to arrive on Sunday evening, July 11, at Urbino.

[1] In the Via Quattro Fontane, where they possess two excellent portraits of the Cardinal of York, and the Proclamation of Prince Charles Edward which was affixed to the Cross of Edinburgh, October 1745.

This stately palace was now placed at his disposal by the Pope, "where, until within a century, a long line of dukes had kept a Court which was an asylum of the Muses and Graces, a haven of letters and arts."[1] Lapidary inscriptions upon the palace walls commemorate the residence of the Stuart prince. The Pope also settled upon him an income of 12,000 scudi = £2160,[2] and considerately appointed as governor of Urbino his friend Salviati, who had been vice-legate at Avignon. A Court of about fifty persons, chiefly Scottish, attended him; among them the Dukes of Ormond and Perth, and Lord Nithsdale. The brave Lady Nithsdale came later. The king's confessor was Father John Brown.

[1] The Stuarts in Italy. *Quarterly Review*, vol. 157, December 1846.
[2] He had also presented James with 20,000 scudi on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DISTRACTIONS OF URBINO

"Oh! I hae grutten mony a day
For ane that's banished far away;
I canna sing and maunna say
How sair I grieve for somebody.

O hon for somebody!
O hey for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not,
For the sake o' somebody?"

THE fortress city of Raphael is even now difficult of access. Until quite recent days the approach was by a five hours' drive from Pesaro. James in his Swiss carriage was dragged by three horses up the rocky height on which Duke Federigo of Montefeltro built his pinnacled palace fortress in 1454; one of the most picturesque which even mid-Italy boasts, strong white battlemented walls springing sheer above the narrow gullies of ancient streets. The situation, with its wide sweep of surrounding country and bracing air, was something like that of the hated St. Germain's, though for the French plain before that terrace, James had now a world of mountains spreading before and around. He found the mediæval palace no better than a stately prison, such as the English midland castles had been to his fair ancestress. Many of the English Jacobites, indeed, believed him to be a prisoner.[1] He had enjoyed himself immensely in Rome. The gaieties and the sympathy he received had roused him from the melancholy to which he by no means willingly gave himself. Now the solitude and the keen air oppressed his spirits once more.

To the great confusion and annoyance of Gualterio, and "the disgust and affliction of the Pope," Swift's "saucy gardener who has got a gold cross on his stomach," now "got a red cap on his head." Alberoni had just been raised by a reluctant pontiff to the cardinalate on the urgent demand of

[1] Carte MSS. 244, f. 94.

CASTLE OF URBINO

From a Photograph by E. Alinari

Spain, backed by James, whose interests Spain promised to promote in return with all possible zeal. Gualterio, however, was at the same time officially appointed Protector of England. He assumed the functions of that long waiting dignity on July 25 at the English College, with all the state that had attended Cardinals Howard and Caprara on similar occasions. It was necessary that James should have such a friend so authorised, in spite of risking English displeasure, for he was finding himself oppressed and thwarted in his hitherto recognised right to nominate the Irish bishops. Indeed, so far back as 1712 several had been appointed without his nomination. Cardinal Imperiali, Protector of Ireland, denied him the right, while the Pope refused to collate his nominees, Ingleton, Connel, and Brigault to vacant French benefices, pleading certain prohibitory French parliamentary regulations. It seemed, indeed, as if his chances of becoming a *de facto* king were vanishing altogether when he was so wounded in the house of his friends; not only by his Roman friends. He had for once flown in the face of historic English susceptibilities. Not the English Protestants, but the English Catholics (December 1717), "recommended" the recall of Gualterio from the protectorship, the abandonment by James of his cherished right to nominate the Irish bishops, and the recall of any missioner who should be complained of as giving offence to the English Government. In England his affairs were moving incessantly, and with much vigour of words.

On the Continent there was stagnation. James's Parisian supporters were too intensely interested in Mr. John Law's financial schemes to pay much attention to Jacobite plots. The affair of his marriage with his Modenese cousin looked less and less promising. He had written from Rome to his uncle (June 12) that his happiness was in his hands, entreating for a settlement. Gualterio did not approve at all of this project; perhaps because Alberoni did. He saw no hope in it, though he wrote his mind much less fully to the king than to Nairne, with whom he kept up a weekly correspondence. James was restless and depressed; hated Urbino, and wanted to go to Venice at the beginning of August. The Venetian Government shrank in alarm from the idea, and declared themselves unable to consent to a lengthened stay in their territories, though they would willingly receive his Majesty

for a few days as an ordinary tourist. James stayed on at Urbino, chafing at its limitations. He had not since his illness cared for hunting and shooting, but he was fond of coursing with his "clever little Danish doggies," and made himself popular by attending local assemblies held in his honour, where he played ombre with the ladies. He also went to musical evenings at the Casa Bonaventura, and to the Carnival plays (1718) arranged by the academicians of the Pascoli.

Now came a rift between him and the Pope. The Emperor wanted Sicily in exchange for Sardinia. Alberoni wanted Sicily for a Spanish prince, and to prevent the exchange the Spanish fleet had sailed for Sardinia and taken Cagliari (July). The angry Pope threatened to ally himself with the Emperor against Spain. James's affairs thus looked more hopeless than ever. Gualterio saw no help for it but to go on patiently and temporisingly, and of all things to avoid rupture with Rome, while he stipulated with Nairne that his more important letters must not be seen by the king. James was thus not only dictated to on all sides, but kept in the dark. He had a copy made of his new portrait by David for the Count of Castelblanco, who had married a daughter of Melfort,[1] and with whom he had been very friendly at Avignon, and whom he had created Duke of St. Andrews, February 4, 1717. To this present Alberoni objected, nominally on behalf of his master, regretting that Castelblanco should enjoy the smallest share of the King of England's confidence.

Then suddenly, in the middle of August, into the disturbed waters of diplomacy fell like a bomb the news that the king's life had again been attempted ; in this case by no less a person than the Earl of Peterborough, who, to his own great astonishment, found himself arrested at Bologna, September 11, on the charge, and conveyed by order of the resident papal legate to imprisonment in Fort Urbano.

That August there had been rumours in Paris, and also in England, of an intended attempt on James's life, and the Papal Government had issued orders that all strangers, especially English, who should arrive in the States should be arrested and examined. James himself had warnings from the queen and others. Suspicion was at once directed to Peterborough, for

[1] An excellent portrait of James was purchased at Urbino by the late Mr. Theodore Bent.

no reason except that he had been making friends with Marlborough, and been "much carest" at St. James's.[1] He had also set off for Italy in a manner so unostentatious as to alarm the chronically nervous politicians. Mary of Modena wrote to warn her son that Peterborough must be returning to Italy with designs against his person, since he was travelling not by the ordinary road by Tortona and Milan, but by the mountainous way of Genoa and Parma. He had been preceded by a certain Count Douglas, very possibly of Nonancourt fame—"dispatcht," Dillon writes to Lord Marischal, August 23, ". . . in order to assist [Peterborough] in his vile undertaking."[2] The Pope, in a terrible fright, sent despatches to the legates of the Romagna, Bologna, and Ferrara to stop Peterborough from passing, took measures for repairing the walls of Urbino, and increased the king's guard.

James seems never for a moment to have really believed in Peterborough's guilt. He even laughed at the idea, while Gualterio entreated him to be on the strictest guard not only against direct assault, but against every form of poison, and adjured him by his devotion to the Church, his love for his mother, and his affection for his faithful servants, to treat this matter with seriousness, and to bear in mind that very slight negligence might involve a terrible penalty. James, thus pressed, had written to Cardinal Origo, Archbishop of Bologna, to have Peterborough and his servants arrested when they should arrive, and their papers examined. He himself could not believe Peterborough capable of so black a deed, and therefore did not name him in his first letter. He expected Peterborough would clear himself; but after all that had been said on the subject it seemed necessary, for the security of his own person, that the arrest should be made. Peterborough must be subjected to no ill-treatment, but used with all respect due to his rank. James took all responsibility of the act upon himself, but felt sure that the Pope would not object to such measures for safeguarding the asylum he had given. On hearing of the arrest

[1] Peterborough said to O'Brien, who took him from Bologna to Fort Urbano, that he had no idea why he was suspected, unless because he had supped twice or thrice with "George" and his Hanoverian ladies. He said he had been deprived of employments because of predilection for James, though James had never heard a hint of such predilection! (Addison, Secretary of State to the Elector of Hanover. Bodleian.)

[2] On September 19 Graeme the Capuchin wrote to Mar from Calais that if he were not mistaken Douglas, who undertook to murder the king, had arrived there only yesterday, and proceeded to Paris. The warnings, therefore, had some foundation.

being effected, James demanded that the captive should be sent to him at Urbino for examination. The Pope, surprised and displeased by the king's tone, made all manner of difficulties as to sending his prisoner to Urbino ; representing that examination by the proper authorities at the legation would be much more effectual than any by the king's inexpert Court. James then insisted that Peterborough should be set at liberty at once. Gualterio was of opinion that such haste would harm the king's interests, an Italian being unable to see what harm a little false imprisonment could do to a British subject, and refused to obey even the king's summons to a consultation at Urbino. James then sent Sheldon to Fort Urbano to inquire into the matter and demand Peterborough's liberation if nothing were proved against him. Peterborough made most solemn protest of his innocence, and took his imprisonment cheerfully ; expressing himself much pleased with the civility of the Commandant Bussé, who had entertained him splendidly. Upon the report of Sheldon, September 29, the Pope consented to liberate Peterborough on parole. Peterborough took his parole very easily, and the consequent wrath of the Pope was increased by the indifference of James to such laxity. Gualterio was exceedingly annoyed by this lenity, and threatened James with consequences in such possible action of the "Duke of Hanover," as would forbid the hospitality of the Papal States to him. Acquaviva was of opinion that the whole affair, though a mistake, might be turned to James's advantage by giving "such an account of the sources of information upon which he was arrested as will spread abroad many suspicions among the Hanoverian faction, which may prove a very apple of discord, useful to the king's interests." But such was never the king's way of promoting his interests.

Reports of high displeasure at St. James's grew into authentic news, and the Pope was alarmed anew ; the more, that the elusive Count Douglas was now rumoured to be in the neighbourhood of Rome. Gualterio went to Urbino (about October 20) to shift the difficulty from the shrinking shoulders of the Pope to those of Peterborough's sovereign *de jure*, who settled the affair by insisting on Peterborough's complete liberation. Gualterio expressed himself as highly satisfied. "The king," he said, "with his great knowledge and prudence . . . has known how to bring the affair to an end with as much

care for his own dignity, as if in its decision he sat on his throne and had powerful armies at his command." Peterborough was released, but not until a little before November 24.

For there had been a great *volte-face* in Rome. George I. was furious at the indignity put upon a British peer, and the nuncio at Paris sent advices of an English naval expedition being prepared for the Mediterranean; advices confirmed by the Spanish ambassador. The Spanish Government demanded an explanation. The English Government replied that the demonstration was not directed against Spain, but with the end of obtaining satisfaction from the Pope for the arrest and imprisonment of a peer of England.

The distracted Pope disavowed and censured the action of his legate, and turned to France for help. He refused to believe that such expense would be incurred for such a small matter; there must be something more behind. Now, Mary of Modena herself persuaded the French Government to soften the resentment of England, and Dubois offered to mediate at St. James's. On the news of Peterborough's liberation, the English ships were withdrawn.

It is an interesting fact that accompanying Peterborough as aide-de-camp was a young man from Oxford who had already served in the army, the youngest of the Oglethorpe family and the most deservedly celebrated, James Edward, the future general and philanthropist. It must have been by more than coincidence that when his brother Theophilus was created a baron by King James in this same year, the succession, failing direct heirs from Theophilus, was settled upon James Oglethorpe and his direct heirs. The king certainly proved his confidence in Peterborough by honouring his associate.

The other side also had its assassination scares. On August 27, just when the first rumours came of the Peterborough-Douglas expedition, Stair was complaining of a plot contrived in Paris against George I.; asserting that the person charged with the execution thereof had gone to England by Holland. As if it could be worth any one's while to assassinate George I.! His unpopularity was a fortune to the Jacobites, while the son who would succeed him was much less disliked. It would be a very different matter to assassinate James, the last of his line, whose death would have ended the whole contest, for the Savoyards could never have hoped for a

following. A boy of seventeen, James Shepheard, was hanged at Tyburn in the following March for attempting or desiring to attempt the life of George I., and died praying for King James. That James never gave any such commission, it is needless to say. He had always indignantly disclaimed such attempts, but there are wild bloods among all parties ready to murder for the glory of the Lord.

While the Peterborough affair was in progress, James had other distractions. His astronomical friend, Monsignor Bianchini, spent a large part of the summer and autumn with him. On September 20 they witnessed together an eclipse of the moon, in which his Majesty was much interested. Bianchini returned to Urbino in October to report upon the sculpture there, bringing a kind inquiry from the Pope as to his Majesty's comforts and requirements. James replied that he had all he could wish for except a clock with bells that would tell the time in the English fashion, from twelve to twelve, like the one in the Piazza di Spagna, placed for the benefit of foreigners. His Court did not understand the Urbino clocks which told Italian time: hence irregularities.[1] James and Bianchini witnessed another eclipse of the moon at Urbino in September of the following year.

James was diverted also by more personal concerns. In spite of love and Alberoni and other support, the Modenese marriage was off, and on October 9 James was seeking particulars as to Princess Leonora of Tuscany. Cardinal Acquaviva, who knew her, sent an unsatisfactory report. She was a childless widow, three years older than James, with little pretension to beauty; fat, jolly, and hospitable, but of somewhat Medicean temperament. The Emperor gave his consent to the marriage (November 24), but James would have none of it. Cardinal Albani next tried to make up a match with a daughter of Frederick Augustus of Saxony, to be kept a profound secret from those marplots, the Pope and the Emperor. A Protestant princess of Hesse was also brought on the *tapis*. The English Jacobites welcomed the Hessian idea, but James gave it no more than a passing and lukewarm assent. He had a private project which he kept quite secret for a while. Peter the Great was making up his quarrel with Sweden. Why not secure another triple alliance by marrying a Russian princess?

[1] Vatican Library, MSS. Principi.

In October the Dukes of Ormond and Mar returned to Italy. Even on the way to his sovereign, Bobbing John bobbed again. Stair wrote to Craggs, October 25, that Mar called at the English Embassy on his way, and stayed there five hours, describing Jacobite affairs as desperate. "He flung out several things, as [Stair] thought, with a design to try whether there was any hopes of treating." They did not "dip into particulars; but in conversations of that kind, there is always something curious to be learned," says Stair.

Ormond was sent to Russia to negotiate a marriage for James with a daughter of the Czar Peter or with his niece, the Princess of Courland, and to help towards the desirable alliance between Peter and Charles XII., that both might assist James against George I. Since Peter detested George I., and "wished him at the devil," and had been on friendly terms with Mary of Modena, upon whom he had called during his recent visit to the French Court; and since in the previous September he had professed all the desire in the world to be of service to James, there seemed certainly to be room for hope. Ormond was accompanied on his mission by Dr. Erskine, brother of Lord Buchan, O'Brien, Mr. Jerningham, and that Charles Wogan who had joined Derwentwater at Rothbury, been taken at Preston and imprisoned in the Tower, from which he had escaped. The mission was received at neither the Russian nor the Swedish Court, but it was not without its fruit, and led to the ultimate finding of a northern bride for the king.

Constant cares and worries did not serve to cheer James during the wintry solitude of Urbino, though he admitted to Dr. Lesley that the climate agreed better with his health than with his inclinations. A report reached Oxford at the New Year that he had been seriously ill with a return of his last year's malady; but according to a plaintive letter written by him to his "friend and *camerade*," Sir John Erskine of Alva, January 1, 1718, boredom was the only complaint from which he suffered. "The want of [congenial society over a bottle of Burgundy] makes us very dull here, and even ever since wee parted, I have had few merry hours, but now perfect health makes amends for all. . . . It will not . . . be my fault if I continue long a single man. . . . I am very weary of the country I am in. I am now writing to you in the middle of hills, frost, and snow, and not like to see the ground these

two months." He could not stand the cold and loneliness, and offered to visit Rome for the Carnival. The Pope was much perturbed by the suggestion at a time of such nervous relations with England, and Gualterio was deputed to write the unpleasant refusal of the visit, hoping for better times, and assuring the king that affairs at the Papal Court were in such a state that the solitude and snows of Urbino were better than the crowds and pomps of Rome. The Pope granted a dispensation from fasting and abstinence to his Majesty's Court who were unable to practice the austerities demanded of Italians. At the end of February James went to enjoy the opera at Fano on the Adriatic coast, a little south-east of Pesaro.

He was troubled even more than usual by dissensions, jealousies, and suspicions among his friends. Atterbury and the English Jacobites were more than suspicious of Mar ; with too much reason, if they suspected that he called upon Stair *en route* for Urbino. They had almost as much to fear from Mary of Modena and the people about her, all acting against James's interests by their tactless exhibition of contempt for the rights of the Church of England. The queen was in very bad health, drawing to her end, and caring less for her son's crown than for his soul, which she could not believe would be safe if he touched the unclean thing by promising to tolerate heresy. On the preceding 29th of November he had written to Lesley, as representing the whole of the Anglican clergy, on the subject of Dr. Hoadley's heresies. Convocation was dealing with the matter when inquiry was closured by prorogation—an incident seized upon to illustrate the little liberty the Church of England enjoyed under Hanoverian rule for the management of its own affairs, and the different fortune it would enjoy under James, who was so firmly resolved to maintain its undoubted rights in that respect. If people would only compare what they now heard and saw with what they might expect on his first parliament ! He was so sincere, so consistent in his promises, but Protestants would not believe him, and his mother misunderstood him. Lewis Innes[1] translated this letter into

[1] The brothers Innes (Inese) stood very differently in James's favour and must not be confused, though both were priests and both historians. Lewis, principal of the Scots College at Paris 1682–1713, Secretary for Scottish affairs, High Almoner to the queen, was probably author of a life of James II. attributed to Thomas, and later connected with the business of Atterbury's papers. Thomas Innes returned from France to Scotland 1698, where he worked as a mission priest. In 1701 he became prefect of the Scots College at Paris, and mission agent. In 1717 James recommended him to Gualterio

French so freely as might have done James much injury with his friends in England. This brought to a head James's long dissatisfaction with those about his mother, especially with Lewis Innes. He defended Mar vehemently from the suspicions of the English Jacobites, but commanded all conduct of affairs to be at once withdrawn from Lewis Innes and the household at St. Germain's. "Their ways are not my ways," he said indignantly. For the first time, he would ask advice neither from his mother nor Middleton; go they must. "I am a Catholic, but I am a king," he wrote to his mother from Fano, 28th February, "and subjects, of whatever religion they may be, have an equal right to be protected. I am a king; but as the Pope himself told me, I am not an apostle. I am not bound to convert my people otherwise than by my example, nor to show apparent partiality to Catholics, which would only serve to injure them later."

It was settled that James's affairs were to be managed only by Mar and the Council in England, of which Atterbury was the head. The next thing was to get rid of Dillon, who acted quite openly in Paris as James's Secretary of State there, to the exasperation of Lord Stair. Stair, however, was to be much more seriously exasperated by the deposing of Dillon and the St. Germain's ministry, for this caused such a hopeful stir among the English Jacobites that it seemed as if James would now have the whole Tory party on his side. James Murray, son of Lord Stormont, was recommended by the English to succeed Dillon to carry on correspondence between Great Britain and Urbino; the difficulty was how to displace Dillon. According to Stair (May 7), Dillon himself, out of the vanity of his heart, furnished the pretext, which Mar adroitly seized. He informed James that the regent had offered him, subject to his Majesty's approval, the command of 16,000 men whom he was going to send into Italy. Mar wrote back that James highly approved, though he regretted the loss of Mr. Dillon's services, and that he had sent for Mr. Murray from England and appointed him to Mr. Dillon's place at Paris. The regent told Stair that the story of the command was all a lie of Dillon's, but Stair believed the affair to be worthy of some

for preferment as "an ecclesiastic of exemplary piety, a good and learned theologian, who had served him twenty-eight years, and still possessed his confidence in his most important affairs." He visited Scotland again, 1724, to collect material for his History of Scotland.

attention, since it showed how the Jacobites were organising in spite of their disappointments with Russia and Sweden. Stair chuckled somewhat prematurely over their having been left in the lurch by Charles XII. after he had pocketed £135,000 of their money. Murray now travelled frequently between Paris and Urbino.

On April 2 all Rome, from the Pope downwards, was thrown into a fever of apprehension by the news that King James had disappeared from Urbino. The little town was in consternation. At first the rumour could hardly be believed in Rome, but Gualterio declared that the scenes in court and city beggared description. In the evening of the same day an express arrived from Urbino, confirmed the report and gave Gualterio a sleepless night. Next morning, Sunday, the Protector of England hurried to the Pope to find that His Holiness had just had news of the king's safe return to Urbino on the preceding evening ; that he had only been for a little trip to Fossombrone and Fiuolo in the neighbourhood. His Holiness turned the whole affair into a joke, ascribing the commotion in Urbino to affection for the royal guest.

There was evidently a secrecy about the journey that had not characterised his visits to Fano and other neighbouring townlets. Probably it was only the voice of spring that called James, weary of captivity, to take a little private trip, but it was natural that his protectors should be nervous at such a juncture of war, Jacobite plotting, and assassination scares ; nervous, too, lest the now serious condition of his mother should have called him into the forbidden land. Stair declared afterwards that "this devoted son" had paid a clandestine visit to his dying mother and that he had had his snares set for him. Gualterio had even better reason than Stair to know what trouble had arisen between the mother and son who had been so much to one another. The dismissal of Dillon had greatly distressed the queen, and her grief must have greatly distressed James, though he saw clearly what worse mischief Dillon would have made between them had he remained in office ; how he was leading her to act in a manner adverse to the will and advantage of England. It was hard that such a cruel rupture should come at the last hour ; almost incredibly hard that James might not attempt by personal appeal to remove all shadow of bitterness from between them. Perhaps he at-

tempted the journey and failed to pass the frontier. He had probably been missed some days before Urbino thought of being alarmed. Perhaps he went to see a postulant bride. Later in the year, he certainly was in love with a great lady at Bologna. About this very date, he was officially wooing a princess whom he had never seen, but his heart could not be in that business, and he had been through so many futile official courtships! In any case, he ran some risk in such adventures, but, as was represented to Rome, it was intolerable if he could have no privacy for himself or his palace. It was suggested that he might have a little house to go to for three or four days now and then, for simple diversion—and "to hide his Majesty's steps, to accustom the people to his disappearance in case he might have to go on a long journey. It would be easier to get away from such a retreat than from a little town where every movement was watched."

The question of his marriage had become more pressing to him as a man than as a king. His wretched wandering life, the loneliness and uncongeniality of his compulsory abode, the long succession of disappointments would have made a much stronger man melancholy. He was now twenty-nine, and he had not even his mother's sympathy at hand to cheer him, if her political methods vexed him. He had as yet no throne to offer a bride; he had not even an independent income and a settled home; yet for himself as much as for his cause, he must have a wife—but where to find one? Being of sovereign rank he must, if possible, marry royally, and being penniless, he must marry money, and being a lovable, affectionate, melancholy man, he must have a bright and affectionate wife. No reigning house now dared give him one of its daughters. Then Wogan recommended the Princess Clementina Sobieska, whom he had seen on his late mission with Ormond to Russia; the youngest of the three granddaughters of the Polish hero-king.

On the choice of Frederick Augustus of Saxony for the throne of Poland, Prince James Sobieski had been imprisoned with his brother Constantine in the fortress of Pleissenbourg, his futile candidature being counted treason against the successful competitor. He was presently permitted to retire to his own domain of Ohlau in Silesia. His only son having died in childhood, he cared little for a succession which could not in

any case pass to females. In 1718 he set about marrying his three rich daughters. Casimire, the haughty, was to marry the Duke of Modena; Caroline, the less dignified, was destined for the Duke of Guastalla. Neither of these marriages was accomplished.

The youngest, Clementina, was not yet sixteen; "little, but young enough to grow taller"—a gay, blue-eyed girl with beautiful fair hair which reached nearly to her feet; romantic, high-spirited, quick-tempered. Wogan, commissioned by his master to find him a wife to ensure his domestic comfort rather than to increase his political advantages, saw in the pretty impulsive girl the very bride to cheer a sad, dreamy king. She was sufficiently royal, and quite magnificently connected on her mother's side. The imperial relationship and the Sobieski hoards were equally and ideally desirable. James II. had been crossed by the Emperor more fatally than by any other power in his efforts to regain his kingdom, says Gaydon. It was therefore hoped that by this marriage James III. would form a party in Germany strong enough to counterbalance Hanoverian influence. James was pleased with Wogan's description of the princess, illustrated by miniatures. Wogan had dilated especially upon her gaiety and evenness of temper. It is to be feared that Wogan and hope told a too flattering tale. Negotiations were set on foot.

The princess was delighted with the offer. The author of *Female Fortitude Exemplified*, a tract of 1722, says the marriage was the realisation of her childish dreams; that she had played in her childhood at being Queen of England. She was twelve when Casimire went to the waters of Bourbon in 1714, and no doubt the elder sister sent home picturesque accounts of the gallant young prince about to set sail for his ancient kingdom to fight for his crown. Thus prepared, she readily fell in love with the portrait of her kingly suitor, and with his character as described by his enthusiastic emissary.

Prince James Sobieski consented readily to the marriage, and Wogan would have been empowered to return at once to Ohlau to complete the negotiations, had not the interminable racial and religious jealousies which divided the king's household to the last and tore his cause to tatters, interfered in his wooing. The Duke of Mar objected to so important a mission being entrusted to an Irishman and a Catholic, so James Murray

was sent to arrange the marriage with Prince James Sobieski, carrying with him a casket of jewels for the princess.

All the early spring the queen was very ill. Distress at the recent domestic troubles had seriously increased her malady (cancer), and Stair was sharply watching her death-bed, busy with spies. Many were known as Jacobites, and sent to herd among the party to find out secrets from fine ladies. One was a Higgons, brother of Sir Thomas, James's secretary; "a useful man," says Stair, "able to give much information as to the plans of the English Jacobites." He may have been George, the attainted eldest brother. It is to be hoped he was not Sir Bevil, the youngest, so much employed and trusted by James. Higgons offered to find out for Stair the cipher in which were written three letters stolen from the queen's cabinet shortly before her death. Alas for the blood of Sir Bevil Grenville!

The queen died on Saturday, May 7 (O.S. April 26); "like a saint, as she had lived," says Saint-Simon. "There was frantic grief at St. Germain's," says Dangeau, "where she had kept an unlimited number of poor English." Her papers were opened by King James at Urbino on May 27, in the presence of Lord Middleton, her Grand Chamberlain; Sheldon, Vice-Chamberlain; Dicconson, her Treasurer; and General Sir Arthur Dillon.

James was possessed of the best antidote against grief in necessary hard work; and since Stair, the well-informed and anxious, lamented that affairs looked black and dark, James's prospects must have looked only too promising. There was division among the Hanoverians, and his friends were active. In May it was reported to the Treasury that some rebels were still in arms; that the clans submitted only here and there, gradually and independently of one another. Protestant ministers still prayed for James contrary to law. There was a bonfire at Elgin on May 29, and enthusiastic drinking of Jacobite toasts; crimes which were repeated on June 10. The English Jacobites hoped the queen's death might be of service to the king, since, in spite of her great virtues, she was a papist. (Hearne.)

Gualterio and Mar joined James at Urbino early in May. Mar came from Rome, where his interest in architecture had brought him a present from the Pope: an architectural de-

scription of St. Peter's. Stair believed (May 31) Mar to be on the road to France. The king attended concerts and prepared for marriage, but fell ill again towards the end of May. Then cheering news came to cure. On May 26 Mar was able to write to Ormond that a bride was at last found for the king.

CHAPTER XXII

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL

'Twas thus in early bloom of time,
And in a reverend oak,
In sacred and inspired rhyme
An ancient Druid spoke :

'An hero from fair Clementine,
Long ages hence shall spring,
And all the gods their powers combine
To bless the future king.'"

THE political outlook became gloomier when, early in June, there was total rupture between the Pope and Spain, and Sir George Byng beat the Spaniards off Syracuse. Where should James look for money to marry upon, now his best friends were at war ? The Pope, however, exerted himself with some success to persuade the Regent of France to continue Mary of Modena's pension to her son, though it was doubtful if the French stipulations as to secrecy might not be too strict to be observed. Cardinal de la Tremoille promised that though France was bound by her Utrecht obligations, the Chevalier de St. George should always have her friendship and sympathy.

About June 12 the regent read in an intercepted letter how Sir Timon Connock believed he could get the bulk of the English fleet to desert when it came into the Mediterranean—so Stair wrote to Craggs. At the beginning of July, Stair declared affairs in the north to deserve the most serious attention ; that there would be a descent on England in less than six weeks ; that Spain could furnish five or six battalions of Irish and of arms, and that at Bristol the English gentry would join the march to London ; that James would not come at once, but that Ormond would. Rumours came from Holland, too, that there was much afoot. Considering how much Stair paid for his information, and how excellent its *provenance* seemed to be, it was curiously inexact.

In July Lord Oxford was discharged for "traitorous practices" by the House of Lords. His liberty was obvioulsy

considered as unlikely to lead him to new treasons. The sadly stricken Duke of Marlborough wept like a child when he saw the House intent on clemency, so that "his duchess and some others were forced to take him out of the House. We may here see the force of resentment and infirmity of age," wrote Lord John Somerset to Lady Anne Coventry. That same month there was concluded between France and England a convention which led to a new Quadruple Alliance, and consequent consternation among James's friends. In the letter quoted above, Stair informed Craggs that "the Pretender's" marriage with the Emperor's niece was broken off, owing to some flaw James had discovered in her birth. Which niece? Clementina was the Empress-dowager's niece, but Stair probably knew only of the Neuburg princess. The Sobieski marriage was far from being broken off, though there was a hitch. On James's side there was unchanged determination. Next in urgency to the vexed question of money came the vexed question of residence. He hated Urbino as much in summer as in winter. He fell ill of ague at the end of June, made a slow recovery, and entreated that he might be allowed to remove from his high-perched crag before the winter came on. His heart was set upon Castelgandolfo or Viterbo. In spite of the friendship of Sweden and Spain, of his matrimonial prospects, of Jacobite activity and Hanoverian depression, he does not seem to have thought of St. James's as his "next remove." The Pope objected strongly to give up his chief country house. He was affectionately anxious as to the king's health, but he assured him that the breezy heights of Urbino were much better for him than the Campagna, where the heat was then intolerable. He suggested Pesaro as a winter resort if Urbino were too cold. Viterbo was unsafe. Gualterio said the king had tried both Pesaro and Urbino, and neither suited him. The Pope said Castelgandolfo was damp, though on other accounts it might be eminently suitable, being enclosed and strongly built as no private villa could be. In spite of repeated refusals from the Pope, James would not hear of Albano, Perugia, or Foligno. He would hear of no residence but Castelgandolfo. Clement was so angry at such persistency that Gualterio warned James it might lead to a rupture, and where would he be if required to leave the State of the Church?

There seems, indeed, to have been little hope at Rome

of St. James's! Like Wolsey, the Pope yielded before a royal obstinacy worthy of James's six-times-great-uncle. On July 3 preparations were begun for the king's occupation of Castelgandolfo, and on August 6 the Pope gave final confirmation to the grant of the castle, on condition that James should never expect to occupy it before the middle of November, so that it might remain available for the usual autumn papal *villeggiatura*. It was delicate going. They must all be very careful owing to imperialist jealousies and suspicions, and to the fact that Admiral Byng was remonstrating forcibly with the Viceroy at Naples on the subject of the royal exile. Even this half-hearted arrangement was not allowed to proceed. Endless difficulties were raised. Cardinal Barberini refused his villa at Castelgandolfo for the use of the Court. But marriage preparations went on. Murray returned from Ohlau, August 3, with the signed contract. The Pope, annoyed about the residence, was kind as to wedding expenses, which, Albani promised for him, should be liberally forthcoming. The king (August 20) wished to be married by Gualterio, but was told that for the perfect validity of a royal marriage the Pope must appoint a legate *a latere* to officiate, as in the case of the late Empress and the two last Queens of Spain. James might not choose a celebrant himself. Another difficulty raised was, that if the king should be married by proxy and the Emperor refuse to let the princess pass into Italy, he might be bound without possessing a wife. In the end a simple and conditional betrothal was fixed upon, James to be bound only if the princess were at liberty. Murray should be proxy, no priest present. Prince James Sobieski was to give his daughter 200,000 Polish crowns; the Pope, 300,000 scudi down, with a pension of 10,000 livres, and the engagement was formally announced.

It was proposed that James should reside at least for a time in Rome, and Cardinal Gualterio again placed his palace at his Majesty's disposal. James chose to be married at Ferrara, and sent Mrs. Hay there, with her brother, James Murray, to make ready for the bride and the wedding. His valet, Michele Vezzosi, the cook, and four dozen of Burgundy and champagne were sent on before. Then the king changed his mind and chose Bologna for his wedding. No one was to be present but Perth, Mar, General Tom Forster, resident at the Court since his escape from Newgate, and Murray. He

sent Colonel Hay to fetch the princess, who was to set off with her mother early in October, arriving at Bologna on the 15th; and he went to Bologna to await his bride.

The English Jacobites had watched on tiptoe of expectation and anxiety. They flattered themselves that matters were not only kept quite secret, but that they were further advanced than was the fact. They believed measures had been so well taken that the king had managed to get himself married by proxy in September, and that it was no longer in the Emperor's power to prevent. They had only guesswork and rumour to live upon, as to ensure secrecy they were not told the facts. Dubois also believed the marriage to have taken place. Hearne reports in his Diary that the Duchess of Mar passed through Calais for Italy about September 20, to become one of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber; also Lady Strickland and three other ladies.

Of course the British Government got wind of it all. It was said that Lord Orrery sold the secret to Walpole. The Emperor was threatened with instant attack upon his recently acquired Italian provinces if he should allow the bride to pass through his dominions. Spain, late lord of those provinces, should be compelled to the attack, England looking on sympathetically. The bride was offered £100,000 to marry her other suitor, the Prince of Baden.

Thanks to delays caused by the Princess Sobieska's whims —she insisted upon travelling in state as Maréchale of Poland, and stopped for shopping at Augsburg, where her brother was bishop—all those well-laid plans went "agley." The princess herself wrote to her imperial nephew from Prague that she was on her way to Italy to marry her daughter to the King of England; imagining herself very wise in contriving that her letter should not reach Vienna till she had passed through Augsburg, from whence the road, running through her brother-in-law's electorate, ought to be clear. The much-worried Emperor sent orders to Augsburg to stop the travellers, but they had passed five days earlier. They were, however, arrested at Innsbruck, and imprisoned in the castle there under the wardship of General Heister.

James, waiting with Mar at Bologna, grew uneasy on hearing nothing from the princess or from Hay. At the end of the month Hay brought the news of the outrage at Innsbruck. James was profoundly shocked and, as usual, hope-

less. Was it not the finger of Fate again? He waited at Bologna, in "such rains as you never saw," to see what became of the affair of his marriage. He had not the heart to cheer himself by attending the opera, even could he, as he said, in decency have done so. To add to the melancholy of the situation, Dicconson had written to him of the desperate plight of the Jacobites in Paris, begging his sanction for their applying to the French Court for help. "Would to God they could gett bread anywhere," the king replied (November 2). In his melancholy situation he "could strip himself to clothe modest people." The Duchess of Mar had arrived in Paris to wait on the royal bride, and to the annoyance of Dicconson, Mar was now to go there to meet her. She was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's sister, and the Jacobites all dreaded her as a spy. James replied bitterly to Dicconson's protest against Mar's journey, that to stop wives from joining their husbands was an imperial prerogative to which he did not pretend. Mar, with his duchess, returned to James in December. James was presently somewhat consoled by a letter from the captive bride, swearing eternal fidelity, and imploring him to come to her rescue. He was so much touched that he would have flown to her assistance had it been possible, but such knight-errantry would certainly have led to his own capture. The very naturalness of the quest made its danger, and toils were set along the way to Innsbruck to trap the expected deliverer.

Sympathy, indeed, blazed all round for the princess. The continental world stood aghast at such an outrage. Clementina's aunt, the Empress-dowager, appealed to her imperial son; their kinsmen, the Electors Palatine and of Treves and Bavaria, joining their prayers. The Emperor was touched, and instructed his minister at St. James's, General St. Saphorin, to let the "Duke of Hanover" know how unhappy the affair made him; how uneasy was his conscience at being compelled to keep a lady from her husband. Mr. Secretary Stanhope replied firmly (November 4) that he was very sorry, but the mere fact of all these important people being so anxious for the marriage showed what formidable allies "the Pretender" would be able to count upon in the future. He reminded the Emperor that, so far, his were all the advantages of the alliance with George I., in return for which he had done nothing but this one favour of arresting

the princess. In short, the imperial anxiety to set the captive free immediately after arresting her, looked very much as if Charles VI. had "the Pretender's" interests more closely at heart than George's; and as for his conscience, that might reasonably impel him to restore his kingdoms to James as well as his bride. The Emperor must choose between Elector and Pretender: there was no serving those two masters. The Pope did all he could on behalf of the princess, who was his god-daughter; equally in vain. It seemed a hopeless case, indeed. But they all reckoned without Wogan.

In the second week of November James suddenly arrived in Rome from Bologna; so suddenly and secretly that his coming was described as an escape. His health and the severe winter weather had been his original plea for exchanging Urbino for Rome or the neighbourhood, but more pressing reasons had determined the *coup*, according to his own official explanation, elaborately set forth by his authority and accepted by the public. He had had several warnings of projected attempts on his life, while owing to the immense number of German troops in Italy on their way to Naples, his liberty at least was no longer safe—"the small amount of liberty he enjoyed in exile," he reproachfully reminded the Pope and the world. The "barbarous treatment" of his bride might well be made to serve as a precedent for the kidnapping of himself. Rome was the only safe place, though the last in the world he would otherwise have chosen.

Perhaps there was another reason for his sudden arrival. He had so completely abandoned all hope of Clementina that he consulted the Pope at once (November 18) as to his freedom to contract another marriage; suggesting Maria Vittoria di Caprara, heiress of Bologna. He had obviously fallen in love with the Italian heiress even while waiting for his unseen bride, for the probability of their marriage had been the talk of the little gossiping town during his residence there. He was so eager to be married that his heart was at the mercy of the first sympathetic and desirable woman who came near enough. He may have made her acquaintance on his previous visits to Bologna. She may even have been Mlle. de C——, on a visit to Paris in 1708. Mar, who accompanied him to Rome, emphatically contradicted (November 18) current rumours in France and England that the king was already married by proxy to the

Polish princess, and asseverated his freedom to marry elsewhere. There were other women in the world, Mar hinted to the Earl Marischal, and the king need not wait longer than honour required. If he should match below his quality, what had happened would remove any objection there might be to such a thing.

On December 2 the Pope replied that his Majesty was perfectly free, and that Mlle. de Caprara would be a perfectly suitable bride. By the 21st the news had reached Dangeau from Italy that King James, then in Rome, seeing the impossibility of marrying the Sobieski princess imprisoned at Innsbruck, was resolved by the Pope's advice to marry the heiress of the House of Caprara at Bologna, it being so necessary that he should have children.

James, who was again staying in the Gualterio Palace, near the Scala Santa, set about finding a palace of his own in Rome, manifestly for the immediate housing of the Bolognese bride, since Clementina was voted irrecoverable.

The Pope consented to his stay in Rome, since "the celerity of the king's proceedings" had made it impossible to stop him, but Gualterio was evidently offended that the step should have been taken without his knowledge and consent, and being at his country house at Corgnuolo, stayed there on plea of illness instead of hastening to wait on his royal guest. James had intended to go on to Castelgandolfo, and had ordered his servants from Urbino to attend him there, but he was willing now to give up the papal palace. Though he was reported very well in health, Castelgandolfo was found too cold; "without chimneys [fireplaces], as it mostly is," Mar wrote to the Earl Marischal. Pope and cardinal were pleased that he should agree to stay in Rome, in all respects so much more befitting than Castello. Gualterio recommended the palace of Monsignor Cibo as a permanent residence, one of the best houses in Rome, though like all of them, with too many rooms and too little accommodation. Finally, the king chose the Muti Palace in the Piazza dei Sant' Apostoli for his residence in Rome, and it was assigned to him by the Pope—to the indignation of Gualterio, who found it "little in harmony with what is due to so great a prince who has deserved so well of the Catholic Church." But the Pope began at once to prepare the Muti palace for the king's possession.

Though he was settling himself in Rome as if he had no other thought or hope, great movements on which his fortunes would turn were going on in the outside world. The war so long preparing was on the point of breaking out. Alberoni, who, according to Pichot, made and unmade at his pleasure all the alliances of Europe, invited Charles XII. to ally himself against George I., and the invitation was accepted. Alberoni at the same time took up the Stuart cause as a weapon against England, and invited Ormond to Spain to sail for England with the Spanish fleet, with the title of captain-general should war break out, promising him safe and honourable retirement in Spain should the campaign fail. Ormond had not returned to James since the failure of the Russian matrimonial quest; said he had not expected ever to look on the royal countenance again. For some time James was not informed of these important dealings, for Alberoni and Ormond said he could not keep a secret. Lately he had had to ask to see treaties that concerned him vitally. This invitation was therefore kept a secret, and the king was therefore greatly surprised to hear (November 27) that Ormond was bound for Spain! Ormond sailed from Genoa, travelling in the livery of his own servant, and arrived in Madrid, December 1. It was not until December 27 that James and his Court were rejoiced by the information that Ormond had gone on Alberoni's invitation.

Want of money and scarcity of food sadly counterbalanced the goodwill of Sweden. Mar, in James's name, tried to persuade Charles XII. to send a deputation to Scotland, and urged the Jacobites, by Straiton, to send Charles five or six thousand bolls of meal for the support of his troops. Such practical sympathy would be evidence of sincerity very useful to King James's service. But those who would have paid for the oatmeal were exiles or forfeited, and the meal was pronounced too difficult to collect and transport.

As for James's matrimonial difficulties, Gualterio would hear of no new scheme, while Clementina's pathetic letters touched the heart and conscience of her betrothed. To the joy of Gualterio, on December 20 James suggested a plan "that would be well received by the Emperor." So it seemed, shown in the light of an ardent spirit. Charles Wogan, his Irish heart burning with romantic sympathy for the imprisoned princess who had charmed him with her girlish gaiety, had

come to James at the end of November with his plan for her rescue.

The story of this romantic quest has been told many times—with minute fulness by two of the principals.[1] Wogan had gained useful experience by his own escape from the Tower, and he assured his master that where diplomacy had failed knight-errantry would succeed. James, true Stuart that he was, liked the idea, apologised for having superseded the resourceful Wogan by the incompetent Hay and Murray, and armed him with full credentials to carry the lady off.

Wogan arrived at Innsbruck in December, and through the Princess Sobieska's equerry, Châteaudoux, managed to let the prisoners know of his presence and errand. Clementina assured him in reply of her immovable constancy to her royal lover, and entire submission to his will; but really she could not run away without her father's consent. Her mother agreed to this. So Wogan went to Ohlau and saw Prince James, who was angry with the Emperor, but said Wogan's scheme was impracticable. He gave him a snuff-box[2] to comfort him, and suggested that another of his daughters, now free and available, might serve as a substitute for the captive Clementina. Wogan declared that only Clementina would do for the king, and declined to leave Ohlau with a refusal for his master and a snuff-box for himself. So he wrung consent from the lazy Polish prince.

Wogan then hurried to Selestat near Strasburg, where Dillon's regiment was quartered, in which he counted on finding a band of true knights to join him in his quest. He was met by a letter from Châteaudoux, telling him that the king had suddenly and secretly left Rome. As it was supposed he had gone north to release his princess, her guards had been doubled. Next came the still more startling rumour that the king had been arrested at Voghera by the Emperor's soldiers. Wogan was in despair, until it turned out that the persons arrested were the Dukes of Mar and Perth, on their way to join the new expedition to Britain.

[1] The following particulars are from Major Gaydon's MS. account, British Museum, Gualterio Papers; Add. MSS. 34638, f. 219, also 20313; supplemented by Wogan's account. Wogan wrote his account for the Queen of France. There is also the tract, *Female Fortitude Exemplified*, in which the details agree perfectly with the other narratives, save to supplement them in some minor matters. Wogan's own account is dated La Mancha, 4 March 1745.

[2] Rather a historic snuff-box, the spoil of the Grand Turk.

CHAPTER XXIII

SPAIN AND GLENSHIEL

"Farewell to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel and Seaforth,—
To the chieftain this morning his course who began
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan.
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail.
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail.

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail!
Be prolonged as regret that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith and sincere as their woe.
Be so soft and so sweet and so faithful, sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail."

Translated by Sir WALTER SCOTT, *from the Gaelic of the family bard of Lord Seaforth.*

ALAS! on December 11 a new and a very heavy blow fell on Jacobite hopes. Charles XII. was killed at the siege of Frederickshall. His sister Ulrica, once a bride desired of King James and now married to a Prince of Hesse, became queen, and had quite other views as to assisting James by an expedition; so much so that Görtz was dismissed for having been its chief instigator, and presently shot (March 3) for misdemeanours in administration. It was some time before James heard of his ally's death; Ormond in Spain did not hear of it until January 25.

The severity of the blow was mitigated by the vigorous new sympathy of the other ally, and sudden call to action. On December 28 England declared war against Spain. James decided at once to set off to join Ormond in Spain, and sail for England. A few days later came the news that France had joined England in the war.

At the beginning of December there had been a startling discovery of a plot in France against the regent, fomented by Alberoni through the Spanish ambassador, Cellamare. Philip V. was to be regent, *vice* Orleans deposed, with a view,

of course, to the further effacement of the Pyrenees ; the Duc de Maine, whose Condé wife was head of the plot, was to act as his deputy. The plot was crushed. Cellamare was conducted to the frontier, and France declared war against Spain, January 9.

The unnatural new alliance between England and France caused curious complications. The Duke of Berwick, whose victorious arms had established Philip on the throne, was now to lead the army against him. "Did you ever expect to live to see the Duke of Ormond fighting against the Protestant Succession and the Duke of Berwick fighting for it?" Arbuthnot asked Swift. The Duke of Liria, who commanded a Spanish regiment stationed at Gerona in Catalonia, found himself compelled by his new nationality to fight his father. He had his scruples on the matter, but Berwick, as always, set military duty above ties of blood, and told his son that he must fight for his Spanish sovereign against whatever enemy should come into the field.

Berwick must fight not only against Philip and his own son, but against his brother and natural sovereign, from whose interests he had now entirely dissociated himself. Walkinshaw of Barrowfield wrote to Sir Hugh Paterson that Berwick at this time was perpetually with Lord Stair, and often dined with him.[1] In the following March, Berwick was reporting to the regent, who passed the information on to Stair, the strength and movements of the Jacobites in Scotland.[2]

The line drawn between false and true was thin as gossamer. Old friends turned their backs ; foes and traitors turned their faces. Lord Oxford, free but disappointed, kept darkly making friends to himself of the mammon of Jacobitism, and, according to Dubois, who told Craggs, directed the first project of descent on England.[3] In September the Earl Marischal had applied to James for leave to serve with Spain against the Elector of Hanover. James had answered that when Spain should be fighting the Elector he "hoped there would be more of them" in the peninsula. He himself must lead his soldiers. James was, however, delayed in Rome, much in the dark as to what was going on, by the complicated state of his affairs matrimonial

[1] Sir Hugh said that Murray had replaced Dillon because Stair and Berwick had nearly got Dillon into the Bastille.

[2] Stair to Craggs, March 22, 1719. State Papers (Foreign, France) ; Record Office. Ap. *History of Scotland*, vol. iv. (A. Lang).

[3] Stowe MSS., 247, ff. 35–39 ; Craggs Papers.

and military; awaiting the decision of Philip V. as to whether or not he should serve himself by declaring for him; awaiting as anxiously the result of Wogan's embassy, and embarrassed by the fact that the Emperor was arranging a match for Clementina with the Prince of Baden. But Prince James Sobieski was now determined on marrying his daughter to James, and declared that he would rather renounce life than not keep to his engagement (January 14).

Francis Kennedy had been sent to inform the Scots of the projected rising, with credentials signed by Ormond. The Earl Marischal, wandering in France, was sent for by Alberoni towards the end of January, to take command of the projected rising in Scotland. Ormond, as in 1715, was chosen to command in England. The Earl Marischal and his brother, James Keith, thereupon arrived at Madrid about February 8. On his way from Marseilles, James Keith had called upon the loyal Duke of Liria at Gerona, and found him utterly ignorant of any projected English expedition. Liria wrote at once to James, January 10, assuring him of his zeal and devotion, and at the same time he offered his services for Ormond's expedition, and placed his house and equipages in Madrid at Ormond's service. In their anxiety for secrecy, the leaders seem to have excluded from confidence all but themselves. Lockhart and his friends were astonished when Philip V. declared for James, and so late as March 19 Montagu Wood in England told Samuel Carte that the rumour of a new plot had no foundation. They "believed our Jacobites have been deceived as well as other people."

Alberoni now invited James himself to Spain, declaring him to be no longer safe in Italy. In conformity with Ormond's advice, whose letter of December 17 reached him on January 26, James took his resolution as decisively he took it in 1715. Only Ormond was admitted into his full confidence. Even the Pope was to be hoodwinked, like Gualterio and the rest. James left letters of attorney, dated February 2, empowering James Murray to open letters addressed to the king or Mar during their respective absences from Rome; empowering him also to make use of a procuration previously executed for the solemnisation of his marriage with the Princess Clementina "as soon as she being at liberty shall desire him to do it, but not during her confinement." He conferred on the Chevalier Lucci, Gualterio's secretary, the office of his agent resident in Rome. He wrote

(February 7) a farewell letter to the Pope, apologising for his sudden and necessarily secret action, regretting his departure while expecting his bride for whom he was leaving every proof of his tenderness and constancy. She was directed to come to Rome, where she would be safe and free. Her heroic constancy, besides her personal merit, made her uniquely dear to him, and he commended her to the fatherly kindness of the Pope. He asked leave for his household to stop in the Muti Palace until further orders.

This was not the only notable farewell taken. Mar wrote to his king on February 4. They were both in Rome, but Mar lodged apart with his wife, lately come from well-informed London circles, and supposed by angry Jacobites to be putting much pressure on her unstable lord in the direction of submission, recovered property, and pleasantly important social position, if not ministerial rank, in his native land. But James was on the eve of setting forth to recover power and possession for himself and his friends, and breaking with him would for the moment be imprudent. Mar was consistent at least in half-heartedness. He had bowed the knee to George with James's letters in his pocket, and George divined the worth of such allegiance. He had thrown in his lot with James only on finding George determinedly hostile. He had left behind him at Montrose any illusion he may have had as to James's chances of success. He had accepted the seals with possibly real reluctance, certainly without enthusiasm ; they were better than nothing. He had called on Stair on his way to Italy, to sound him, and informed him that James's cause was then desperate. There was now much dispute as to who should command in Scotland. Mar's generalship was naturally discredited and hotly opposed. James was naturally unwilling to wound his friend by superseding him. He was certainly very fond of Mar, very anxious to keep him about him. Forgiving, if he realised, Mar's failure as a general, had he not made him Gentleman of the Bedchamber immediately on arriving in France from Montrose, and not many days later offered him the seals? Strong affection, so characteristic of a Stuart, probably blinded him as to Mar's capacity. It certainly blinded him for years as to Mar's fidelity, and until 1724 he stood his friend firmly in the teeth of suspicion, revelation, and remonstrance. No charge flung at the Stuarts is more absurd than

that of thankless inconstancy. They stood by their friends only too faithfully, and James stuck as close to his as Mary and Charles I. had done. Now the dangerous name of favourite was flung at Mar. A pamphlet had appeared, accusing Mar of jealousy of Ormond. This was ascribed to the Abbé Strickland —"a little conceited, meddling prig," said Mar. It is probable enough that Mar was jealous. Which of James's friends and ministers was not? and which Scottish noble was not jealous of his brethren; still more, of any Irish peer? The whole affair of James's suppressed letters to Argyll and Islay is redolent of jealousy. The Duke of Mar, hereditary guardian of the Scottish kings, might well have dreaded the competition of such an adherent as Argyll, with all a great convert's claim to Court favour.

But the name of favourite stung. On February 4 Mar wrote the above-mentioned letter—obviously for publication, since he and his master were within speaking distance and in full confidential communication; James with one foot in the sea and one on the shore, and his Secretary of State and late Commander-in-chief by no means to be left behind. Mar was half-hearted, but quite open with the king. He did not actually resign, but expressed himself as quite ready to give up the seals. The king, he said, had plenty of men for his service without him. He declared that he had never aimed at being a favourite, that he would have no pleasure in being employed in Scotland; but that, as he knew something of England, he might be useful for advising on English affairs, though he should not be offended if his Majesty should find a better adviser. On the previous expedition he had been ready to serve his Majesty, but on this occasion he begged that he might not be sent to Scotland, and that he might be relieved of the seals as soon as the king should set foot in England. He asked to remain only a gentleman of the bedchamber with a small post in the ministry, and recommended Lord Tullibardine as the right military commander for Scotland.

On March 29 following he wrote to Sir Hugh Patterson of Bannockburn, describing this letter, informing him that it had been arranged with the king at his (Mar's) own request that from the moment James should land in his kingdom, Mar's ministry should expire.

James waived the question. Meantime he had more imme-

diate use for Mar. He was to help in the laying of a false scent to divert pursuers from the trail of the stag-of-ten, "gone away."

Early in the morning of February 8, James slipped out of Rome with John Hay and O'Brien, drove to Nettuno, thirty miles south, and embarked the same evening on a little French ship flying Genoese colours that had been provided by Alberoni. Admiral Cammock, sometime of the British navy, commanded. Elaborate measures had been taken to imply that the king had gone to rescue his princess from her prison. The Dukes of Mar and Perth and John Paterson, with Father Brown, the king's confessor, Johnston, and Robertson, left Rome two hours after the king, travelling north to Genoa by Florence, Bologna, and Modena, as if bound for Innsbruck. It was supposed to be the king who had left then for Innsbruck, and consequently his friends were arrested at Voghera, February 17. They were detained four days at the Podestà (being without passports); then sent to the castle at Milan. It was reported to Stair that James himself was arrested, but Stair's exultation speedily gave way to doubts. The Emperor was furious at the arrest—he had suffered obloquy enough through Clementina's—and commanded the immediate release of the prisoners, who returned to Rome at once.

Court circles in Rome were in a whirl of gossip over the king's mysterious disappearance. Nairne thought it a pity the secret had not been kept somewhat longer. Gualterio professed to be not at all offended at having been kept out of it, not at all inquisitive; desirous only of rest rather than business. But now the offending king was out of the way, he found himself able to go to Rome for Lent, in spite of the hospitable urgencies of his relations.

James's voyage, though he escaped arrest, was much fuller of real peril than Mar's. He risked himself a hundred times on sea and land, as Alberoni wrote to Ormond. Storms were furious and incessant. He put ashore for a while at Cagliari. Then he was blown north, and had to hide three days at Marseilles in the house of the master of the boat he sailed in; fell ill of fever, and had to stay another twenty-four hours at Villefranche, where he was bled. Next the storms drove him ashore at Hyères, where he was lodged in a vile tavern crowded with dirty peasants; and, it being Carnival time, he

was compelled to dance all night with his landlady, sea-sick as he was. As soon as it was known he had left Italy, he was pursued by two English ships. Count Gallas, Imperial ambassador at Rome, sent couriers to all parts to stop him. Stair had three hours' conference with the very reluctant regent, who, of treaty necessity, professed himself all readiness to send troops to prevent James's landing in England ; but Stair, though he professed to dislike the idea of French military assistance in England, confessed to Craggs that the bias of all the French towards "the Pretender" was inconceivable, while Craggs vainly protested against such numbers of Jacobites being allowed to embark from French ports. However, James would not find the English so ready to join him as he expected. The Jacobites were much better disposed to drink for him than to fight for him. "We know what miserable heads they have to lead them."

On March 8 James landed at Las Rosas in Catalonia, a month after his sailing from Nettuno, so stormy had his crossing been. He sent O'Brien to Madrid to announce his arrival.

On the previous day the Spanish fleet, bound for Corunna and England, sailed from Cadiz, delayed by weather since February 10. Ormond had been waiting for it at Corunna since February 24. On March 11 the Earl Marischal sailed from Passage, by San Sebastian, with 307 Spanish soldiers, and letters to the Scottish chiefs—to the Duke of Gordon, Glengarry, Maclean of Brocas, and Clanranald's cousin of Benbecula. On March 27 Ormond sailed for England from Corunna with the Cadiz fleet, only to be scattered by the winds, hardly out of sight of land, on March 29. James Keith had left Madrid on February 19, with about 18,000 crowns from Alberoni, on a fiery cross mission to raise the Jacobites in France. First he went to the Prince of Campo Florido, to whom he handed over 15,000 crowns to equip two frigates for Scotland ; then to Brigadier Campbell and General Gordon at Bordeaux ; and on March 3 he met Lord Tullibardine at Orleans, and went with him to Paris, where they met Lord Seaforth, Glendaruel, and others. Lord George Murray also joined. There the usual racial jealousies arose. The Scots declared they would not have acted on Ormond's credentials had not Mar already ordered them to obey Ormond. Tullibardine had an old com-

mission of James's of 1717 to command the forces in Scotland, and wanted to act upon it in the present expedition. Differences were, however, sufficiently adjusted to permit the party to sail from Havre on March 19. They landed in the Lewis on April 4, where they found the Earl Marischal with his two frigates in the harbour of Stornoway. Tullibardine kept silence as to his old commission, and the Earl Marischal took the command. They put to sea for Kintail, were driven back, and did not effect a landing until April at Loch Alsh in Kintail, the country of Lord Seaforth. They took up their headquarters in the castle of Eilean Donan. Then followed the usual fatal delay —hardly more surely fatal in this case than progress would have been. The Highlanders were ready to rise as soon as Ormond's expedition had arrived, but there was no news of Ormond. Clanranald and Lochiel came in ; but where were Ormond and the Cadiz fleet ?

James from Las Rosas went to Gerona, where his faithful nephew, the Duke of Liria, commanded his Irish brigade. He waited there until reply should come from the King of Spain, and was "much made of in this country," he wrote to St. Germain's. The King and Queen of Spain sent letters of hearty welcome, and James went on to Madrid, stopping a few days at Barcelona (18th) on the way, and at Saragossa, where he was on the 22nd. On March 27 he made a state entry into Madrid. He was received with all the splendour and ceremony due to a king and possible to Spanish finances, and took up his quarters in the Palace of Buen Retiro. A week later, April 3, he left Madrid for Corunna to join Ormond and the fleet and sail for England. The Duke of Liria accompanied him.

But two days after his triumphal entry into Madrid (March 27) was the day on which the Cadiz fleet had been dispersed by storms. In ignorance of his misfortune, James pursued his northward journey in very bad weather, over execrable roads, and arrived at Corunna on April 17. News of the loss of the fleet had arrived before him on April 9. Ormond, who had been wishful to sail to Scotland instead of England, but had submitted to the ruling of King James and Alberoni, now hoped (April 11) that James would not think of sailing until the fleet should be patched up. His Spanish friends had been nervous before this as to his safety. Alberoni wrote to him at Valladolid, April 4, that, frankly, he had looked ill the day he left Madrid.

His life was very precious, and he must be very careful of it. Their Catholic Majesties, complimenting him on his Italian, recommended him to travel by short stages and not to talk much of great matters. They were uneasy as to his enthusiasm, not as to his indiscretion. He was advised now to stay at Corunna, but as Alberoni informed him that the expedition could not be refitted before August, and as three English men-of-war appeared off Corunna on April 29, James left for Lugo about May 2, where he stayed until about June 25.

On April 30 the Earl Marischal burnt his boats at Loch Alsh, or rather sent them back to Spain on hearing Tullibardine's despairing intention of abandoning the expedition and taking the men back to their own country, since there was no news of Ormond. On May 9, the day on which the King, unwitting, was being married by proxy at Bologna, a British squadron anchored in Loch Alsh. It was reinforced, May 10, by ships under Boyle. They took the castle of Eilean Donan, with its store of ammunition, and blew it up; and presently made prisoners of the Spanish garrison, who were taken to Edinburgh and thence despatched to their own country.

Lord Marischal had retired with the Scots in safety, but misfortune surrounded and pursued them. News had now arrived of the dispersion of the Cadiz fleet. Only about a thousand reluctant recruits came to his standard, besides about seven hundred brought in by Lochiel, Seaforth, and one of the sons of Rob Roy. They marched to Glenshiel, where they took up a strong position on the night of June 9, O.S. Lord George Murray commanded the outposts. On the following Day of the White Rose, they were utterly routed—annihilated.

The dirge of this sad little adventure was sung by the family bard of Lord Seaforth—"Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail," who was compelled to fly to Spain after the disaster. "The chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, which is distinct from the ordinary jorrams or boat songs."

Hope once more was over, yet James lingered in Spain. It could not have been a gay sojourn. The Spanish sovereigns were not lively hosts, even had they not had nearly as much reason for melancholy as James himself. More than a year ago, Colonel Stanhope, the English Minister at Madrid, had written to Lord Stanhope of Philip's deep depression; of how

he avoided society except at his levée, and there never spoke a word to any single mortal. He was wont to send for his confessor, Father d'Aubenton, two or three times in a night, and tormented himself dwelling upon the miseries and lost lives of the succession war on his behalf. He was morbidly jealous of his wife, to whom he permitted secret interviews with no one. Even her confessions were limited to a quarter of an hour, and if she exceeded the time limit, he went into the confessional to know the reason why. Yet she was the most loyal of wives. Even when it pleased Philip to go to bed during the day and to rise at night, the queen did the same, to bear him company. Such a husband was no mate for a clever ambitious woman, no ruler for Spain. Hence the enormous influence of Alberoni, through whose eyes the queen surveyed Spanish affairs until she quarrelled with him over his ill-fated measures for the aggrandisement of Spain.

CHAPTER XXIV

THR RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS

Decies repetita placebit.

MEANTIME, if fortune frowned upon King James's arms, she was smiling (with a mocking smile) upon his wooing. Châteaudoux, Princess Sobieska's equerry, wrote to Wogan at Selestat, that since the king's departure for Spain had become known, the guard at Innsbruck had been relaxed ; a fortunate opportunity, though the Princess Sobieska kept insisting upon more precise orders from her husband. Repeated accidents had made her nervous. Wogan wrote to Prince James Sobieski assuring him that the king's absence made no difference in his eagerness for the marriage. The prince replied graciously, by Konski, his devoted servant, that his daughter must follow the fortunes of her royal spouse.

Thus authorised, Wogan engaged three officers of Dillon's regiment to help him to carry out his scheme—men of tried courage, fidelity, and experience, and perfectly trustworthy as to secrecy: his uncle, Major Gaydon ; Captain O'Toole, a big fair blue-eyed man who could speak German, and so was useful for dealing with passports and Austrian officials ; and Captain Misset,[1] whose wife, a bright, chatty little French-bred Irishwoman, as prudent as she was charming, would be the necessary lady-in-waiting. She was near her confinement and very timid, but devoted to her husband, and ready to risk anything for him and his king. Her maid Jenny must go too, to be left behind in the princess's place for the baffling of the Innsbruck jailers. Gaydon was strongly against having any women in the affair, but was overruled. And there were Konski the courier, and

[1] In 1705 Captain Misset of the grenadiers in Berwick's second battalion, had attestation of nobility from King James. He had led Nugent's regiment in France, was at the sieges of Ambrun and Valentia, and of Barcelona, where he was wounded. He had given up a considerable property in Ireland, and asked for "the three patents" to be recognised as noble, and to enjoy the privileges of noblesse, having married a Frenchwoman at La Rochelle. Gaydon says she was of Irish birth. From list of placets of Irish Officers (petitions), Carte MSS., Bodleian.

Michele Vezzosi, the king's valet, who had helped in Lord Nithsdale's escape.

Wogan had obtained from the Austrian ambassador at Rome the Imperial permit to "Count Cernes, a French gentleman, and his family," who wished to cross Germany on a pilgrimage to Loretto. Gaydon was to personate the count, Mrs. Misset the countess; the princess, her younger sister; Wogan, the count's brother; the others, persons of their suite.

On April 17 the carefully selected rescue party left Selestat for Strasburg, with the light strong berline they had bought for their purpose. It was furnished with double straps and ropes, in case of accidents, for the way was rough and mountainous. They took also a leather cushion to fit behind a saddle, so that in case of pursuit or breakdown, the princess might ride *en croupe*. Owing to rumours afloat, all officers had had notice to join their regiments by April 20, on pain of being "broken." The commanding officer at Strasburg doubtless suspected sympathetically, for he only guessed, laughing, that the three officers wanted leave "to make a hole in the moon."

Leaving letters behind to cover their tracks, they set off by Strasburg and Kempten to cross the wild Black Forest to Nazareth, three miles from Innsbruck. Misset and Michele were sent on to the hostelry on the Brenner Pass to see if the road was clear, and to stop there on plea of sudden illness until the others came up.

Konski met the party at Nazareth with a letter from the Princess Hedwige to beg another day's delay, as she was loth to part from her daughter. Her wish could not be refused. The true reason of her hesitation was probably the presence of the Princess of Baden at Innsbruck, who had been trying to make up the marriage between her son and Clementina, and was just leaving. Then the innkeeper at Nazareth recognised Konski for the courier of the imprisoned princesses, who frequently travelled on the road—a startling proof of the dangers of delay—and there were two more days to be passed at the inn! Wogan set his ready wits to work. Konski, he told the innkeeper, was going to Augsburg and would carry a letter to a friend of his, a well-known banker there. He even got the host to address the letter to this same banker, and Konski got off safely in the dark of early morning with the letter—for his royal mistress.

Mrs. Misset, already worn out, was sent to bed as an invalid.

Then Jenny, always treated as Mrs. Misset's sister, began to give trouble. She had been told the party proposed carrying off a youthful heiress who was in love with O'Toole, but whose guardians had shut her up in a convent because they wanted to marry her to an ugly old man. Startled now at finding that she must be left behind in captivity, she took an immense deal of coaching and coaxing, and finally had to be bribed by a damask coat of Mrs. Misset's and promises of great fortune to come.

On the evening of April 27 the berline rolled up to a tavern near the bridge over the inn. Though late in spring, it was the wildest of wintry nights, bitterly cold, with rain and snow, and pitch dark. There were two hours of anxious waiting, not only haunted by suspicion of a spy, but worried by Jenny, who now objected to wearing shoes without heels, as was necessary, to reduce her height to the inches of the little princess. Next, Châteaudoux came with a message from the Princess Hedwige, who refused to allow her daughter to travel in such weather. But the weather was all in their favour, Wogan and Gaydon assured her emphatically. Even the guard had gone indoors to be out of the storm, and the streets were empty of passengers. If her royal highness should persist in making difficulties, the failure of the enterprise, and the ruin of honest men who were serving her, would lie at her door.

They set off, Gaydon and Châteaudoux in front; Wogan behind, with Jenny wrapped in a plain, dark, high-collared cloak. She left her hated shoes behind, and O'Toole had to go back for them. Presently she overheard them mention "the princess," and she protested that if Mr. O'Toole was fool enough to think of running off with a princess, she would have nothing to do with it. She was again talked round and persuaded that they only called the lady a princess because she was so pretty. She must be quick, or she would be the death of all her friends. They gave her some gold pieces, and so got her into the castle without further difficulty. The porter had promised Châteaudoux to let in and out again a cloaked woman who would carry no light.

The little bride's heart had never failed her for a minute. She had made up her mind to escape by a ladder set against the garden wall, if the staircase should be obstructed. She supped with her mother and her governess, looking just as

usual; announced her intention of retiring early and getting up late, as the weather was so wretched, and then sent governess and maids to bed. Next she wrote, as arranged, a letter to her mother, declaring her resolve to keep her promise to the King of England by joining him at once; begged pardon for acting without her mother's knowledge, and prayed for her blessing. She wrote also to her governess, excusing and apologising for her secrecy. Then she did her small packing. Her luggage consisted of three chemises, a petticoat lined with ermine, a bodice, and some handkerchiefs in one parcel, and in another the crown jewels of England in a thick brown cloth. She put on an apron made with four pockets, into which she stuffed books and odds and ends. One wonders what books she cared for so much to remember at such a moment, not minding their weight. Probably prayer books and romances, for captivity is conducive to study. She put on a big wrapper and a close quilted hood which she had made herself. Then a tearful parting with her mother, and she was out alone on the dark stairs where Jenny waited.

Jenny, wrapping the princess in her own dripping cloak, saw how wet and swollen the blue eyes were, and, heedless of social distinctions in the excitement and sympathy of the moment, she kissed the trembling girl (she had perhaps forgotten she herself was not really the lady she had been passing for), bidding her have no fear—she was going to such kind, nice people. But Clementina's tears were not for fear, says the enthusiastic Gaydon.

All alone, shortly after midnight, she stepped out of the castle into the dark, storm-swept, slushy, lonely street. She staggered on bravely through the mud, weighted by her wet cloak and her parcels, until Wogan emerged from a dark corner. It was snowing hard, and she stepped into a snow puddle, which Wogan took for white stones in the dark. He had to leave her alone at the bridge end, exposed to the fury of the storm, while he went on to the tavern to make sure that none but friends were about. Then he fetched her, and he and O'Toole took her up the dark, steep stair to where Mrs. Misset waited in a room lit by one candle. Here her knights knelt to kiss her hand, while she cried, poor little girl, worn out by cold, wet, and excitement. Mrs. Misset removed the drenched cloak, putting on the scarlet one she herself had been wearing,

and then sent the men away that she might rub the princess's feet to dry and warm them as well as she could without the fire for which they dared not ask. But all through her tears and weariness the princess kept up her natural high spirits, and her perfect confidence in the friendly strangers to whom she was trusting herself, splashed with travel and weather as they were, and looking, says Gaydon, more like brigands than the escort of a queen. By the time the berline, after the usual delays, was ready at 2 A.M., she had quite cheered up, and was enjoying the success of her escape.

They had just set off when they missed the parcel of jewels. O'Toole had taken them from the princess and flung them behind a door, not knowing. He hurried back and found them undisturbed. The horses had a weary pull up the rugged Brenner, deep in snow, and it was half-past eight when they gained the summit where Misset and Michele waited at the inn. They all made believe not to know one another, and the new arrivals were courteously offered bread and wine by the others. Then to their consternation they discovered the princess had fainted.

Mrs. Misset brought her round with eau de Carmes ; then, finding her escort to be no such black demons as the weather had painted them, says Gaydon, she chattered and listened eagerly while they told her for her encouragement how heroically she was serving the king by thus breaking the back of his ill-luck, and how she would brighten his saddened life. She inquired with great interest about his Majesty's doings and dangers in Scotland ; about the English ladies, their families, their beauty, and their dress, and she learned some English words. She was deeply interested also in Wogan's story of his own adventures. But she made them all unhappy because she was too excited to eat. It was Friday, and, though she was travelling, she refused to break abstinence, and declined to partake of a couple of fowls, supposed to be capons, but later discovered to be venerable cocks. She would not even touch wine, bread, or salt ; the last out of an agate snuff-box ! They sent O'Toole on to the next village to have fresh eggs ready when she came up. She ate two, and sipped some wine without leaving the berline, for she would not let them stop for a moment. Then she tried to sleep on two small cushions, but the road down the Brenner to Brixen was too rough for rest.

Wogan and Gaydon speak as enthusiastically of her courage and good-humour as of her charms. Her merriment was not invariably of a good-natured sort; as when she laughed at the terrors of delicate Mrs. Misset, and described with exaggerations the dangers through which they were passing, for the fun of frightening to excess a lady who at the greatest personal risk was devoting herself to her service. Clementina was a highly-strung, excitable Pole, as "nervous" as if she had been born at the end of the nineteenth century. Later, she showed a distinct tendency to hysteria; a malady as noxious and mysterious as its name is vague; the "vapours" was then its title, and stood, as "nerves" do to-day, for all infirmities of the temper.

At the second post, while they changed horses, she put up her splendid hair, which had come down. Here they heard that the Margravine of Baden was only three posts ahead, and as she travelled leisurely, by day only, it seemed impossible to avoid overtaking her. Worse, she required more than three dozen horses; and as she was on before, she secured all the fresh steeds, leaving the royal party dependent on the tired horses she sent back, or on what they could beat up from inns and farms on the way.

The roads had become better, but the new postilion was worse, and nearly upset them over a precipice. O'Toole's blue eyes turned permanently green with fright, and he would have killed the man, had not the drawn berline blinds saved the princess from knowing her danger. He relieved his feelings by administering a severe thrashing.

Again the princess refused to eat supper till they conjured her to do so in the name of "M. Vertamont"—the king. It was a long, weary, wakeful night for her. Wogan and Gaydon tried hard to keep awake, too—partly to amuse and encourage her, chiefly to be on the alert against danger; but they were tired out and fell asleep. Here the princess behaved with real kindness and courage, for when sleepy O'Toole dropped the jewel-box on her feet, she sat quite still and uncomplaining for two hours, cramped as she was by the weight holding down her heavy cloak and the muff Gaydon had lent her for a foot-warmer. Even when Gaydon woke up in confusion and released her, Mrs. Misset's unconscious head kept knocking on her shoulder, and ruined her last chance of sleep.

At daybreak they dropped O'Toole and Misset, who were to go on foot to Walsch Michel to stop any courier who might pass down the road, and rejoin the party at Verona as best they could.

The berline arrived at Trent at 10.30 A.M. Alas! the Margravine had emptied the posthouse stables. The governor, Baron Taxis, flew into a passion when asked to find post-horses, yet refused to allow them to leave the town with others which they would fain make serve their turn until they should meet the returning post-horses. They must wait until their own were rested.

This check was too much for the princess, who flew into a passion in her turn. This heated her so much that she was obliged to throw off her wraps. The southern air, too, was warmer, and she was stifled by the hood she must keep lowered over her face in towns. With some difficulty they persuaded her to taste wine and a biscuit.

At last they got off with makeshift horses, and out of the jurisdiction of Baron Taxis, but she was depressed and would not believe they were safe. Gaydon says her foreboding was prophetic. Being cross, she got some more amusement out of Mrs. Misset's nerves. At Reverdo, they had to take the Margravine's tired post-horses, without time for a feed. Here even the eggs were uneatable, and tea was made for the princess in an earthen oil-jar. It tasted horribly, but there was neither teapot nor teacup in the place, and she was thirsty and drank it. They left Reverdo at four. A mile farther on, the horses gave in. Another mile, and the axle-tree broke.

In a real crisis, Clementina was always at her best. She walked off merrily to the village, half a mile distant, where they found the old axle-tree of a cart, with which they proceeded to cobble up the carriage, while the princess strolled in the meadows, went to beg for milk in the village, and, hearing a bell ring, went to church. It was nearly an hour before they got on their way again with their broken carriage and exhausted horses. They had no news of O'Toole and Misset, and fourteen miles still lay between them and safety outside the empire. When the men were depressed, her royal highness behaved like an angel, and set them an example of calm courage.

Presently she composed herself to sleep, the roads being

smoother, and the horses being too tired to go fast; which cheered her escort, though they owed it to an ill wind. Two peasants ran by the carriage to be ready for accident, which happened, all too surely, at eleven that night, when the other axle broke and tilted the berline over into a river they were fording.

Wogan carried the princess to the river edge, sleeping so soundly that when he stumbled and dropped her in the water up to her knees, she only half awoke, looked round perplexedly, and asked for her mamma; then quite woke up, and laughed that Wogan should again have plunged her into "white stones." The more distressed they were for her, the more lightly she treated the accident.

They walked on for half-an-hour to the next town, to find the only good hotel occupied by the suite of the Margravine of Baden. It was midnight, and they must take any shelter they could find. They knocked up the churlish hostess of a wretched tavern, who called out, "What did they want? She had no food for them." All they asked was a fire. She took them into a big room, and lit a fire. The princess put her wet feet too near to dry them, and burnt her shoes. Gaydon carried some of the fire into a little room adjoining, where Mrs. Misset pulled off the wet stockings and brushed off the mud, while he and Wogan went to find men to mend the berline. They offered any price if the men would only work all night. But the men were lazy, and in any case could not have mended the wheels soon enough, and the only other conveyance procurable was a machine known in those parts as a carriole—a clumsy thing that moved like a cart.

Then they told the weary princess that, as dangers still surrounded them and half the party was missing, they must push on as best they could, though no post-horses were to be had. Sleepy as she was, she saw there was no help for it.

Now the postilion struck, suspicious of such haste with weary women at such an hour; but Michele plied him with wine till his heart was cheered. After tasting some disgusting wine-soup, the princess took her place in the carriole with great state and merriment, sitting on the cushions of the berline, wrapped in Gaydon's dressing-gown. Mrs. Misset sat beside her; Gaydon and Wogan walked on either side. She did nothing but laugh at the danger, and was gayer than ever

while the carriole jolted along the rough road, until the jolting rocked her to a sounder sleep than she had yet enjoyed.

Gaydon gave himself two sprains. As he was considering, lying behind a hedge till the berline picked him up, they met the Margravine's tired horses, which slowly and uncomfortably took them on towards Pery.

At half-past three that Sunday morning, April 30, three miles from Pery, they passed the boundary of the empire. They awakened the princess to hear the joyful news, and they all sang an Alleluia. Then Wogan was sent to Pery to ask if the Margravine was still there. She was: would not leave until eight; and, as usual, filled up all the taverns and had engaged all the post-horses. The church bell was ringing as they entered the village and they went to Mass. The Margravine's almoner sat on the next bench and stared so hard that the princess was obliged to keep her hood down, while Gaydon longed to take him by the shoulders and turn him out of church. After Mass they found harbourage at the postmaster's house where they might wait for the berline and the missing O'Toole and Misset, as to whose whereabouts the princess was becoming very uneasy. The postmaster's wife was kindness itself, though she could only give them a loft next the granary, up a common ladder; "but nothing daunted Her Royal Highness." Mrs. Misset made her some tea, little better than the Reverdo tea save for the absence of oily flavour, and then they climbed the ladder and lay down fully dressed to get some rest. They were charmed with their obliging hostess, who indeed guessed the lady she was entertaining to be a greater person even than the Serene Highness of Baden. Gaydon and Wogan also got some sleep—to be pleasantly broken by the arrival of O'Toole and Misset with the mended berline and a story of adventure.

The courier from Innsbruck had arrived at Walsch Michel with letters to Baron Taxis, tired and thirsty. The Irish captains won his confidence by compliments on his country; made him drunk enough to drop his letters, which they destroyed; and left him, chained by slumber warranted to hold for twenty-four hours. At Trent they, too, were stopped by Baron Taxis, who not only refused horses but threw suspicion on their passports—he knew those passports! But they got off at last, and here they were.

The princess slept till called for dinner. She was delighted to find her party reunited, but would only eat a little soup. They thanked their hostess warmly and got into the berline, after sending in a letter to Baron Taxis "a lady's compliments, who had not had time to pay them as she passed through Trent for reasons of which he would presently be informed."

The Roman road over the mountain became rougher than ever, and the berline had to be dragged uphill by parties of peasants to the ancient Roman fortress of La Chuza, hewn from the living rock. The princess walked in front, proud to outstrip her companions, and rested under a tree at the top. Mrs. Misset, recovered from the terrors of the Adige precipices, was charmed with the scenery. They reached Verona at 5 P.M. Michele found them a quiet little hostelry at the end of the Coste de Bologna, where the princess might undress and change her linen for the first time that journey, and take down her lovely hair, so tangled for lack of attendance for three days and nights that Mrs. Misset was obliged to tear it.

Wogan was sent out shopping. The princess could not drink the wine of the country, and she wanted new shoes to replace those that had been burned. Again she hardly ate, and was sent to bed to be prepared for an early start next day. They were off again next morning at six, the postilion's threats having forced them reluctantly to wake the princess from an angelic sleep. Again they had to make shift with wretched horses, but they dared not delay. The hostess had startled the princess by calling her Serenissima. She had guessed too much of the traveller's rank by coming into the room where Mrs. Misset was altering her "younger sister's" petticoat, which was too hot for Italy, while the "younger sister" sat idly by. At three that afternoon they reached papal territory.

As they crossed a little river on a pontoon, a poor old woman looked at the princess and burst into tears: a dismal omen! At nightfall they crossed the Po, and Mrs. Misset again delighted the princess by her terror of the water; and they put up at a tavern. The princess sent Michele to Ferrara, where her father's emissary, the Chevalier Conalski, should be waiting, but he had not arrived. It was a noisy

house, and she slept little, and went to Mass next morning at seven. When she returned, Gaydon showed her the four pistols they had carried to defend her, and she kissed her hand and stroked them with it.

After coffee she walked on, the roads being rough and she being hardened against fatigue. She had never walked so much in her life. At five they reached Bologna.

They put up at the Hôtel du Pélérin, but still kept their incognito, and pretended not to know one another. The first floor had been engaged for the Prince of Bavaria, Clementina's cousin, but the host was persuaded to let them have it until his highness should come, the poor "Countess de Cernes" being so unfitted for the climbing of many stairs. The princess at once sent Michele to Rome to inform Murray of her safe arrival, and to bid him come to Bologna to execute the king's commands. But there was no news of Conalski, which made her anxious.

She sent a message also to the Cardinal-Legate Origo, Archbishop of Bologna, who at first believed not for joy, but immediately sent an officer of his household to attend upon the princess and placed his carriages at her disposal. She declined the carriages and went about in a cab for prudence' sake.

But the hotel was crowded and noisy, and the Bolognese inquisitive exceedingly. A carriage full of ladies and gentlemen called next day upon the "Flemish" strangers, on pretext of inquiring after friends in Flanders. The countess excused herself on plea of health, but it was hopeless to keep up incognito there. The people of the inn were wondering again why the greater deference was paid to the younger and unmarried sister. They were told she wanted to be a nun and was petted in the hope of coaxing her back to the world. Then she was half-recognised by a man from Innsbruck, whose staring perturbed her during her whole stay at Bologna and obliged her to keep her hood drawn perpetually down. Also the host expected O'Toole and Misset to eat at the footmen's table! So they removed that night to a small private house. The rooms were comfortless, the cook "a poisoner," the beds bad; Clementina's pillow was so hard that she woke next morning with a stiff neck; but the place must serve, and Wogan bought her a new pillow. Next day she shopped;

bought some pearl-grey cloth for a coat and holland for caps, and underclothing.

In the evening the cardinal came to see her, leaving his carriage at the end of the street, and walking on foot to the door accompanied by a lantern-bearer. He was charmed with the royal runaway and she was delighted with her visitor ; told him the story of her adventures, and was loth to see him go. He kindly sent pretty things to brighten up her rooms ; flowers, real and artificial,[1] *bibelots*, mirrors, toilet-boxes, and sweetmeats. In spite of his blameless reputation, these attentions quite compromised him in the eyes of the inquisitive, gossiping Bolognese, who were not in the secret of the ladies he was compelled, for their incognito's sake, to visit at dusk.

Next day the princess went sight-seeing. At the Palazzo Pepoli she was told that the family came of the royal blood of England. "Of the Pretender's blood or the Elector's?" she asked smiling. Of the Pretender's. She went also to St. Catherine's convent ; with her hood well drawn down, as people remarked her.

The day after she went to St. Michel del Bosco to take the air, where the nuns, instructed by the cardinal, received her with great respect. Then she drove through the magnificent arcades which surround the town to a hermitage three miles off. Her next visit was paid to the convent of St. Dominic, where a misadventure occurred. O'Toole was recognised by an Irish Dominican, who asked him if he knew anything of "our queen" detained by the emperor. O'Toole "*had* heard vague rumours of the outrage." The friar asked if there had not been poison prepared for the princess? He thought the king had better look elsewhere. There had been a great deal of talk while he was in Bologna six months ago of a marriage with Mlle. de Caprara. O'Toole, knowing Clementina must overhear, said hastily there was nothing in it, and changed the conversation.

That night the cardinal had to attend a ball, and suggested the princess should go too, disguised. But her spirits had received a chill. She was not in tune for gaiety and dancing since she overheard the Dominican's gossip. It was a shock—the first awaking of jealousy.

[1] Type of the taste of the eighteenth century: artificial flowers in an Italian May! Hence their lingering presence in the always conservative churches.

On the following afternoon, May 7, she wrote to the king and her mother, and then set off to visit the Palazzo Caprara. She would hardly glance at what was beautiful and interesting at the Palazzo, but demanded immediately to be shown the portrait of the daughter of the house. She flushed scarlet at seeing it, and asked if there had not been some talk of marrying her to the King of England? The cicerone replied, with reserve careful of the family dignity, that he had heard it spoken of, but that Mlle. de Caprara need not be in the least disappointed, for the house of Caprara was wealthy enough to mate with any prince.

In the evening Clementina went to the cardinal's box at the opera, but had a miserable visit, for the Innsbruck man was opposite, staring as usual, so that she was nearly smothered by having to keep her hood drawn close.

Her spirits were raised next morning and her appetite restored by hearing from Murray that he would arrive that day. She set to work to learn English from a bad grammar they procured for her. As soon as Murray had arrived and kissed her hand, the cardinal came to make arrangements with him for the marriage, which would take place next day. He would have performed the ceremony himself, but it was decided that his presence would attract too much public attention. The princess was more thoughtful that night and went earlier to bed.

Next morning, Tuesday, May 9, she was up at five; put on a white frock and a pearl necklace, and a white ribbon in her hair, and went with Mrs. Misset to confession: after which she was married by Murray in the king's name, with the ring which James had left behind for the purpose. An English priest named Maas, whom Murray brought with him, is said to have performed the service.[1] As the courier had come back from Ferrara with no news of Conalski, the Marchese Monti represented Prince James Sobieski. Wogan, who must have felt as happy as Joan of Arc at Rheims, acted as witness.

Next day the party proceeded to Rome, Murray going on before to make arrangements for the state entry with which the Pope announced his intention of greeting the young Queen

[1] James said that there was no priest present: that the ceremony was mere formal betrothal, and was counted as such when the real wedding took place.

of England. Clementina would have preferred to arrive in Rome after sunset to avoid demonstrations, but was urged by Murray not to disappoint the hospitable Pope of the pleasure he promised himself in giving her a royal welcome. Lodgings were taken for her at his holiness's expense in the Ursuline convent of St. Cecilia (in the Via Vittoria ; still standing),[1] where she would be "as comfortable as could be expected in such places." The nuns undertook to serve her with all possible attention and respect, and she would be allowed to have three persons with her who must be Catholics, Protestants being absolutely debarred from entering convents. The Pope's niece, Donna Teresa Albani, would, if well enough, attend upon her Majesty on his behalf.

The Pope sent the carriage of his brother, Cardinal Albani, to meet her at the last posting-place. Murray also went to meet her with Cardinal Acquaviva, the Spanish minister, but left her "after compliments," to meet her again at the gate of the Ursuline convent, and to introduce her within. So she was received with all due honour; save by the Austrian subjects of the baffled Emperor.

She had no idea of stopping at the convent to await the king, but was eager to go on by Genoa to join him in Spain ; proud, no doubt, of the heroism with which she had proved herself worthy of her hero. As all hope was over of any service being done for his cause by continued sojourn in Spain, it was expected that he would hasten at once to join his bride. Contemporary accounts took it for granted that he did so. But James did not hurry with lover-like ardour to the meeting. Perhaps Wogan's success had been sadly inopportune, and there was a passion for another woman to crush out of being before he could confront his bride with a whole, loyal heart.

In vain she wrote to him at Lugo to entreat him to let her join him or to come to her. She wrote also to Ormond, whom she had known on the matrimonial quest with Wogan. Ormond replied, July 4, with warm congratulations on her arrival at Rome, and hoped that God would protect her, and that she would shortly have the satisfaction of seeing the king. So she stayed on alone in Rome, calling herself Madame de

[1] Marchesa Vittelleschi, *A Court in Exile.*

St. George. Her seventeenth birthday (June 2) was kept with all honour possible in her semi-incognito, and she amused herself by visiting churches. But it was a dreary waiting, disappointed and humiliated as she was by her bridegroom's tardiness, with the story of Mlle. de Caprara fresh in her memory, and fresher still, the story of her own adventure and its hero, Charles Wogan.[1]

[1] In a letter by James, in the Windsor Castle Library, I found that, after Clementina's death, he began to fancy that Wogan and the circumstances of the flight had made some impression on the heart of his bride. Certainly she may have contrasted his gay and strenuous courage with the melancholy devotion to endless letter-writing of her husband. —A. L.

CHAPTER XXV

MATRIMONY AND MAR

"God send a royal heir!
God bless the royal pair,
Both king and queen;
That from them we may see
A royal progeny,
To all posterity
Ever to reign!"

JAMES at Lugo suffered much as to the fate of his friends in Scotland. The usual money troubles oppressed him drearily. The regent, as ally of the House of Hanover, had refused to continue the queen's pension from the date of her death, but there had then been arrears due, slowly paid up, and James had paid his servants out of them. Now that doubtful source of income stopped, and the poverty of the Jacobite exiles was terrible, and a great grief to the king.[1] At the beginning of February several of his friends in the south of France were in urgent need; Brigadier Campbell, Lord George Murray, Keppoch, McDougal of Lorn, and others.

On June 7, news of Clementina's escape arrived at Madrid, and their Catholic Majesties and Alberoni wrote to congratulate the bridegroom thereupon. Judging from his subsequent course of action—his refusal to allow Clementina to come to Spain, and his own amazing tardiness in flying to her side—he did not welcome the news with enthusiasm, lonely and sad as he was.[2]

Far east of his Galician retirement the war thundered on. On June 18 Fontarabia surrendered to the Duke of Berwick. James removed before the 26th to the house of a friend at Galliegos near Santiago, but this place was unsafe. Ormond besought him to move to Pontavedra or anywhere else in preference. He stayed there, nevertheless, until July 3, when he had news of his bride's arrival in Rome; then on the 5th

[1] Stuart Papers. Jacobite Attempt of 1719.

[2] Ormond's Letterbook.

he returned to Lugo to prepare for the now inevitable journey to Italy. Clementina wrote to him and to Ormond, for leave to come to Spain, but her reception there would have cost more than the state of Spanish finances would stand since late misfortunes. James stayed at Lugo until the 27th, doing all he could for his suffering adherents, trying to place them in the Spanish army; also watching anxiously the course of the war which might yet turn to his advantage. Berwick was besieging St. Sebastian. That city did not surrender to French arms until August 2, the citadel on the 17th, but Alberoni hinted that James's prolonged sojourn was a burden on the Spanish exchequer, and he himself was weary of inactive waiting, and touched by his bride's plaintive appeals. The heat also was excessive. Lord Mahon says a pretext was wanted for his departure; that James seized at Clementina and departed immediately; but it was probably the Spanish Court that chose this pretext to turn him out of Spain. On July 27 he left Lugo for Valladolid. Count Gallas was pressing upon the Pope to prevent the meeting of the royal pair, and the seas were dangerous, covered with English ships. James paused at Valladolid, watching for news of St. Sebastian, and was joined there by Ormond about ten days after his own arrival. St. Sebastian fell, and James's last hope with it. He pursued his journey to the coast, and arrived August 12 at Vinaros, where Valencia touches Catalonia. On the 14th he embarked with Hay and his suite for Leghorn in two galleys provided by Alberoni. The Spanish sovereigns wrote kind farewell from Corella, whither they had retired since the fall of Santoña. Alberoni regretted extremely that the secrecy of his journey should hinder more elaborate arrangements for his comfort, but James found the galley comfortable *à merveil.* Ormond was left behind in Spain. His duchess was to be in waiting on the new queen.

A fair wind—good omen rare in his storm-tossed life—wafted James to Leghorn, where he landed August 25. Clementina was at Bologna, but both towns were too distinctly in the public eye to be desirable as meeting-places, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place at Montefiascone, a small city between Bolsena and Viterbo, at the foot of the Apennines. James arrived there quite unexpectedly on the evening of August 28, took up his residence in the episcopal palace, and

summoned his bride. He went to meet her at Viterbo,[1] and they arrived on Friday night, September 1, at Montefiascone. The marriage was solemnised immediately; "at twenty-four o'clock," Italian time, which may be either sunset or midnight.[2] One of the saloons of the palace was prepared for the occasion with altar lights and silken faldstools. Pompilio Bonaventura, Bishop of Montefiascone, celebrated the rite in the presence of two of the cathedral dignitaries, the aristocracy and magistracy of the place, and as witnesses, John Hay, James Murray, Charles Wogan, John O'Brien, and three others, besides the king's Dominican confessor. The vows were exchanged in French.[3] The marriage certificate, four leaves of vellum bound in red morocco, richly tooled and bearing the crown and arms of Great Britain impaled with Sobieski, and also those of Pope Clement XI., is among the MSS. of Mr. Balfour of Townley Hall, Drogheda. A mural tablet was placed in this temporary chapel commemorating the marriage. A large picture of the ceremony, painted by Carlo Maratti, was given by the king to the Bishop of Montefiascone, whose heirs sold it. It is now the property of the Earl of Northesk, and was in the Stuart Exhibition of 1889. The royal portraits there, and on the medals struck in honour of the occasion, show James in his thirty-second year, already an elderly careworn man, high-nosed, long-faced; but a plump, jolly Clementina, with a small tip-tilted nose. Another medal was struck to commemorate her escape, bearing her portrait on the obverse; on the reverse, a female figure in a triumphal car drawn at full speed, with the inscription, *Fortunam causamque sequor;* and beneath, *Deceptis custodibus* 1719.

Montefiascone was thrown into a flutter of delight, pride, and hospitality on finding itself the host of such illustrious guests, and the scene of such an interesting event. The country round was scoured for provisions of price to feed the royal pair, who promised to pay when they should come into their kingdom. Never was such faith seen in Israel! exclaims the chronicler. All the recompense the guests could leave behind

[1] According to Cordara a lapidary inscription of Viterbo records the meeting. Ormond says James went direct to Rome, and that Clementina came to meet him at Aquapendente—a manifest error.

[2] Either would account for the day being given both September 1 and September 2 by witnesses.

[3] *Storia di Montefiascone*, Luigi Pieri Buti.

them was permission to place their arms upon the Town Hall between the escutcheons of the Pope and of the Barberini cardinals, protectors of the city, but later they sent valuable gifts to the church. On the evening after their marriage, an oratorio was given in the Cathedral, followed by a play performed by the College and Seminary students. Other festivities, projected by the municipality, were declined.[1]

Besides her ample dowry of twenty-five millions in money, and three historic rubies, Clementina brought to her bridegroom a superb bed of state, trophy from the siege of Vienna. The hangings were made of the curtain which had sheltered the standard of Mahomet and the Koran, brocade of Smyrna, embroidered with texts from the Koran in turquoises and fine pearls, on a golden ground. The framework, valued at 700,000 livres français, was of chiselled silver-gilt, enamelled, and profusely inlaid with coloured stones, as in an Arabian fairy tale. The bed had been a gift from the nobility of the empire to John Sobieski. The three rubies were found in the tent-seraglio of the Grand Vizier Amurath at the battle of Choczini—oriental stones of high antiquity ; the largest, round ; the others pear-shaped.

Due honours were bestowed by James and the Pope upon those whose wit and courage had ensured success. Wogan was made a baronet, and his three companions were knighted by James. The four were made Roman Senators by Clement. Due punishment was meted by the Emperor to poor Prince James Sobieski for his complicity. To please George I., he was exiled to Passau, and deprived of his duchies of Berg and Ohlau. He lived afterwards in the convent of Czentochow in Poland.

The honeymoon was melancholy at Montefiascone. James (September 14) was in a terrible way about money matters. Where was his bride's dowry? "The queen has surpassed my expectations, and I am happy with her," he wrote to Ormond. He was, in Mar's absence, acting as his own secretary, and found, in the October rains, that Montefiascone was "a very melancholy place."[2] In October, Gualterio found James "under the weather," and "the ignoble melancholy of pecuniary embarrassment." Meanwhile Mar seemed to be seeking to make his peace with England through Stair. So

[1] *Storia di Montefiascone*, Buti. [2] *Jacobite Attempt*, p. 264.

Stair bade Craggs consult Lord Sunderland, and consider whether it would be worth while to gain Mar. He himself believed that gaining him would strike a tremendous blow at the "Pretender's" interest, and be useful as showing that only a papist could keep his favour.

Craggs was for making sure of Mar's submission before applying for his pardon. Stair thought it better first to gain Mar over by promise of a pension equivalent to the value of his estates: no great sum, reckoned as the balance remaining from what had already been given to Lady Mar and their daughter. Stair wrote a general answer to Mar, "to keep him in good humour." Mar replied (June 2) that he was sure Stair would do his best for him for old friendship's sake, and he would be patient. Mar was rather better in health, and more civilly treated, but he longed for freedom, exercise, and the waters of Bourbon. August 24 found him still pining for liberty and the waters, and he now promised to make his peace with the English Government by word of mouth in Paris as soon as he should have made his cure.

On September 1, unwitting of James's recent landing in Italy, Stair wrote to Craggs that all the Jacobite mouths were already open against Mar. His absence from his sovereign's side or from the Earl Marischal's must have astonished the Jacobites, who, perhaps, had heard rumours of his Parisian correspondence. It did not matter a shilling to Stair whether Mar left the "Pretender's" cause, because it was a bad one, or a hopeless one. If the Government should delay, he would be forced back to the "Pretender." Let him go to the waters of Bourbon, and come on to Paris. Geneva was heartily tired of him, and would not be persuaded to hold him prisoner much longer.

Then came the news of James's accomplished marriage, and the consequent springing anew of Jacobite hopes. How should Mar be trusted with parole or liberty? But Mar went on lamenting loudly that he must miss the season for the Bourbon waters he was wanting so badly. Stair believed it would pay best to send him to the waters; kindness might gain him over. Then King James wrote to Mar "the kindest letter imaginable," Mar told Stair, "with the warmest invitation to return to his post." Mar said he had refused absolutely on plea of health and of the resolution he had taken to meddle

no more in public business. Mr. T. F. Henderson says, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that his terms for consenting at least to abstain from any plot against the English Government were—the family estates to be settled on his son; a pension for himself of £2000 yearly until this settlement should be effected, and £1500 of a jointure to his wife and daughter. This may refer to 1717, for we know that the ladies were in 1719 already enjoying this jointure, though the fact was probably a secret. So Stair pleaded his old friend's cause with Craggs; Mar was evidently weary of James's Court, and would be very glad to save his honour and estates for his son. Dillon and others declared that James already looked upon Mar as lost; had had no manner of confidence in Mar, ever since Lady Mar came to Italy. Her they looked upon as a spy and a corrupter of her husband.

Mar became violently angry at the delay, and taunted the English ministers with their lack of proselytising skill. Stair agreed with Mar, persuaded Craggs, and Mar went off in October to the waters of Bourbon. The duchess left Rome at the same time to join her lord, Stair lending the money for her travelling expenses. From Bourbon, says Carte, quoting Mar, Mar wrote an account of these transactions to the king, referring all to his judgment and direction, either for rejecting or complying. Cured, he went on to Paris and asked Dillon's advice as to corresponding with the English Government. Dillon answered promptly that he knew what *he* would do, but he could not advise another person. It had been laid before the king, the proper judge. Then Dillon told Mar a little story of a man who had been struck in company, and had asked advice as to what he should do. "In a case of such a nature, no advice was to be given," and Dillon would give none. Mar declared to Carte that the king's opinion had been positive. He should agree to Stair's proposal, and enter into correspondence with the Government. Indeed, the king had required Mar to do so, saying it would be of great use to his service. Mar declared to Carte that he had done nothing but what was concerted with his friends in Paris, and that it was in consequence of the Government soon finding this out that he got none of his pension beyond the £1000 for which his friend Lord Stair gave him credit to pay his debts at Geneva. But in 1721 the pension was proposed again. Mar says he wrote to the king, who

replied, February 22, approving and consenting, saying that he had told no one but "John" [Hay]. Dillon also advised acceptance, as above!

In 1722, when suspicion of the pension and other things had become a storm of accusation, James wrote a letter entirely justifying Mar, declaring that he had taken no step which he (James) had not warranted by approbation and direction. He had fully believed Mar's protestations that in his negotiations with Stair he was only hoodwinking the ambassador and Government for the better service of the king. James was always exceedingly pained by the idea that any of his subjects should suffer for him. He had less hope in his cause than his supporters had, and, in the depression of his Spanish sojourn of 1719, was very likely glad that Mar should escape from his sinking ship. But Hay declared that Mar had no excuse of immediate want; that James sent him considerable supplies to Geneva, though he was entertained there by the town, and his expenses must have been very trifling. It all seems very perplexing, but the only real cause for perplexity is how James should have retained any confidence whatever in Mar as his minister, as he undoubtedly did retain it until 1724.

The royal couple remained two months at Montefiascone, another serious worry being that their house had not as yet been made ready for them in Rome, where they were anxious to return before the cold weather. Gualterio put them off by hoping that for the king's health's sake he would not come until November. The Pope, pleased about the marriage, was averse from the king's coming to Rome at all. Any place in the Papal States would be more acceptable than Rome, where there were foreign ambassadors to aggrieve. In September he had allowed apartments in the Muti Palace to be prepared for the queen, and directed the removal thereto of furniture from Urbino, but he still kept James at arm's length.

James insisted upon being in residence in Rome before the winter, and the Pope yielded and made ready the Muti Palace. The palace, previously Savorelli, now Muti-Papazurri or Balestra, stands at the narrow end of the Piazza dei Sant' Apostoli. The chief portion has recently been converted into a bank, though the washed garments of the poor hang drying from the back windows in the court. A tablet has been placed in the entrance corridor commemorating the residence there of the Cardinal of

York, but silent as to the much longer residence and death of his father, and the residence and death of his elder brother. The palace is devoid of stateliness or architectural beauty, though the façade of 1664, by the Marquis Gian Battista Muti, is admired by guide-books. At the back, adjoining, is the tiny chapel of Santa Maria dell 'Archetto, containing a miraculous picture of Our Lady of Mercy. Here James stationed a sentry every night. On the east side of the piazza stands the great church of the Holy Apostles SS. Philip and James ; beyond it, the Colonna Palace and gardens, where Vittoria met Michelangelo. The church, said to have been founded by Constantine on the site of the barracks of the ancient Roman Vigiles, was rebuilt by Pelagius in 560, who used pillars and marbles from Trajan's Forum. It was rebuilt over and over by other Popes until Clement XI., who in 1704 removed fragments of the original frescoes to the Vatican precincts. James and Clementina took up their abode in the palace at the very beginning of November, and Clementina was dubbed by the irreverent wits of Rome, Regina Apostolorum, in reference to the piazza of her domicile.

They were received with every honour by the Pope and Roman society, and for a while lived happily and quietly, keeping a sufficiently stately Court on their very small means. James was constantly occupied with his enormous correspondence, for he kept only two or three secretaries to whom he dictated letters, while he wrote an immense number entirely himself. The old Princess des Ursins, who came to Rome in 1720, a fallen star of diplomacy, described the Court of the Muti as a Court of a sort—a deplorable little Court—a little *fumet* (fumier ?) of affairs, to which her immense wealth was useful. She died in 1722, content to have seen her enemies fallen—Madame de Maintenon forgotten, Del Giudice and Alberoni disgraced like herself and exiled to Rome. No one was interested in her death, no one mourned, save the grateful little English Court.

The Pope now granted to James the Savelli Palace at Albano for villeggiatura, and for the long remainder of his life he spent a great part of each year there. It was not Castelgandolfo, but it was within an easy and shady walk of that much desired abode, and stands only a short distance back from the same fair lake of Albano or Castello. The situation is

THE MUTI-PAPAZURRI OR BALESTRA PALACE

From a Pencil Sketch

indeed all that could be desired for beauty and health-giving. Behind the ancient village street, built across the Appian Way, thick woods stretch to the steep height, beneath which the lake lies deep, a sheet of quiet blue. Before the village the ground slopes quickly to the Campagna, which lies, a level sea of misty grey and green, between the ridge and the horizon. It is a rough rocky country, through which the railway is now hewn, after leaving the level in sight of the coach road from Rome, the Appian Way with its tombs and long lines of ruined aqueduct arches. Castelgandolfo, the square papal palace of Urban VIII., stands sheer above the lake at the end of the ridge. Across the water rises Monte Cavo, the ancient Mons Albano, cradle of Rome, on whose summit there then stood one of the best-preserved antiquities of Italy, the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris. It was reserved for the vandal son of James and Clementina to destroy this ruin, as so many Roman temples have been destroyed. The stones of the lovely townlets round all ring with the glory that was Rome, or compose themselves into pictures rather than into habitations for common living, such as Rocca di Papa, ruggedly clustered and climbing on the steep side of Monte Cavo. A little south-east of the lake of Albano lies the still fairer lake of Nemi, where dwelt—

> "The priest who slew the slayer
> And shall himself be slain;"

and close to Albano, on the road to Nemi, is Ariccia, Turner's and Ruskin's La Riccia, with its rocky slopes and masses of "entangled and tall foliage"—in autumn "a conflagration of purple, crimson, and scarlet . . . vistas of green arches up the valley like the hollows of mighty waves up some crystalline sea . . . the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines passing to lose themselves in the last white blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melts into the blaze of the sea."[1]

As for politics, the South Sea Bubble of Law absorbed French attention. The Jacobites were, as a rule, anxious to be rid of the suspected Mar. In England, Oxford was timidly associating with the Jacobite Lords North and Orrery, and with Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, a fiery, eager man, who, in all senses, "did not stick at an oath." In Scotland,

[1] *Modern Painters*, vol. i., Part II., Section II., chapter ii.

Lockhart (1720) placed James's affairs in the hands of "trustees" of little weight. Argyll was not to be drawn in. A letter of Lockhart was suppressed, he says, by Mar. Now the ancient strife of investiture was revived, with protests against James's nominations, by the Scottish bishops. The broil endured for years, James behaving with good sense and good temper, while Lockhart was finally moved to tell the bishops that they were no better than Covenanters. They introduced High Church "usages" in ritual, and quarrelled about the "mixing." Their mongrel rites were no more to the taste of James than of the sardonic Lockhart. In England all was gloom. From France, Stair was recalled (1720); he was succeeded by Sir Luke Schaub. The English and Scottish Jacobites, since the news of the king's marriage stirred them to brief elation, had been sadly depressed. Affairs were at a standstill. John Law was emperor of the world, the regent's right hand, possessor of his very soul. The regent had made him Comptroller-General of Finance, and the enthusiasm of speculators had made him comptroller of the fortunes of France and England. There was no room in politics for alliances, invasions, restorations. All eyes were watching the golden tide of the South Sea, and the Jacobites who were not swept away in that Pactolean flood were mournfully considering what influence it might ultimately bear upon their fortunes. It seemed to them that were they but rid of the treacherous and incapable Mar, leadership might be accepted by English and Scottish nobles of equal and of higher rank, and of vastly greater weight. In England there was Oxford, hopeless of recovering importance under George I., scarcely confessed as a friend to James; reluctantly, and very secretly, associated with Atterbury and the other Jacobite leaders, Lord Orrery and Lord North and Grey, who were eagerly ready to resign their claims to sole leadership in his favour. In Scotland there was a greater but ever fainter hope, for, as we have seen, in 1718 the Duke of Argyll, deprived of all his offices under the Government, had again been approached on behalf of *la bonne cause*. Early in 1720 Lockhart and the Bishop of Edinburgh requested the king to appoint a commission for the management of Scottish affairs. James was reluctant, because of the dangerous jealousies such a commission must produce. Lockhart insisted, and nominated commissioners—Lords Eglinton, Wigtoun, and Balmerino, the Bishop of Edinburgh, Mr.

Paterson, and Captain Straiton. James assented, mildly suggesting, in addition, Harry Maule (presently Lord Panmure), Sir John Erskine, Lord Duns, Ogilvie of Powrie, and Glengarry. Later, he wished to add Lockhart, but Lockhart declined on plea of being originator of the commission. It was hoped that Argyll would head the commission. Straiton said it was a jest to attempt to gain him ; he could not be trusted even if he were engaged. Lockhart, however, wrote to the king urging a new appeal to Argyll, specially requesting that Mar might not see the letter, knowing his opposition towards the gaining of Argyll. James did not reply. Some time after Mar wrote to Straiton that the king disapproved of the suggestion, and would enter into no measures with Argyll. The fact was that James never saw Lockhart's letter. Mar, who "never told the king what he did not previously relish," read and suppressed it, as he had perhaps read and suppressed the Perth letters of 1716. In February 1720, Lockhart's son, in Rome, showed James a copy of his father's letter about Argyll. James declared it was the first he had ever heard of it, and they concluded that all the correspondence on this subject had been suppressed or had miscarried. "The king was beforehand with me as to Argyll's capacity and usefulness," says young Lockhart. But no further attempt was made to gain Argyll. He had then patched up his quarrel with George I., who made him Lord Great Chamberlain, and he was lost to the Stuart cause. Lockhart, so late as December 1721, blamed Mrs. Hay and Murray, as usual, for the loss ; told James they had been babbling of Argyll in Rome in spite of the secrecy so absolutely necessary. James emphatically denied this charge. Murray never babbled, and women were never trusted with any secrets there.

The loyal Bishop of Edinburgh died in May 1720, to the great regret of his king and colleagues, before the commission was under way. The clergy now objected to James's nominees for the vacant see, and nominated Fullarton. James gently assented, though his right of nomination had been so coolly set aside. Papal action with regard to the Irish sees had been a dangerous precedent. Now even the faithful Lockhart hoped his Majesty would in future consult the bishops before nominating. Church and State never did keep the peace together. The commission, without a member of sufficiently predominant weight to keep the balance, went wrangling on. James Murray

wrote to Lockhart (September 20) that "the king almost despairs of seeing all of them pleased with any one he shall entrust more immediately with his affairs."

The English Jacobites also were divided and depressed. Atterbury wrote to James (May 6) that hope had vanished since the great quarrel was made up—Argyll's with George I. The Tories had lost their balancing power in the Commons, and the Jacobites were entirely dependent on the French, who could sink English stocks at their pleasure by drawing the vast sums they had invested there. If the French insisted on the surrender of Gibraltar, it must be surrendered. South Sea and Mississippi ventures were on every one's nerves.

Changes were taking place among friends and foes. The old leaders were dying off. In 1718 Shrewsbury had died. Middleton died in 1719. In April 1720 the second Duke of Perth died, and the title went to his little son, afterwards one of the heroes of the 'Forty-five. Upon the gloom of Jacobite depression the joyful tidings of a coming Prince of Wales threw a radiance of fairy light.

The important news was formally announced to the British nations and to foreign courts. James, anxious that all fitting ceremonial should attend his heir's arrival, consulted that very dark and dubious friend, but experienced courtier, Harley, Earl of Oxford. This personage, on his release from the Tower, had resumed his seat in the House of Lords, though James's letter of May 20, 1720, proves that some sort of correspondence must have still been carried on between them. In the previous spring, Oxford's attempted defeat of the Whig Government on the Peerage Bill had failed, and the end of 1719 saw the last hopes of office perish for him. He then retired to the country, and probably resumed his wary and intermittent correspondence with King James. James now expressed himself "anxious to avoid either neglect or affectation," as was always his sensible, yet dignified way. "Every country," he wrote, "has its different customs on such occasions," and he was anxious to follow those of England as far as circumstances would permit. It did not seem to him needful that such elaborate precautions should be taken as were used at his own birth and his sister Louisa's, when the circumstances were so exceptional. It seemed to him sufficient to invite the members of his own household, some of the chief persons of Rome, and

such foreign ministers as would be likely to accept the invitation, but he was doubtful as to whether he should formally invite English travellers in Rome who were unfriendly to his claims.

On October 10 James issued a Declaration from Rome. He mourned the calamities that had befallen his country through the South Sea Bubble, the avarice of a few miscreants, and longed for his own restoration chiefly that he might show himself the father of his people. He wished to be restored by no method except the repentance and unanimous choice of his subjects; such a restoration as was Charles II.'s. He called God to witness that his ambition was not so much to wear the crown of his ancestors as to deserve it. He reminded his people of his English birth, and of how the country had never had rest under a foreign prince. Driven from his cradle to wander in exile, his heart remained entirely English and full of admiration for the British Constitution, which he pledged himself once more to support. He referred also to the queen's hopeful condition.

Another memorial, dated October 14, purporting to be from the king, was put in circulation. One or the other gave great offence to some of the Non-jurors, who recognised it at once for a bogus memorial, owing to certain references to themselves. The memorial of October 14 was presently found to have been written by Lord Lansdown. James himself applauded this literary feat (November 3); said it was an excellent thought of Lord Lansdown's. "Nothing could be better worded, and it meets with my entire approbation, as I am confident it will with that of all that see it." So there were evidently two memorials—a royal Declaration and a tract.

The Scots hung back from the proposal for a new rising. The memory of their sufferings was too recent. But the English Jacobites of the west and south-west had not suffered for their promises, and now, again, angered by the financial catastrophe, elated by the prospect of a Prince of Wales, they professed to be quite ready to rise on their own account. The king's memorial was discussed by Atterbury, Webb, Lord Arran, and Sir Henry Goring, and their loyal reply gave great pleasure to their master. Mr. Webb had told Sir Constantine Phipps that with 6000 regular troops he would undertake to beat all that might on a sudden be brought together in England, and

Goring engaged to join them as soon as they should land. Webb then found 6000 too few, as did others, but he would draw his money out of the funds, and bring a good purse to the field as soon as he had notice of the descent. The king, with Ormond, must of course come to inspire the troops, and land as near to London as possible. No estimate could be made of the force that would join the king on landing, but the western counties were unanimous in his cause, abounded in horses, and their land and malt, that brought in £900,000 a year, would be money in hand for paying the army. Atterbury engaged to rouse the City of London from the pulpit the Sunday before the invasion was expected, while Dr. Sacheverell would lift up his voice like a trumpet when the word of command was given.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE NEW SUNRISE

A wonderful star broke forth,
New-born in the skies of the North,
To shine on an Old Year's Night,
And a bud on the dear White Rose,
Flowered in the season of snows,
To bloom for an hour's delight.

A. LANG.

AT five o'clock of the evening of the last day of 1720, the Silvester-night, the longed-for Prince of Wales arrived, after a false alarm on the 27th, and at the end of nearly two days of weary pain for his mother and of suspense for the waiting throng—English Court and English travellers, cardinal-representatives of foreign powers, the Governor and the magistracy of Rome. He was a healthy, beautiful, vigorous child. A new star appeared that birth-night to hail the little prince. The cannon of St. Angelo thundered salute and proclamation. The Pope had provided the baby linen to the value of 6000 scudi. The Spanish Court and the Sacred College brought their offerings of gold, and the happy father added a hundred pistoles to the two hundred bestowed by the nobility present upon the nurse. Hearne says he also made her a countess, and settled a pension of five hundred crowns upon her, but this is apocryphal.

An hour after the prince's birth he was baptized in the private chapel of the palace, the Archetto, by the Bishop of Montefiascone, who married his parents. He was given the names of Charles Edward Lewis John Casimir Silvester Maria.[1] "The Pope had no meddling in the matter," says Hearne triumphantly. The Non-jurors at Oxford were acutely interested in the matter of his naming, dreading probable compliment to his illustrious great-grandfather, John (Sobieski); a name so ominous in English, French, and Scottish history. All letters from Rome to Oxford spoke with raptures of the

[1] Baptismal Certificate, Add. MSS. 30,090, British Museum, illuminated on vellum with borders of red roses and blue flowers.

baby, and the English Jacobites were transported. Great rejoicings were made in Italy, Savoy, and France, says Hearne; at Avignon, Lyons, and Orleans. The widows and children of the Jacobite exiles, sheltered at St. Germain's since Queen Mary's death, lit a bonfire, to which came 3000 French burgesses under arms, while the Scottish troop of guards under the Duc de Noailles, who lived there, went about firing *feux de joie* till 3 A.M. Villeroy read the news to young Louis XV., who jumped for joy and clapped his hands. The regent said little, but his Court rejoiced, and the Duc de Chartres drank to the Prince of Wales that night, at supper with the Princess de Conti. Te Deums were sung; that of the Scots College at Rome being attended by Protestants. "*Enfin*, I cannot express the joy that is in this country," Hearne adds to his jubilant record.

Naturally the child's enemies did not rejoice, but consoled themselves for years by inventing gloomy stories of his physical defects and feeble constitution, his twisted legs that would never be able to walk, fresh imperfections revealed daily; all happily falsified, as was the "positive information" which, later, Walton, spy of the English Government at Rome, received "on the best authority," that Clementina would never have another child. Certainly she never quite recovered her health, and congenital tendencies in her constitution were developed by maternity. A high-strung, excitable, hysterical girl, hers was not the best sort of temperament to come into close contact with her husband's tendency to melancholy and the constant wear-and-tear of surrounding circumstances.

The beautiful Prince of Wales was proudly exhibited to privileged visitors. Cardinal d'Acuña, among others, prayed to pay his respects at his Royal Highness's *coucher*. The prince was usually undressed at half-past five, he was told. They would try to amuse him, but the sooner the cardinal came the better. Charles was never a patient person. James had just had his head broken by a picture falling on it from a cornice, always a bad omen. Charles Wogan and the Missets came to Rome in this early spring of 1721; Mrs. Misset, created a countess, to take up her duties as the prince's lady-in-waiting. With the increase of his family, the already overworked monarch found his cares increase. High politics were early to intrude and disturb the serenity of the royal nursery.

A Mrs. Hughes was the little prince's first nurse, but, not being "bigg enough," on April 1 Mrs. Sheldon was sent for to assist or superintend. Both these women were to be potent for much mischief. At first, mother and nurses merely quarrelled among themselves ; as women must, says Hay cynically. The quarrels worried James, who tried to adjust them, but after a year of it he wisely left nursery affairs to the women.

The birth of his son stirred James to renewed effort to recover the child's birthright. He had every encouragement in the enthusiasm of the English Jacobites. "The Jacks are horn mad on some accounts they have gotten from the other side of the water," Sir William Bennett wrote from Edinburgh to the Countess of Roxburghe (March 2, 1721). "They promise themselves wonders from Mr. Law, and fancy the Spanish army is recalled from Africa to serve the Pretender. They have long subsisted on a thin diet." Mr. Law was reported to be now "setting up the Pretender."

In February 1721 a very majestic though very doubtful support fell in the death of John, Duke of Buckingham. The king's affairs in England were now managed by an ever-wrangling "Junta" consisting of the Earls of Arran[1] and Orrery, Lord North and Grey, the distinguished general who had lost an arm at Blenheim, Lord Gower and Bishop Atterbury ; with the secret assistance of Lord Oxford through his secretary, Erasmus Lewis.[2] Unfortunately there was little union among either rank or file. Atterbury and Oxford were at loggerheads, and had ceased to correspond. North said Orrery was a timorous fellow, always making difficulties. The Scottish Jacobites complained that divisions among the Jacobites over the water did much harm to the cause at home, where they too wrangled incessantly.

Mar was in Paris, and announced to James on February 3 that he had accepted the offers of the English Government. The pension, £3500 a year, was to be paid on condition that he concerned himself no longer in James's affairs. The king replied with kindly congratulation and assurance of his unalterable affection and confidence. This confidence was not worse founded than that of the English Government, but the latter was more sharply alive to return for investment of hard cash. Mar concerned himself a good deal in James's next affairs, and

[1] Brother of Ormond.

[2] Mahon, ii. 47.

fell between two stools. The British Government knew their Mar, and for two years he got none of the pension for which he forsook his sovereign, while the pension which he did not receive cost him for ever his reputation as a man of honour among his countrymen and his English associates.

The new plot in England was being busily engineered; Atterbury at the head of it, with the able and loyal assistance of his secretary, George Kelly, the Non-juring Anglican clergyman who had been "out" in '15 and had escaped from the Tower. The Duke of Norfolk and Sir Harry Goring in England, Dillon in Paris, and the Wogans, were all in it, with Orrery, Arran, and North and Grey. Atterbury was very ill with gout, and in the following year the sorrow of his wife's death increased his incapacity for action, so action fell to the younger men. On April 22 Atterbury wrote cheerfully to James that "the time had now come that with very little assistance from your friends abroad, your way to your friends at home is become safe and easy."

The Duke of Ormond, the soldiers' darling, must command, and, with the Earl Marischal, bring troops from Spain. The Regent of France was pressed for assistance up to the end of the year, but Spain and France refused aid, so the plot must be run on the new line of no foreign help, the king to be restored by his own subjects alone. The Wogans with three ships were cruising about the Italian coasts, ready to convey the king. The Duke of Norfolk carried letters between Atterbury and George Jerningham,[1] King James's agent in Flanders. There were three Howard sisters in it, Dominican nuns of the Spellekens convent at Brussels, nieces of Cardinal Howard and cousins of the Duke. One of these, Sister Rose, became prioress in 1721, so had a free hand in the convent, and acted all the time of her priorship—1721–1727—as agent between the English Jacobites and Rome.

On March 19 James lost a potential ally and his best friend in Pope Clement XI. On May 8 Innocent XIII., of the House of Conti, was elected. James and Clementina were present at the attendant ceremonials; also the baby Prince Charles, held up in his nurse's arms at a window of the Muti Palace to see the procession go by.

Other visitors, interesting, if not actually hopeful, came to

[1] Spelt Jernegan in the correspondence.

Rome at this time: one was the Duchess of Bedford, who begged permission to present herself at the Court of the Muti Palace, though, her husband being a Hanoverian with a Whig dukedom, she could be received only as a countess.

A young English traveller of distinction who visited Rome in the spring of 1721, wrote a long description of the royal *ménage*, which was published in pamphlet form.[1] He met the royal pair walking in the garden of the Villa Ludovisi; the king in his star and garter, a well-sized and clean-limbed man, resembling Charles II. The traveller, staring ardently like any British tourist at royalty, was picked out by the royal eye and presented; then invited to a concert by the charming young queen. The invitation was accepted after a little conscientious show of reluctance, and the distinguished visitor was presented to the beautiful baby Prince of Wales. He admired James enthusiastically: "an upright, moral man, with a great application to business, his head being well turned that way." Not a word of religious dispute was allowed in his household. By permission of the Pope he kept two Anglican chaplains, Berkeley and Cooper, for the convenience of the Protestant members of his household, and prayers were read there daily as regularly as in London. "It should never be my business to become an apostle," said James, "but a good king of all my subjects." Clementina, with strange unlikeness to her later manner, is reported to have said that, since her son was to reign over Protestants, he must be brought up by Protestants; that in the country where she was born, there was no distinction but that of honest or dishonest.

The conclave had settled James's business as far as Rome was concerned. No bond of old friendship bound the new Pope to Stuart interests to the detriment of the temporal interests of his charge. There had been straws showing how the coming winds would blow at the time of Clement's dying; even a year earlier, when the king and queen were given such bad places at the Holy Week services in the Sistine Chapel, outside the grille, as to incommode even their royal persons. James had his first audience at Montecavallo. All went extremely well, reported Hay. The Pope promised the Golden

[1] Letter from an English traveller at Rome, 1721. Possibly Lord Rialton, son of Marlborough's eldest surviving daughter and heiress, Countess Godolphin. In the following year, on Marlborough's death, he became Marquis of Blandford.

Rose to the queen. As to other gold he was less bounteous of promise. James had another promise at this time in his wife's condition, referred to by Hay, but this promise, like so many others, failed in accomplishment.

The English Government was already aware of the new designs and alert, though they were passing through a shameful tragedy which gave great advantage to their enemies. The South Sea Bubble had burst: English credit lay in ruins. Ministers bribed to back Law's frauds could not survive the disgrace. Sunderland was compelled to retire ; on April 19, 1722, he died. His Jacobite proclivities had been of the feeblest. On January 31, before his death, when disgrace might have sent him to James in earnest, James had replied to Lockhart's suggestion that Sunderland had only made a show of wishing him well. He had never written to him or proved sincerity in any way. On Sunderland's fall, Sir Robert Walpole became First Lord of the Treasury, and Townshend again Secretary of State ; but now, by Walpole's will, the firm was to be Walpole and Townshend, not Townshend and Walpole.

In April, 1721, a barrister named Christopher Layer went to Venice with Plunkett ("Plunket the Jesuit," as he was falsely called); then on to Rome to see the king. Layer's account of his mission, given before the Houses of Parliament, was naturally shaped and coloured to look like childlike innocence ; a mere casual tourist's call of curiosity upon a "celebrity at home." He seems to have been an obscure but pushful person, of loose morals, with little claim to a royal audience, and scant authority from England ; but he was very loyal to those into whose schemes he pushed himself, and to the last, under severe physical trial, betrayed not one of them. James charged Plunkett to say nothing of business to any one until he had seen him alone, and arranged how to meet this unknown companion of his. Presently Kennedy, of the royal household, met Layer in a seeming casual way ; then, late in an evening at the end of May, Layer hung about the Piazza dei Sant' Apostoli till Kennedy slipped out into the dusk, and took him up a back palace stair into the royal presence. Hay was in attendance. James was pressed for time, expecting company. He asked Layer why he came ; if he knew any lords ? Layer (on his trial) said he had come out of mere

curiosity and respect, and that he knew no lords, except professionally. James (so the prisoner declared) was surprised that Layer brought no credentials from any person in England. Well he might have been! Layer in his examination was honourably anxious to compromise no one, but he admitted at another time that he did show James credentials. James said the journey must have cost him a great deal; not less than £500. Layer said he gave James a list of the Tory gentlemen of Norfolk, though he knew only a portion of the list could be counted on as Jacobites. This is true enough of most of such lists. James then promised to Layer the honour of kissing the queen's hand. It was not until three or four weeks later that Layer met Hay and Kennedy again by appointment in the Piazza in the dusk of the summer night. They took him into the presence of the king and queen. Layer found the queen's manner cordial but abrupt. He presented an amended list of Norfolk squires, having added a few names; without authority, he said, on his examination. The king and queen promised to be sponsors to Layer's baby, as a visible token for the English Jacobites of the king's confidence. Layer had a third audience, and left Rome in July, but did not reach London till the end of August. He said he had asked the king for a passport through France, a very silly request, and that James retorted, "They would not let me go that way myself." Layer had every reason to be satisfied with his visit. His baby was christened, royally sponsored, in a back shop in Chelsea, and, besides Mar and Kennedy, he had engaged as a fellow-conspirator no less a person than Mrs. Hughes, Prince Charles's nurse. It was doubtless on Layer's suggestion, enthusiastically taken up by a stupid woman, proud of confidence, jealous of importance as nurses are, and threatened by eclipse from Mrs. Sheldon who was a great favourite of the queen, that the startling idea arose of sending the baby prince to Scotland. No such wild idea could have occurred to or been listened to by the level-headed, affectionate father, while Clementina would certainly have gone crazy at the thought of it. But both in Rome and Britain it was believed that James had intended to send his child to take his own place at the head of his adherents! Probably Mrs. Hughes's dismissal and deportation to England in the following April, because she became "so very uneasy," was

occasioned by discovery of some intention to help to kidnap the prince.

Layer, from London, sent a parcel of stockings to the king and queen ; which parcel contained also his complete scheme. The plot went on in spite of Government activity and Continental indifference. It was intended that the rising should take place in the spring ; during the forthcoming elections or at the beginning of May ; the Tower was to be seized, and the Hanover family "walked out," but not hurt. Lord Lansdown was to command in Cornwall, Lord Strafford in the north. Lord Arran held the king's commission as general of all England and Ireland, "for fear of accidents in his brother's [Ormond's] absence." All reason against delay was unanswerable and appearance of success very great, wrote James. He was concerned at being unable to lead his adherents from the first, but would lose no time in joining them, and he thanked Atterbury for his great share in bringing matters so far towards success, and hoped the time was near when he should enjoy rank superior to all other. That would be as Archbishop of Canterbury.

In vain James, on his side, appealed again to the Pope (August 22), only to be "more bitterly mortified" by absolute refusal than Hay had seen him for long. The Pope refused to advance money without security, and said the king must look only to his own subjects, who were at least as well able to execute his orders as to obey any the Pope could give. It was an impracticable affair while France and Spain were actually negotiating a league with the Elector of Hanover for the exclusion of James, and his Holiness refused to share in the ruin of a great many of the king's friends in England, and the devastation of his country. James urged his own sufferings and loyalty in the cause of religion. Would not the Pope have at least a sum of money ready to pay over when the enterprise was on foot and the king should ask for it? The Pope was adamant, but James and Hay went on hoping that the papal eyes might yet be opened to papal advantage.

It is not surprising that melancholy should repossess James after this interview, and that his melancholy should react upon his nervous wife in her delicate health. "Cardinal Acquaviva," Hay writes, "said he would like to see the queen cry. He succeeded when no one expected it. He appeared

unexpectedly by the first post, and the queen laughed and cried together. *Enfin*, the queen, thank God, is well, and the king up to now is in good health and good humour, but for the love of God, Monsignor, think of something to amuse the king, for without that I foresee great anxieties, though that does not appear as yet."

The Jacobites were too ostentatiously elated by the financial catastrophes. On June 10, 1721, the soldiers in Edinburgh had orders to pluck off all the white roses they should see worn either by men or women, which orders were very rudely executed. The drunken soldiers abused all that came in their way, fired in the Netherbow where there was no disorder, killed two and wounded one. "This made such a stir as is likely to produce much mischief," writes Sir William Bennett. Soldiers were encamped in Hyde Park.

The Regent of France, solicited by the Jacobites up to December 1721, was persuaded by the English Government to hold coldly aloof. Neutrality was all that was asked of him, but he refused so much as the usual blindness to the passage of Jacobites through France. If Pope and conclave had refused support, who would be so mad as to meddle? he said.

Early in 1722 a person came to Rome who was to concern himself much in James's affairs—the spy known to the British Government, who employed him, and to certain historians as John Walton. He was really Baron Philip Stosch, probably a Hanover man.[1] His letters are written in French, for British statesmen, even under German rule, were never expected to know the German tongue. Walton took up his abode in Rome as a sort of Resident Minister; but as St. James's had no diplomatic relations with St. Peter's, he called himself merely the King of England's Servant. There was little secrecy in his position, though Cardinal Gualterio was curious and anxious as to what had brought him. He always called upon English travellers of importance who arrived in Rome, Jacobites as well as Hanoverians. The Jacobites, as a rule, slammed their doors in his face. He wrote regularly every week or oftener to Lord Holdernesse, the Duke of New-

[1] Horace Mann to M. Amyand, June 7, 1754. State Papers, Tuscany, 59. Also his nephew's notification of his death to the British Government, November 6, 1757. State Papers, Tuscany, 61.

castle, and the other gentlemen who filled the office of Secretary for the South during Walton's long and ignoble service. His lengthy letters are full of trivial detail; little more than journals of "the Pretender's" incessant devotions and many visitors, but they supply much useful information at times, and in their careful detail correct many misstatements. That he was a trustworthy, laborious, and fairly acute agent is proved by the consternation of Horace Mann and the Government when they stood in danger of losing his services. He found out that James was communicating with Russia through Admiral Gordon, his agent at St. Petersburg, and that he still hoped in Spain. The Pope, said Walton, disliked "the Pretender"; which was probably true; hence Roman society chillily followed suit, and it was thanks to the popularity of the queen, her wit and tact, that James's friends in Rome were kept together. Her exertions for the Cause did not end there. She was taking baths from the Tre Fontane—a recipe for filling the royal nursery. The king and queen attended the Carnival balls together—masked, but nevertheless given royal place. The Pope's medallist was making royal portrait medals at King James's expense from a design sent from England. Mrs. Misset now was thrown to the jealous Scottish wolves and sent to England with her husband and family. Walton greatly despised the Court of the Muti Palace and the poverty-stricken Jacobite colony in Rome.

Charles Wogan had been sent from Rome to Spain to plead once more; with some success, according to the secretary of the imperial embassy at Rome, who found out that armaments prepared by Spain in the spring of 1722 had two objects—one to carry five or six thousand men to Porto Longone, in the Isle of Elba, where James was to embark, the other to throw an army corps into Great Britain or Ireland as soon as George I. should have crossed the sea to Hanover.

The scheme was practically abandoned by March for want of money, which the English had not provided sufficiently. So James wrote to Mar, March 16. Mar blamed a Dr. John Friend who had held an important place in the plan, and hoped that Atterbury's discovery of that cause of failure would reconcile him with Oxford, who had been much neglected of late by the Junta. The Junta laid the blame on Atterbury himself. Yet hope was by no means abandoned. James

wrote to Lansdown, April 13, that none of the Junta were considerable enough to do the work. Nothing came of their efforts but quarrelling and quantities of useless letters. Lord Oxford was the right man to take the lead if he would, since the English Jacobites were all "disgusted" with the Bishop of Rochester. No person would be so capable as Oxford of uniting all the different sets of his friends.

But hope was far from being extinguished, and Cardinal Acquaviva, the Spanish minister at Rome, held stoutly by King James. This was another of James's friendships that endured to the end.

On April 29, before going to Albano for *villeggiatura*, James had a long audience of the Pope. Though the two preceding summers had been spent at Albano, this departure was watched with intense suspicion by the hostile embassies, who believed "the Pretender" went there the more secretly to escape to Porto Longone. On that same April 29 the plot was revealed to the English Government, probably by Dubois. The knowledge was kept secret for a while. On May 10 Sir Luke Schaub was still writing of the activity of the Jacobites in Paris. The Oglethorpes, being always busy in all plots, it was no doubt owing to their exertions in the present business that James this year created Anne a Countess of Ireland.[1]

Mar was busy corresponding with the invalid and now widowed Atterbury, to whom he sent a present of a little spotted dog named Harlequin, the innocent betrayer of the good bishop. The angry Jacobites afterwards declared that Mar's letters were written for the purpose of being seized and read by the enemy. Mar on his side declared that he had given no information to the enemy that was not trivial, unless to "bamboozle" them. At present he was urging reconciliation between Oxford and Atterbury. The bishop protested that distance only had for some years interrupted his correspondence with Oxford, and he was willing to renew it.

In London, ignorant of the worst, the plotters went on plotting. The signal for rising would be the departure of George I. for Hanover. This the Government knew, so

[1] The Marquis de Ruvigny's *Jacobite Peerage* gives the patent, dated October 6, 1722; the grant being "as a special mark of his royal favour." She certainly never used the title for signature, nor did James nor any of the Jacobites use it in writing of her. Later—1747—James said he did not wish his peerages to be thus published save in the case of high officials.

George postponed his trip, though he did not believe in invasion, seeing there could be no foreign help. On May 8 the guards were ordered to encamp about London, and other camps to be formed in the country. The elections took place in May, and it was remarked that the most riotous contests were at Westminster, under the immediate influence of Atterbury, and at Coventry, where Carte's influence was dominant. The leaders were depressed. Lord North and Grey asked how could anything be done when there was a camp under the walls of London? Lord Orrery said nothing could be done without a foreign force. Then Lord North believed the English Jacobites would be sufficient, for King James had plenty of friends if they did but understand each other. The army in general was well inclined, as were most half-pay officers.

On June 16, O.S. (June 27, N.S)., Marlborough died. It was arranged that the Jacobites should avail themselves of the confusion and excitement in the crowded streets at his great funeral to rise. But the Government knew all about that. On May 29, O.S. (June 9), Sir Robert Walpole had written to his brother Horatio that James was still to sail from Longone, where three ships awaited him; that he was at a country house taken for him to cover his absence (Bagnani?); that Ormond had left Madrid, also for a country house, at Ventosilla, for the same purpose, to sail as soon as George I. had gone to Hanover.

Then the Government showed their hands and all was up. On May 21 George Kelly was arrested and imprisoned, but there was no evidence as yet for the arrest of greater personages. The lords who were to sail from Italy appeared, before June 27, at the Muti Palace, to the consternation of James and his household, and Wogan came from Cività Vecchia, where lay the long-waiting ships. There were four causes of the catastrophe, said Roman society—want of money; the bad faith of the Regent of France; want of capacity in the leaders; and the pusillanimity of "the Pretender," who feared to risk himself, and proposed sending his child in his place. Three-fourths of this was certainly true; also the statement that for some time "the Pretender" had been more melancholy than ever. But in July a letter from Rome told that the king had shaken off his melancholy, and his adherents had got new courage.

Hope was not abandoned. Ormond in Spain was ready, as were the needful arms, though Spain was compelled to forbid sailing. James's court, according to custom, returned to Rome for the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul (June 29). On July 4 Alberoni writes that Cardinal Acquaviva was to wait at Bagnani until he had news that two English officers, relatives of Ormond, had come to Porto Longone. James was to join them at Bagnani as soon as he had word that Admiral Sorano awaited him with warships off Corsica, cross in Wogan's ship, and hide in Spain.

In the middle of July Clementina went to the Baths of Lucca, incognita as Countess di Cornovaglia. James stayed behind, closely watched on the supposition that he was meditating flight to his ships off Elba. Presently he went to Albano; then, in very bad weather, with Hay to Siena, and joined the queen at the Baths of Lucca on August 9.

On August 10 a great sorrow befell Clementina in the death of her mother. Princess Hedwige had been ill for some time, and possibly James may have laid aside his own business to be with his wife in her sorrow, for he was most kind and considerate in sending letters from the Polish household in Silesia to Rome to be translated, that he might be able to save Clementina from the expected shock unbroken. Her mother's death naturally revived family feeling and memory, and probably suggested comparisons between her successfully heroic grandfather and her disappointed, discouraged husband, for shortly after, James took the amazing step of writing to the Pope (August 29) to offer his services in a crusade against the Turks. He was dissuaded; it was a noble idea, said Gualterio, but it would not do, and it would be easy enough to settle the Turks for the present without his Majesty's assistance.

In spite of plots, disappointments, and mourning, and the discouraging incident of the resignation by the Duke of Leeds of his appointment as Admiral of England which happened during the sojourn, there were alleviations at the Baths of Lucca in the splendour and generosity with which the Republic of Lucca received and entertained James. Gifts even of money and food were provided. Of silver and gold, James, like Saint Peter, had none to repay, but such as he had, he gave, and he touched for the king's evil. The rite was carried out with full and striking ceremony. The king knelt on a cushion, his

attendants on the ground, while the queen's Irish Dominican confessor read certain versicles to which the king responded. After the reading of the Gospel, "You shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," the sick children were brought one by one to be touched, and the king hung a silver medal of St. Edward round each little neck. He "breathed holiness while performing the rite," says the chronicler, "such was the rapt devotion and the gentleness with which he acted."[1]

At the end of September, James and Clementina left the Baths for Lucca, where they stayed at the Casa Mansi, and again were sumptuously entertained. General Forster was in waiting, and carried their thanks to the Republic when they left for Urbino, where they stayed three days on their way home. The English Government was indignant that such honours should have been shown and the royal titles given, and threatened to stop the importation of oil and other products of Lucca, and turn to the rival market of France. In the end, peace was made by the English envoy at Turin.

On September 18 Layer was arrested; betrayed by disreputable women to whom he had entrusted his papers; a lunatic confidence that several times revealed Jacobite undertakings to the Government. Plunkett also was arrested and examined. Layer was tried November 21, chained to the bar, as he had nearly escaped, and racked with disease. He and Plunkett were charged with projected regicide, incendiarism, and other treasons. Layer was condemned; to die very bravely on the gallows at Tyburn, May 17, 1723, after many respites in the unfulfilled hope that he might betray his confederates. On August 24 Atterbury was arrested and sent to the Tower. He had been very cautious, never sending a letter out of his house in his own hand, and the Government had some trouble to prove him the "Jones" and the "Illington" of Mar's intercepted letters. Unfortunately the little dog, Harlequin, was mentioned in these letters as belonging to Mr. Illington, a great invalid and recently widowed. The dog's leg had been broken on the journey to England, and he was nursed by Kelly's landlady, Mrs. Bates, who, loyal to her lodger, never dreamt of mischief coming through confessing to a little dog, and

[1] *Giacomo Stuardo e la sua reale Consorte ai Bagni di Lucca*, 1721–1723, by F. Acton (1903). The date of 1721 given to this visit is a mistake. The sovereigns were not at Lucca nor at the Baths in 1721.

admitted that Harlequin belonged to the Bishop of Rochester. Hence Illington and Atterbury, a great invalid and recently widowed, were the same man, and Atterbury, very sick and very sorry, was sent to suffer and languish in the Tower for seven months.

Parliament met in October. The Habeas Corpus Act was immediately suspended for the unprecedented term of a year. The Duke of Norfolk was to be detained and secured; the army was increased to upwards of 18,000; good evidence that James, for all his many disappointments, was still a power in the land. A Bill of pains and penalties was brought against Atterbury. He made an eloquent defence before the Lords, but was condemned by 83 to 43. The youngest of the Oglethorpe brothers, famous later as general and philanthropist, made his maiden speech defending the bishop in the House of Commons. Atterbury was deprived and banished. Sympathising friends gave him quite a triumphal send-off. At Calais he met Bolingbroke returning to England from his seven years' exile. "Oh! I see I am exchanged," remarked the bishop. Marlborough's death had been Bolingbroke's opportunity. He returned, accepted for penitent on the strength of repeated protests of loyalty to the House of Hanover. Atterbury, with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. Morice, High Bailiff of Westminster, went to Brussels, where he became practically King James's Prime Minister, though Mar still bore the title.

Jacobite rage against Mar now boiled over. The discovery and failure of the expedition project was ascribed entirely to his treachery. Atterbury declared that it was impossible to Mar ever to play a fair game or to mean one thing at a time; that conduct such as his was all but unbelievable of a man possessed of common sense or the least drop of noble blood. Charles Churchill had been sent over to Mar, on the intercepting of his letters to Atterbury (August 20), to find out about the plot for the English Government. Mar declared to Carte and his angry Jacobites that the incriminating letter had been sent to mislead the Government, and had been concerted by James's agents in Paris, and penned by Lansdown. Carte says that the ministry saw through the pretence, and that this was why Mar did not for two years receive a penny of the gold for which he had sold his soul. Lockhart said the

Jacobites believed Mar had stirred up the plot to oblige the Government by discovering it, and were almost sure that he had at least supplied the key to the cipher. There was much mystery. Walpole never knew until after Sunderland's death (April 19, 1722) that Mar had a pension. Even James, though he wrote that letter to justify Mar, was anxious that the facts should not be made public: "The less noise made about him the better." [1]

After Kelly's arrest, from about June 18, Carte had acted as secretary to Atterbury. He managed to escape from England with £1000 on his head. Anne Oglethorpe also fled to Paris; perhaps with the promise of a coronet on *her* head. It was probably to conceal their conspiracies that the Oglethorpe house at Godalming was in 1722 protected by the sudden and unpopular closing of a right-of-way by her brother, the squire, who that year spoke for Atterbury in the House of Commons. Neynoe, one of the conspirators, dropped from the Tower in blankets and was drowned in the Thames. The Duke of Norfolk, Lord North and Grey, caught escaping, and Lord Orrery, were imprisoned in the Tower, but released for want of evidence. One would have thought there was evidence easily attainable sufficient to behead Hydras.

A new and quite unexpected rebuff reached James on his return to Rome in December. The Archbishop of Canterbury officially voiced the abhorrence of the Church of England for designs to restore "the Pretender," whose restoration he regarded as dangerous to the liberty of the people and the welfare and security of the Church of England. Of all the indignities he had suffered, nothing had moved James to so much indignation, he wrote to the archbishop. After all his assurances, to find them flouted like this! He did not mind what hireling scribes said, but that "the Church for which his royal grandfather of blessed memory" laid down life and crown should so pronounce, "we must own ourselves moved." Bolingbroke's criticism of the earlier reference to the royal martyr had not failed of effect.

[1] Charles Churchill was Marlborough's brother.

QUEEN CLEMENTINA

From the Miniature in the possession of James Cheape, Esq., of Strathtyrum

CHAPTER XXVII

THE GREAT DOMESTIC WAR

JAMES, chilled by the cold water thrown upon his projected escape to a crusade, was further saddened by his wife's unhappy temper, and from now they lived very miserably together. In spite of all care and kindness, Clementina grew sullen and morbid; shut herself up; then complained of dulness and loneliness, for which she reproached the king, though he entreated her to amuse herself and go into society, allowed her unlimited freedom as to her friends, and placed his private purse at her disposal. Her great grievance was that she was not taken into confidence in political matters, any share in which James resolutely withheld from her, remembering too well the mischief that had come from his mother's political procedure, to say nothing of his grandmother's. No women, he said to Lockhart, were told any political secrets in his house, and the hopes of 1722 had been overthrown chiefly by the tattling and venality of women. James knew his wife to be wholly unfitted by character and education for any such trust. Ill-health sharpened her temper. James in 1725 had to remind her how from 1723 she sulked and made scenes alternately;[1] would often neither speak to nor look at her husband. For whole months they did not exchange a word.

Their little boy, who should have gladdened their shadowed lives and provided sufficient interest and occupation for his mother, became only another source of contention. He was "the finest child in the world," says Hay, when he was two and a half; "healthy and strong, speaks everything, and runs about from morning to night." A few months later, he played the violin continually, yet, unlike some musical prodigies, he was as sturdy on his legs as any porter's child, running about continually. "You may easily imagine what amusement he gives his father and mother," Hay wrote to Atterbury, "and

[1] Letter from James to Clementina, November 1725. Published as a tract.

indeed they have little other diversion." His exuberant energies did not always divert his mother, and he was forbidden to jump beside her.

It was not only his jumping that was a grievance. His orthodoxy came already to the front, and the religious question which had cost so much already, came to divide counsels and embitter relationships. At the beginning of 1723 the Chevalier Andrew Michael Ramsay was recommended by Hay as the best man for the post of the prince's tutor. Ramsay was a convert of Fénélon's, whom he had visited with James in Flanders in 1709. James demurred as to the appointment. Ramsay was certainly of the Mar party, though recommended by Hay, who presently fetched him to Rome. This was in February 1724. James changed his mind on renewing acquaintance, and was much pleased with Ramsay, who yet was far from being a man after the king's heart. Two glasses of wine unhinged his mind, said Hay later, when he in his turn changed his mind as to Ramsay. The Duke of Wharton,[1] on the appointment, hoped Ramsay might inoculate his royal charge with "a taste for pleasurable vice."

Ramsay's influence does not seem to have been so despicable. Little Prince Charles, for all his bodily strength and bright temperament, had "contracted puerile terrors amongst women." His mother's nervousness had probably infected him. He was so afraid of lightning that in the slightest storm he had his window shut, covered his eyes with his hands, and screamed with terror. Ramsay forced him gradually to look fixedly at lightning, so that he lost fear and admired storms. Alberoni complimented Ramsay on his success, saying, "A prince should fear neither man nor devil, nor God." As this shocked the hearers, his Eminence added, "Because God would rather have us love than fear Him."

Outside the king's home and his councils, change hurried upon change. In October 1723 Horatio Walpole, by his brother's favour, succeeded Sir Luke Schaub as envoy to Paris. Carteret, who had succeeded Craggs at the Foreign Office, was succeeded himself in 1724 by the Duke of Newcastle. On October 22, 1722, the young Louis XV. had been crowned. In February 1723 he came of age, at thirteen,

[1] Creation of George I. as a bribe to win him from the king who had made him Duke of Northumberland.

and the regency ended. Dubois, his Prime Minister, died in August 1723, and the Duke of Orleans, sometime regent, became Prime Minister—only to die suddenly, December 2, of the same year. Every change of French Government raised Jacobite hopes, though for the present activities were in abeyance. The Duke of Bourbon succeeded the Duke of Orleans as Prime Minister. It was always possible that Louis XV. might follow his predecessor's policy now he was free from tutelage. His first important act was mortally to offend Spain by returning the ugly little Infanta, sent to become his queen. On September 5, 1727, he married Marie Leczcinska, daughter of Stanislaus, ex-King of Poland, whom he loved much for some years. This not only seemed to promise a policy sympathetic with another Polish princess and her family, but must have improved the position of Clementina in the world's eye as a princess royal enough to share a great throne and not the last resource of a much-rejected wooer.

In the summer of 1723, continued and more violent suspicion of Mar forced stern inquiry upon the king. Atterbury was charging Mar with his own betrayal and many other treasons. Hay was sent by James to Brussels, *viâ* Paris for secrecy's sake, to confer with Atterbury.

Mar and Hay were brothers-in-law, had been great friends, and went together to Scotland in 1715. Mar's statement that Hay owed his position to him is scarcely true. Mar went so far as to say that when Hay fell under the king's displeasure he had applied to Mar for advice and assistance. Hay indignantly denied this, as he had never been under the king's displeasure, and had never required such patronage.

John Hay was perhaps more widely detested by other Jacobites than even Mar, who had a strong following in Scotland. Lockhart calls him "a cunning, false, avaricious creature of very ordinary parts, inexperienced, uncultivated, and insolent," but admitted the advantage of his long experience in finding people false or self-interested: a merit that naturally attracts the full confidence of kings. So, though he had his faults, he was a servant invaluable to a prince in James's position. He was gifted, says Walpole, with peculiar insight into the sincerity and motives of men. His worst enemies never brought the smallest charge of infidelity against him; and of how many of James's men can that be said? Hay

returned to Paris in September, where he saw Mar. Lockhart says that Mar received him with all kindness and courtesy, while his brother-in-law was doing all he could privately to ruin him. Hay had to get at the truth about that pension. What services were conditional upon it? Then Mar challenged: Hay refused; and correspondence between them was broken off.

At the end of that very September Mar put the coping-stone on his follies by drawing up and presenting to the Duke of Orleans, Prime Minister of France, an extraordinary memorial, which proposed the practical handing over of England and Scotland to France. It was translated by Ramsay, the prince's tutor, and was passed on from the Duke of Orleans to King James at Rome. Therein it was shown how England, holding the balance of power, had crippled France. In a future Franco-German war, the Hanoverian monarch would naturally take part against France. Scotland and Ireland, now kept in thrall by England, would each obtain Home Rule, and so, gratefully support King James, the eternally grateful ally of France, against England and Hanover. Scotland and Ireland would thus be peculiarly useful to France, who would need no longer to dread her natural enemy—the English—weakened and isolated in their island. Mar evidently ignored or forgot that many of these English were with King James, and yet none the more in favour of French dominance in their country. The conditions to bring about this blessed state of things were: (1) France must lend King James troops and ships for an invasion, James to pay them for eight days after landing in Great Britain, reimbursing all expenses later. (2) James must, by treaty signed before French embarkation, restore Ireland and Scotland to their ancient liberty. (3) James must undertake to provide France with 5000 Scots troops, and 5000 or 10,000 Irish, to be returned when he should require their services at home. (4) The treaty must be ratified by the parliaments of the three kingdoms before the French army of occupation should leave British shores.

Little ships and fishing-boats, it was expected, would transport the invading French host in a night, unbeknown to the vigilance of the English fleet. All Scotland to a man was with James—an estimate in excess of the most sanguine estimates in earlier height of expectation. James never acknowledged the receipt of this amazing document. Even his long-suffer-

ing faith in Mar's capacity and loyalty received a shock. In December Mar was officially dismissed from the office he then only nominally held as Secretary of State. Orleans died December 2, 1723.

The difficulty to replace Mar would be great. Atterbury would have been the man. James wrote to him in October, greatly desirous of having him near his person, but Atterbury was compelled to refuse on score of his health. To appoint Hay at once would have been a declaration of war against the following that still clung to Mar. Lockhart avers that Atterbury was working for the exclusion of all but himself and Hay from the king's councils. Atterbury and Hay were at least honest men ; such as could not have worked with Mar, nor indeed with many of the official Jacobites !

Strange to say, the Catholic Clementina was the violent supporter of the Protestant Mar, whom she saw through the eyes of the prince's nurse, Mrs. Sheldon, whose influence over her mistress was great, as the influence of nurses so often is, and Mrs. Sheldon was wholly a creature of Mar's. Hay was "a person disagreeable" to the queen. In spite of marital prohibition, the queen apparently did put her fingers in the political pie at Brussels. In May 1724 Atterbury wrote to James Murray, who had left the Court for Paris in 1721, of some vague calumny afloat concerning himself, the exact nature of which is not revealed. Certain suspicions were confirmed of correspondence between two persons. The "gentleman here" did not seem to be a person "vile enough to invent so gross and groundless a story ; the calumny must lie at other men's doors, and let who will be the author of it, I despise it and them ; my actions and my thoughts will ever, I hope, be of a piece and justify each other."

Glover supposed this mysterious calumny to be connected with the queen. He did not find the letter from Murray to the king detailing the circumstance, but gives one from Hay to Murray. "I think 'tis a little hard upon the queen that she should be the subject of the people's resentment against others," writes Hay. "The publishing of these things . . . shows plainly that the publisher . . . prefers his private resentment to the good of the king's service or the queen's honour." This certainly implies that Clementina meddled ; probably by misrepresentations had made dangerous mischief

between politicians, in her eagerness, as James wrote later, "to establish an undue influence over my counsels," as champion of Mar.

Mrs. Sheldon the nurse, who inspired the queen, had a rival in mischief-making in Ramsay the tutor. Secret dealings were said to be going on between him, Mar, and the new Duke of Orleans. In the autumn of 1724 Ramsay hurried to Paris "to release some friends there from mysterious calumny"; probably the same affair. He was no doubt dismissed. Hay had now found him to be another creature of Mar's, and incapable of sincerity. The post of tutor to Prince Charles was vacant, like the Secretaryship of State.

Perhaps Ramsay, a "liberal" Catholic, was blamed for Prince Charles's first defiance of the head of the Church. On March 7 the unfriendly Innocent XIII. had died, and on May 29—day of happy omen—Benedict XIII. (Orsini) was elected Pope: a warm and faithful friend to the Stuarts. In that very autumn of domestic conflict his Royal Highness refused to kneel on presentation to the new Pope in the Vatican gardens. Such precocious Protestantism gladdened the English Jacobites, and there were plenty of Protestants at the Court to inspire it in the child's temporal interests. A child not four years old was old enough to have been taught that the Pope had robbed him of a crown and was the arch-enemy of his race; old enough also to have learnt that a Prince of Wales is a very great person who receives homage, and pays it only to parents. "Children are echoes and eyes," Ramsay said later, when tutor to Prince Charlie's cousin, son of the Duc de Bouillon.

In June of this year death had removed another disappointing but always disturbing factor in James's politics in Harley, Earl of Oxford. About the same time the king lost an important adherent in Lord Kinnoull, John Hay's brother, who made his peace with the Government and accepted from it a "scrub pension."

This was another cause of offence against Hay; evidence for his enemies that he could not be trusted any longer, as recreancy was no doubt in the blood. Hay believed his brother's apostasy to be due to the machinations of Mar. In August Mrs. Hay went to England to attempt an adjustment of her husband's affairs with Lord Kinnoull. She was arrested

HENRY STUART

(Duke of York)

From the Miniature in the possession of James Cheape, Esq., of Strathlyrum

and imprisoned in Newgate in October as a Jacobite spy. The incident greatly troubled the king and queen, and both wrote urgent letters to the French authorities to intercede. Clementina was expecting another child, and as she and Mrs. Hay were on very affectionate terms, she was anxious that the fair captive should be with her in her confinement, which was at first expected to take place in the following June (later, the date was changed to April. Clementina was always out in her dates). Mrs. Hay was released after a short sojourn in Newgate, it having been proved that her visit was really upon private business, but she did not return in time to greet the over-hasty Duke of York.

Clementina was in very bad health. So early as December James wrote to Atterbury that she was "already extremely and much inconvenienced on that account" (of her approaching confinement). This must be remembered to explain much that followed.

That was the same month in which Mar was dismissed from the king's service. James waited until March to fill the place that for so long had been worse than nominal. In February he wrote to James Murray that as Prince Charles was very forward both in mind and body, and of a very strong and healthy constitution, he should certainly put him in men's hands in about a year. On March 5 he appointed Hay to the secretaryship of State, and created him Earl of Inverness.

On the day following, March 6, at least a month before he was expected, the second son of King James was born; "came into the world contrary to all expectation and the natural course of such events," James wrote in 1734 to Colonel O'Brien. The news was immediately sent to the Pope, who came at once to offer his congratulations. At the king's request, His Holiness immediately baptized the little Duke of York, giving him the names of Henry Benedict Maria Clement, and eight other names in addition. Clementina made a fairly good recovery. By March 21 James could write to Lockhart, "the queen and the new-born are in as prosperous a way as one could wish."

The Hays, or some other of James's advisers, suggested that the child should be brought up at the Spanish Court, with the idea that the Stuart cause might be better advanced by the presence there of a Stuart prince related on his father's side

to Philip V., on his mother's to the queen, and perhaps there was some idea of bringing up the child to marry the Infanta spurned by Louis XV. There was much doing that year in Spain for James, and a marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta was certainly suggested. The plan was stopped at once by the vehement opposition of the queen, who refused to be parted from either of her sons, and she blamed Lord and Lady Inverness for the suggestion, and their influence for her husband's supposed inclination towards the scheme.

In August the king sent for James Murray, whom "he knew to be solely and wholly devoted to himself," and appointed him governor of the Prince of Wales. Murray was thirty-five years old. He entered upon his new office, instructed to make of the prince a good and true Englishman, a man of honour, a good son, and hereafter a great king; a good Scot too, who, if he followed Murray's instructions and his father's example, would ever look upon his ancient kingdom with the greatest affection and tenderness. Murray was created Earl of Dunbar, and Sir Thomas Sheridan was appointed sub-governor.

This was all done with the best possible intentions. Murray and the Hays were Protestants, but Sheridan was a Catholic. James was extremely anxious that his son, without compromising his Catholic faith in the slightest particular, should be familiar with the religion of his kingdom, and able to understand and sympathise with the religious differences that had so far stood so obstructively in the way of the exiled Stuarts to their restoration. Perhaps he was aware of deficiencies in his own education, or at least persuaded of their disastrous existence by the Hays and Murray. Results proved the fallacy of the scheme. The princes were knocked about from Catholic pillar to Protestant post, and though the younger came unscathed out of the ordeal, the faith of the elder was to the last "still to seek." The immediate result of the Hay and Murray appointments was a royal quarrel that rang through Europe.

Mrs. Sheldon was furious at her deposition, and the implication of neglect and the blame cast by the king on her neglect which had permitted the prince "to get among servants, where children learn no good." She stirred up the queen's warm temper to boiling-point, and filled her with fiercest jealousy

of Murray and the Hays. Clementina declared passionately that her sons were to be brought up Protestants. She would rather stab them! In vain James assured her that there was not the slightest intention of Protestantising the little prince; that in religious matters he would be educated strictly by Catholics. It was enough for Clementina that Murray and the Hays were Protestants; "people of no religion at all." Alas! for the religion of Sir Thomas Sheridan, who could not have educated his charge worse had he been in the pay of Hanover; in whom James himself was to discover the evil genius of his son. Sheridan was to play Falstaff to another reckless, self-willed, brave young Prince of Wales.

There never was such a quarrel in all royal domestic history. The queen openly insulted Lord Inverness, and when requested by James to show at least outward courtesy to his Secretary of State, she refused to stoop to "such meanness." James could not understand Clementina's sudden hatred, but at Inverness's own request, he took from him the direction of the household to please the queen. On the other side, Mrs. Sheldon behaved impertinently to the king; and, holding absolute ascendency over Clementina, incensed her further against the Hay-Murray trio, fanning assiduously the queen's passionate pride and Polish horror of heresy. Sheldon's reports were gleefully published by Mar, and lost nothing in his telling. All Europe rang with the scandal. It was the pet theme of the London coffee-houses and Edinburgh taverns; the despair of the Jacobites who had always made capital of the dissensions of the House of Hanover, the dishonoured Sophia imprisoned at Ahlden, and the furiously detested and detesting heir to the crown.

Then quite suddenly and unexpectedly Clementina introduced a new feature into the controversy for its further embitterment, by springing upon the astonished and injured king the charge of having made Lady Inverness his mistress.

Such infidelity was so common, and provided such a simple way by which Mar's partisans might account for his supersession, that the charge was accepted by the world for fact without any question. Expostulation was useless. The queen only piled new and more odious accusations on her husband, no doubt suggested by the coarse inventiveness of Mrs. Sheldon, since there is no shadow of proof for any of them. Then (November) she announced her determination to leave the king and retire

into a convent if he did not instantly dismiss Lord and Lady Inverness from his service.

After the most careful and impartial investigation of this wretched quarrel; after comparison of Clementina's conduct with the evidences of a naturally excitable temperament before marriage, and the violent piety of her later years; remembering the state of her health, the atmosphere of intense anxiety alternating with bitter disappointment in which she lived, the bewildering darkness of secrecy so close beside her; contrasting her angry complaints and reckless charges with the dignified patience and straightforwardness of James's letters to his rebellious wife, the haughty indignation with which he denied accusations which a guilty man in those days and in his position would not have troubled to deny, one cannot but see that hysteria was at the bottom of it all. Such a malady would be sadly aggravated by inevitable circumstances; the disparity in years and temperament between husband and wife, his melancholy, and the mental wear and tear of their condition. His days were filled by an enormous press of business of the most difficult and dangerous kind, to every detail of which he gave careful personal attention. He necessarily depended greatly upon his Secretary of State. Many men's lives, besides his own success or failure, hung upon a false report, a careless or imprudent word. There was the constant care of having to find money to meet the numberless calls upon him. And all the hard work that withdrew him from companionship had brought no compensation in success.

As to the king's moral character, it was stainless from first to last; but the charge made is one always easy to believe and difficult to disprove. Charges of immorality have been brought against him [1]—few, certainly; but all upon investigation turning out to be the most flagrant slanders. Thackeray's Oglethorpe story has been wholly disproved. The Bar-le-duc story rests solely upon local romantic legend, supplemented by romantic guesswork. Against these we must set the consensus of contemporary opinion; the Duke of Wharton's eager testimony, "he has no seraglio" (and his Grace would have seen no reason to deny or object to two or three); the testimony to his high character by one so pure and highminded as Fénélon. But the strongest and most uncontestable testimony of all is given

[1] See Note at the end of this chapter.

in a letter from the third and last Lord Caryll to the Cardinal of York, dated March 9, 1782, sixteen years after James's death, when it was no concern of anybody's to clear his character.

According to this letter, a man named Venture, professing to be the son of King James, had laid claim to the cardinal's kindness. The cardinal was the rich and influential member of the family, shortly to become its head. Venture stated that he had served with the prince's army in Scotland, though as he was not more than forty-five years old, he must have been a child in 1745. The cardinal conscientiously directed Lord Caryll, that old and faithful agent of the family in France, to inquire into the case. Caryll inquired "among all the party on both sides of the water," and found the history of his birth to be "a most ridiculous invention." Caryll goes on: "My friend assures me that he has all his life conversed on the subject of the late king, both with Catholics and Protestants. He never met with any, either friends or enemies, who ever laid such a thing to the charge of his Majesty. Indeed, there requires no other confutation of the imposture than the very age of this man, that being a proof that he could not have been born before the king settled at Rome, and all that city are vouchers that no such thing happened while he resided there" (that is, in the very city that rang with Clementina's accusations!). "However honest a man he may be in private transactions, he has certainly endeavoured to impose on some points, and therefore cannot be worthy of your protection. And as the falsehood of his pretensions is so clearly demonstrated, I am hopeful that the fable of his origin will not give your Royal Highness a moment more of uneasiness, as it certainly will never gain credit with any who are in the least informed of the character of the king."

James declared that to dismiss the Hays because his wife brought false charges against them was impossible. His justice as a king, and his authority as a husband, could not for a moment condescend to such weakness. Inverness was a faithful servant, long tried and never found wanting. No worthy person would consent to serve him were he to treat a faithful servant so.

Charges and counter-charges flew back and forward. Clementina and her friends accused the Invernesses and Dunbar of habitual insolence towards her; James accused

Mrs. Sheldon of intolerable impertinence, and very properly dismissed her. Lady Inverness doubtless gave herself airs. James brought her into the queen's chamber to talk over the sad business. Clementina pretended not to see them, and buried herself in a book.

James then (November 9, O.S.) wrote to his wife to expostulate; a severe but reasonable letter,[1] representing the public injury that she would do him should she carry out her threat, and the shame and misfortune to which she exposed herself. He was convinced that she was being worked upon by the malice and cunning of his enemies, and urged her to reflect seriously on what he had said, assuring her that though he was determined upon being master in his own house, he awaited her repentance with open arms.

Clementina's reply, not published, may be gleaned from the king's categorical answer to her, written November 11. He reproached her with her readiness to listen to all manner of tales brought against him, and of being prejudiced against everything he said and did. He had always loved her and no other, and desired nothing so much as to please her in all things. He had borne her "poutings" patiently, trusting she would own her error. She possessed his whole and entire affection. He defended the Invernesses against her "unjust and extravagant notions," and charges of disrespect. They had never failed towards her of respect and service. As for her complaint that she might never see her son alone, the king having ordered that he must always be accompanied by governor or sub-governor, there had been no thought of keeping him from his mother; only that he might not "get alone amongst the servants, where children never learn anything good." As for the injured Mrs. Sheldon, he had been dissatisfied with her for some time, and being master in his family, he dismissed her. He reminded the queen that she had not dared to appeal to her father for sanction of her conduct, and ended with affectionate entreaty that she would reflect and would cease to resist his tenderness, which only awaited her return to revive afresh, never more to abate or end.

The queen refused to listen either to reason or affection,

[1] Printed with a following letter and his own *Memorial* which was sent to foreign Courts and to England in his defence. British Museum, in several reports; Hist. MSS. Commission, Report X., vi. pp. 217, &c., and separately in pamphlet form.

and on November 15 she left the palace with Lady Southesk for the convent of St. Cecilia, where she received sympathetic visits from Cardinal Alberoni.

On the following day the king assembled the gentlemen of his Court, and informed them officially of the queen's proceeding, and of all he had done to prevent it. He issued his *Memorial* for public circulation, stating his case, and ascribing his consort's conduct entirely to the machinations of his enemies. But he was never given the benefit of a moment's doubt. All Europe—friend and foe, Pope and cardinals, wits of the London coffee-houses—believed Clementina's story, blamed the king, and sympathised with the pretty young queen. The Pope, the day after her flight, sent a bishop to inform the king that his Holiness would neither tolerate the education of the young princes as Protestants nor the "concubinage with Lady Inverness." James told the Pope to mind his own business; he had no occasion for his consent or advice in affairs which concerned his private family. As to the charge of adultery, he refused absolutely to answer it, or even to believe that such a message could be addressed to him, else the bearer would run the risk of having to leave the house by the window instead of the staircase.

Cardinal Alberoni took up Clementina's cause with vigour, and he still had great influence with the Queen of Spain. He too came to rebuke, never to inquire. The Pope refused James audience and threatened to stop his pension, sending three cardinals with this message; perhaps for safety in numbers, mindful of the window threat. To these his Majesty vouchsafed not one word of defence, or even of reply. James wrote to Ripperda, now the Spanish Prime Minister, on December 7, explaining the situation, of which Ormond, his own resident minister in Spain, had already informed the Government officially. He trusted in Ripperda's good offices with the king and queen to counteract the harm done by the ungrateful Alberoni, whose advice had nearly brought Spain to utter ruin. He hoped the influence of their Catholic Majesties would send the queen back to her duty. But Alberoni had too effectually worked upon Elizabeth Farnese, Clementina's cousin, who held in her hand her half-imbecile husband. She listened only to Alberoni's story, and was quite ready to believe in the omnipotent favourite and the

neglected wife. Had not her first exercise of royal power been to turn the Princesse des Ursins out of Spain, though she owed her crown to that lady's recommendation? So when James wanted to come to Spain to look after his own business then carried on there, as well as to state his matrimonial case in person, he was forbidden the country unless he came accompanied by his wife.

On her side, Clementina wrote to the Duchess of Bouillon, her sister, giving full account of the outrages she had endured, even saying that James had struck her; all of which tales Caroline indignantly believed. Clementina wrote also to the Duchess of Bourbon, *née* Mademoiselle de Conti, urging her to bring influence to bear upon her duke, the minister, and upon the young king, that they might command the renunciation of Lady Inverness. So the miserable wrangle went on, nursed by political enemies with the purpose of shocking British domestic instinct. Regardless not only of wifely duty but of duty to the two little children as to whose welfare she had professed herself so anxious, Clementina remained at the convent from November 15, 1725, to June 2, 1727. James appealed again and again,[1] entreating her for her own sake and her children's to return; representing how prejudicial it would be to his interests to dismiss Lord Inverness, who had charge of all his correspondence, there being no one else fitted to take his place at so critical a time; reproaching her for her unreasonableness, but assuring her he was ready to receive her with open arms as soon as she would return to her duty. "He displayed throughout the whole transaction," says Glover, "a kindliness of feeling and a desire of forgetting her strange conduct that does him infinite credit."

Ormond also wholly acquits James; states on the best of authority that his master loved the queen entirely, and that the quarrel was all about the Protestant tutor; that James was greatly distressed by receiving harsh answers to his gentle remonstrances; "moved," he told Ormond, "to the last degree, and could not imagine why his wife, to whom he had given no occasion, should behave in such a manner; nevertheless preserving his natural sweetness of temper."

James's own history must be called to bear witness in

[1] Lord Braye's MSS., Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports. Letters from James to Clementina, Feb. 20 and June 20, 1726.

the case. Was he prone to take favourites for counsellors—to allow them to govern his will and judgment, though his moral character may be unassailable? Not one charge of favouritism save in the cases of Mar and Inverness has ever been brought against him. Faithful friends, faithfully loved and trusted, he had always had; ministers, too, he had trusted, till he found them out. His judgment of men had been true, unless in the case of Mar, for he never thought much of Bolingbroke; and one may far rather esteem Inverness on the king's word than blame the king for his confidence in Inverness. But he certainly made a grave mistake in the education of his sons. His latest disappointments had crushed his spirit and confused his judgment. He was as anxious as ever to act for the best, and according to his conscience, and also to learn from previous mistakes, but he had taken exclusively Protestant counsellors, and his old standards were shaken. Ramsay had probably been, like himself, a liberal Catholic of Fénélon's school; James had an object-lesson of intolerance at hand in his wife. Loyal himself to his faith, he may have come to shrink from compelling his helpless sons to wreck their future on the same rock, even though it were the Rock of St. Peter. And he was weary and sick of heart. Perhaps, as Friar Kelly said impudently, two decades later, "the vapours over-clouded his Majesty's judgment."

NOTE.—Among the Add. MSS., British Museum (32,803, f. 125), may be found a "Narrative concerning a natural son of James III." This is the boast of a tipsy young man in a London tavern, who claimed to be a son of the king and of the Princess Clementina Sobieska, *born before their marriage*—that is, before they had seen each other. Besides the groundless legends above mentioned, there remains only the legend of Gainsborough's wife, said by Fulcher, quoting Allan Cunningham, to be "the daughter of one of our own exiled princes; nor was she, when a wife and mother, desirous of having this circumstance forgotten." "You know, my love," she said to her niece, "I am a prince's daughter." Her name was Margaret Burr. She married Thomas Gainsborough, the painter, about 1745, when she was eighteen. She had an annuity of £200 a year, and much mystery surrounded her. Some said she was a daughter of the Duke of Bedford. She was out of her mind in her later years. Fulcher says her brother was a commercial traveller, employed by Gainsborough. Lord Caryll's words, "no such thing happened while he resided [in Rome]," dispose also of Walton's later gossip.

CHAPTER XXVIII

RECONCILIATIONS

THE only hope for Jacobitism was that the three crowns might be successfully fished for in troubled European waters. In 1716 the birth of Maria Theresa and the Pragmatic Sanction had troubled the waters, especially those of Spain and the Italian States, with hopes of new successions and redistribution of territory. Spain hoped for Gibraltar and other spoils, which would embroil her with England. In these expectations she extended to James, and James to her, promises which were futile. The once brilliant but now wildly licentious and adventurous Duke of Wharton persuaded James that his hour was about to strike, and, on January 20, Allan Cameron was sent to Scotland to tell James's story about his quarrels with his wife and Mar, and to organise a rising. Lockhart was unpersuaded; he hated and suspected Inverness (Hay). Seaforth's Mackenzies, moved by their impoverished and disappointed chief, Clan Donnell, Clan Chattan, Lochiel, the Appin men were being disarmed. The "persecuted and misrepresented Remnant," the organised Cameronian Societies, were, said Lockhart, "a giddy-headed, humorous people," hard to manage. No one else has called the Remnant humorous and giddy. Wharton, in April, was sent to stir up Spain, and 10,000 men were looked for from Catherine of Russia. Wharton was never sober; James was not wanted at Archangel. Wharton was reconciled to the Church; Atterbury was furious. James had no taste for this conversion. George I. was dying, and Sir Robert Walpole, expecting no good from George II., was said to be wavering. James went to Bologna, whence he attempted to mollify Clementina by writing most reasonable letters. There is no reasoning with *une hystérique*, and James, returning to Rome, induced Prince Charles to say "his little catechee" to the Pontiff. The prince had "a good sprag memory," and was a vigorous, lively, sporting child, but

was supposed to have been infected with Protestant ideas, by his governor, Dunbar.

On April 3, 1727, James gave way, and, by the advice of Inverness himself, sacrificed him to Clementina ; replacing him by Sir John Græme.

In January 1727 George I. announced to Parliament that the recent treaty of Vienna provided for the restoration of James, who would restore Gibraltar and Port Mahon to Spain. The Spanish, and the ardent Wharton, besieged Gibraltar vainly, and on June 12 George I. died suddenly. James hurried to Nancy, to be ready for anything ; Clementina wanted at last to join him in Lorraine, but nobody wanted James in Lorraine. Allan Cameron reported that he would be unwelcome in Scotland, and Atterbury, full of gout and grievances, wished to resign his management of the king's affairs. Already, in March, Lockhart's correspondence had been betrayed or detected, and he, the clearest head of the party, had fled to the Continent, a broken-hearted man. Horatio Walpole, British ambassador to France, compelled the friendly and reluctant Duke of Lorraine to send James on his travels. James went to Avignon, not without hopes of renewed aid from his brother, the Duke of Berwick. He sent (October 24) for Clementina, and France sent an equivocally worded pass, but she preferred to stay in Italy, for she heard that Inverness (Hay) was as much in James's favour as ever. In January 1728 James rejoined his wife at Bologna. The kind Duke of Liria persuaded himself that he had reconciled the pair, and Mrs. Sheldon, *Origo mali*, was sent to a convent. The reconciliation was not enthusiastic ; James annoyed his wife by going to a party on Shrove Tuesday, and they quarrelled over Sheldon's expenses home. In March died his good friend, Cardinal Gualterio. Clementina actually received the Invernesses with civility ; but was said to have found new grounds for jealousy. Walton trumped up a story of James's passion for a pretty Miss Bourke, daughter of Sir Toby Bourke. Roman society, ever greedy of such scandal, believed the worst. A respectable prince was to it inconceivable ; but the fact that Clementina was quite kind to little Miss Bourke disposes of suspicion. James was very fond of having both boys and girls about him. Clementina's temper was further embittered by disappointment as to a baby, mistakenly expected in 1728–9.

James returned to Rome in January, but Clementina remained longer at Bologna. At the canonisation of St. John Nepomuck, March 19, 1729, he sat on a throne, at the Pope's right hand, to the indignation of Walton. The Duke of Hamilton came to Rome at the end of March, but though his doors were shut in Walton's face, there was nothing at present to do for King James. English Jacobites, nevertheless, kept coming to Rome and chattering of the king's ever-imminent departure.

There was no domestic happiness at the Muti Palace, and in June James was wishing he could find some prudent means of separation. Then, in that very year, a new interest came into Clementina's life, and led her to find in piety and asceticism the comfort and distraction she had failed to find in home interests, and was refused in politics. A famous Franciscan mission-preacher, Brother Leonard of Port-Maurice, afterwards beatified, came to give his first mission in Rome, and the queen fell under his influence. She placed herself under his direction, and was advised by him "how to attain those heights of perfection to which she believed herself directly called."

The Pope, Benedict XIII., died on February 21, 1730, and the spring *villeggiatura* was unusually dull, owing to the absence of James's cardinal friends in the conclave, and in spite of the cheerful presence of the girls who accompanied their parents to the Court of Albano. Walton admits James looked the picture of misery all the time. On July 12, Clement XII., Corsini, was elected. He was not expected to be a friendly Pope, though James and the Pope's nephew Corsini were very intimate friends, James having exerted himself during the conclave on behalf of Cardinals Imperiali, Davia, Salviati, and Corradini. James's finances were very low, nothing came in from England, but the new Pope sent him 10,000 scudi to pay off his more pressing debts.

In November Lord Cornbury came to Rome, and was soon lured into the Muti Palace. A steady and able man, he was well worth gaining. At Christmas the Pope reconciled James and Clementina; the Invernesses were sent for, and at the beginning of the New Year the king and queen drove out together. On January 4 the Duchess of Buckingham and her dying son arrived in Rome, and were received with great distinction and affection, especially by the queen.

Clementina's new outside interest shed little sunshine on her home, though in January 1731 she was sufficiently amenable to receive her enemy Lord Inverness with civility. But in March Baron de Pollnitz, who knew the exiled family intimately, describes James as leading a very melancholy life ; looking a mere skeleton, but strikingly resembling both Charles II. and his father. Pollnitz, for all his intimacy, was capable of calling James II. his "supposed" father, even though he cited the likeness as testimony of his host's authenticity. He was capable also of taking the melancholy countenance for the cloak of vicious tastes which the priests kept in check; quoting the scandal about Lady Inverness as proof of his aspersion, but he says nothing of Clementina's imaginary "Roman rivals." He found James, at the same time, sincerely attached to his religion, yet no bigot. His table was served for a dozen guests. The queen ate at her own little table ; probably because she observed fasts and abstinences, which James and Prince Henry never were able to observe. The king sat between his two sons and talked a great deal at meals. In the evenings he would amuse himself for a while with his sons and gentlemen, and later received cardinals and other guests of distinction. The queen apparently did not share in her family's diversions. The French cardinals visited him daily, English alliance notwithstanding.[1] In August Clementina's new sanctity achieved a miracle! She awoke one night to send a message to the Superior of the St. Cecilia Convent that one of the nuns required help, as was found to be true. The miracle would now be regarded as a good case of telepathy.

At that time James and Clementina were at peace, and even held their wedding in such tender memory that they presented to the cathedral of Montefiascone a magnificent set of pontifical gold and silver vestments ; among them a cope and a chalice veil embroidered with Oriental pearls by the queen's own hands. They had occasionally visited Montefiascone since the marriage. In affectionate return for these gifts, the dignitaries of the cathedral promised to found an

[1] On January 25 Walton was attacked in his carriage by armed men, who threatened to shoot him unless he swore to leave Rome in a few days. They were supposed to be, and doubtless were, emissaries of the Duchess of Buckingham or the Jacobites of the Court. Walton accordingly went to Florence, and from henceforth wrote from that address, protected by the English envoys.

annual mass to be sung for England on St. Edward's Day. Letters from James and Clementina, dated September 22, 1731, thanking the grateful canons for the kind things they had said on accepting the gift, remain in the cathedral archives.[1]

Here is a fable from Walton's mythology. The English Jacobites, having no enemy to fight, were sadly given to fighting one another, and gave much scandal in Rome, Walton says, by their riotous living. In May 1731 James Edgar challenged Lochiel, who had struck him in a cabaret. Lochiel fled to the sanctuary of an Irish Franciscan convent. James threatened both with disgrace if not reconciled in a few days. Lochiel disappeared a fortnight later, and Edgar placarded him as a coward all over the walls of Rome.[2]

It was a time of quiet in Jacobite circles. The councils reported by Walton of James, the Earl Marischal, Dunbar, General Tom Forster, and Sir Toby Bourke were mere conversations. The Treaty of Seville in March 1729 had for the present cut off all hope of foreign assistance. The Earl Marischal could bring no hopeful news from Spain, and spoke very openly to his master on the subject. England, France, and Spain were united in defensive alliance ; Spanish troops in Tuscany and Parma guarded succession there for the Queen of Spain's eldest son, Carlos. The Emperor was isolated and angry till in 1731 Walpole averted new war by guaranteeing assent to the Pragmatic Sanction. European attention was entirely occupied by these great matters, and Jacobites, hopeless of the sad, disheartened king, were glad to pause until his hopeful heir should be ready to take his place at their head.

At this time Corsica was struggling for independence from Genoa, and Theodore de Neuhof had offered himself as its king. He had married the only daughter of Sarsfield the Rapparee, Earl of Lucan, by the first Duchess of Berwick. It seems to have struck the Earl Marischal that, Great Britain being apparently lost, James and Prince Charles should take over the island rather than King Neuhof, then on a missionary tour through Europe on its behalf and his own. The Earl Marischal was to be Corsican Prime Minister under the Stuart

[1] *Storia di Montefiascone ;* Buti.
[2] Walton, State Papers, Tuscany, 32.

dynasty. At least, Corsica would be preferable to Rome as a residence in the eyes of English Protestants. Many English Jacobites supported the scheme, including George Kelly, Atterbury's sometime secretary, to whose romantic soul it appealed. There must have been more of jest than romance in the project, which might have appealed also to the wild young Duke of Wharton, but his wildness was stilled. On May 31, 1731, he had died, almost in the odour of sanctity: clothed in the Bernardine habit in a Catalonian monastery. His life had been more loss than his death. He might have served his king well had he known how to rule himself. Atterbury had said of him: "His great abilities are beyond dispute. He alone could render them less useful than they might have been."

That good and faithful servant was himself passing away. The bishop was dying in Paris. James was intensely anxious as to the fate of Atterbury's papers. He wrote again and again to Colonel O'Brien, his agent in Paris, and to James Murray, authorising them to demand the documents, but they were not sent. On Tuesday, March 3, 1732 (O.S. February 22), Atterbury died.[1] His death was kept very secret. Until the following day no one knew but Lord Sempil (of James's creation), and the two most intimately about him, Lloyd and Salkeld. Carte was informed that Atterbury, not long before his death, had sent for this Lloyd, son of David Lloyd,[2] and had recommended the care of his papers to him. O'Brien found out, the night after Sempil knew, that Atterbury was dead, and sent the news to Rome. He did not receive the news from Sempil, who, acting as sole authority, told nobody of the bishop's death until the following morning, when he sent the necessary notice to the authorities, and they came only at nine that night to seal the bishop's effects. But Sempil had employed the two days seeking out the papers and putting them "in a private place." He wrote to James that Atterbury had confided the future of the papers to himself and Salkeld until the arrival of Mr. Morice, the bishop's son-in-law, now hurrying to the

[1] O'Brien's letter to the king, dated March 10, says that Atterbury died "last Tuesday morning." In 1732 March 3 was a Tuesday. The date upon his grave in Westminster Abbey is February 22 (O.S.). Some histories carelessly give the date February 15. 1732 was a leap year.

[2] Often called Floyd.

deathbed. Lewis Innes, President of the Scots College, told Sempil that O'Brien was "highly dissatisfied," but Sempil refused to believe that O'Brien had any authority from the king to interfere. When Innes convinced him that James had given "some directions of that kind," Sempil deposited the sealed boxes of effects in the Scots College, pending the arrival of Morice, who presently came and took them into his own custody. Then Innes wrote to the king that Sempil really was the person whom Atterbury had trusted, to ensure that neither James himself nor France should have the papers. Especially must they be withheld from O'Brien. Sempil declared to James that he had been afraid only of seizure by the Hanoverian ambassador, but James was much displeased. Atterbury's body was carried to England and buried in Westminster Abbey. Papers were perhaps taken from his coffin by Morice when safe in England. It was said that they were sought by the Government in his body and in his head. No portion of Atterbury's correspondence with James or his agents in 1722 has been discovered among the Stuart Papers except the letters published by Glover.

The character of Atterbury cannot be discussed in this place to any purpose. At Christchurch he had been reckoned fiery and domineering. Constant attacks of gout and many *tracasseries* did not improve his temper. At his trial he declared, appealing to his God, his innocence of treasonable dealings, and he kept up the pretence to Swift and Pope and his other friends, whose number and character show that he had qualities not conspicuous in his Jacobite correspondence. A truculent Protestant, he ruined himself for a Catholic king, and almost his latest action was to write a letter full of angry insinuations of bad faith to Inverness, who had changed his creed. That was the affair of Inverness alone: we have no reason for believing in the charges of Atterbury. As to his charges of betrayal against Mar, it is certain that Mar displayed much dangerous folly. That he deliberately sold Atterbury is assuredly not proved, and is *primâ facie* improbable.

Then Scottish ritualists who had troubled in 1723 began to squabble about the "mixt cup" which Atterbury had authorised by obtaining an order from Rome (that is, from the Muti Palace) that the Scottish Episcopalians should unite, and that

the mixt cup should be allowed to all such as desired it. Sovereignty of a Protestant people brings curious spiritual responsibilities to a Catholic monarch.

Though Carte the historian had been acting as Atterbury's secretary, he returned to England shortly after the bishop's death. In that same year, his friend Lady Oglethorpe died, and the old story of her child having been substituted for James in infancy was revived. It was useful for the discrediting of the young princes in Rome.

Two months after Atterbury's death, that other umquhile servant of the king, the Duke of Mar, died at Aachen. Having since 1725 been entirely dissociated from Jacobite politics and unable to regain his place in Great Britain, he had amused himself with architectural designs and drawings. He had always been interested in architecture. He had lived in Paris until 1729, and then, again ailing, removed to Aachen. In 1730 his wife had been declared a lunatic, and taken from him. She survived until 1761.

Mar seems the easiest to understand of all the wavering Jacobite leaders. He appears to have been a man to whom fixed principle was entirely alien. His sympathies were with the heir of the Scottish kings, but his will was much more strongly against risking his own position. He was all along for his own hand. He would have received James landing in England in 1714 with whole-hearted delight, but as it was not James who landed, he received George with not insincere professions of loyalty. George rebuffed him, and he turned to James. James's failure compelled him to exile, and his native king's trustful affection gave him the only chance of great position that remained to him. But Mar had a son and heir, and would be "hame, hame." There seemed no hope of his new dukedom becoming more than a name. He tried to sit on two stools; to win Stair and restoration to rank and possessions without losing what, in default, might be got from James. He was quite an honest sort of waverer, even consulting his king in his dubious dealings, and receiving his permission to proceed with them. He was therefore an honourable person compared with Marlborough.

In April there was again great stir among the Jacobites. The Duke de St. Aignan had come to Rome as French ambassador, and he was a warm friend of the king's. Ormond and

Sir Patrick Lawless were expected, and Father Calaghan was going about again. Prince Charles made his first communion on Easter Day (April 13). In June it was said that he was to travel with Ormond to Spain, and Walton was seriously uneasy at the unexpected friendliness of the Pope towards James. Tyrrel, King James's agent at Florence, was corresponding busily with Rome. There was even talk among the Jacobites of a marriage between Prince Charles and the Princess of Mecklenburg, heiress-presumptive of Russia, which Ormond was to manage. The Duke of Liria, now at the Court of Vienna, had suggested it. There was a rumour in Rome that James had slipped away from Albano, but he was presently (June 20) seen driving with his sons, and Ormond delayed his coming, though the palace vacated by the Duchess of Buckingham had been taken for him.

On August 3, 1732, old Sir William Ellis died, so long James's treasurer, and was buried in the English cemetery where Keats sleeps under the violets. Many Jacobite bones lie mouldering there. In 1733 another very faithful and a very gallant servant was lost to James in General Sir Arthur Dillon.

CHAPTER XXIX

PRINCE CHARLES AT GAETA

"To daunton me, an' me sae young,
An' gude King James's auldest son!
O that's the thing that ne'er can be,
For the man's unborn that'll daunton me!
O set me ance on Scottish land,
An' gie me my braidsword in my hand,
Wi' my blue bonnet aboon my bree,
An' shaw me the man that'll daunton me."

In 1733 Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, died. An effort to secure the reversion of his elective crown was privately suggested to James, through the medium of Clementina, by her father, Prince James Sobieski, who declared that this was practically an offer of the crown, so confident was he that his support would carry the election. James declined the offer. "My own country," he wrote to Prince James (March 28), "engages my whole heart and all my inclinations, the laws and interests of which have been my principal study. . . . I own that I shall heartily regret that my son, the Duke of York, is not of an age to be a candidate. The blood of the Sobieskis runs in his veins, and by what may be judged of a child of so tender years, he will not be unworthy of it."[1]

But James and his son had the luck to escape the pains and perils of that thorny crown. Augustus was succeeded by his son, Augustus III. of Saxony, only to be opposed and deposed by Louis XV. in the name of his own father-in-law, Stanislas Leczcinski, who in his turn was deposed and banished; while the victorious Augustus, who reigned until 1763, led Poland through a series of disasters which paved the way to her final ruin and dismemberment.

At Christmas 1733 there was an alarm that Prince Charles—or both the princes—was to be kidnapped, with his own consent, by the English travellers in Rome, to be carried to

[1] Hist. MSS. Comm., Report X., 2, p. 163–164; Eliot Hodgkin MS.

England to be turned into a Protestant. James sent suddenly and urgently to the Pope on Christmas Eve for a guard of soldiers. The soldiers were sent, filled the palace and guarded the piazza for some time.

In the stormy business of the Polish succession, the Stuart family was nevertheless to be concerned. The Duke of Berwick was called from laurelled repose in his beloved garden at Fitzjames to lead the French army on the Rhine against his old adversary, Prince Eugène. Philippsbourg was invested on June 12. As Berwick was mounting his horse, a cannon-ball from the walls struck him in the neck, and he fell dead. His son Edward, who was with him, was covered with his father's blood.

Never since the death of Turenne, says Marshal Daun, had there been such mourning in the armies of France. When the news reached Versailles, all public amusements were stopped. Such a cloud hung over France that a stranger would have thought the troops had been cut to pieces. Public places were hung in black, and windows were darkened. The magistrates of Paris offered their shoulders to carry the dead hero from Philippsbourg. Weeping crowds lined the roads by which the great cortège passed. The aged Prince Eugène added his voice to his great foeman's threnody: Berwick had lived a soldier's life and had died a soldier's death, and he wished that he himself might die as gloriously.[1] Villars, that child of fortune, now on his death-bed, said he had always declared Berwick to be luckier than himself. Now he had had the luck to meet death with honour in the trenches, while Villars must receive him shut up in bed. James Fitzjames was laid, as he had desired, beside his royal father, in the chapel of the English Benedictines at Paris. King James and his sons attended his requiem in the church of St. Louis of France at Rome.

Berwick's eldest son, James Francis, Duke of Liria, Earl of Tynemouth, and Field-Marshal of Spain, who now succeeded to his English titles, was commanding the Spanish troops in Southern Italy. He had stayed at the Muti Palace on his way thither in March, and had invited James and his sons to come and visit him in Naples. He was followed by Don Carlos of Spain, the claimant to the Neapolitan crown. This made great and brilliant stir in the palace, ordinarily so dull. Naples, a

[1] *Memoirs of Marshal Daun.*

fief of Aragon since 1435, had, in the War of the Spanish Succession, fallen to the arms of the Emperor, and the Peace of Utrecht had left him in possession. The Emperor was now the warm though secret supporter of Augustus of Saxony, Sir Robert Walpole having forbidden his open participation in this war of succession. But the Queen of Spain saw here her opportunity of gaining Naples to Bourbon rule, and of providing a crown for her younger son, Don Carlos, though she had already made him duke of her native Parma, the House of Farnese being extinct in the male line. She persuaded Fleury to help her to the crown of Naples for the boy. The allied Bourbon armies accordingly marched through Italy and laid siege to Gaeta and Capua.

The Duke of Liria was preparing for the siege of Gaeta, when on June 27 he received the news of his father's death. Overwhelmed with grief, he retired to Naples for a month of mourning, leaving the command to General Zweveghen. On July 23 the duke had a letter from King James, informing him that he was about to send Prince Charles to Gaeta to learn the art of war with his cousin, Charles of Spain. He would be placed in charge of the new Duke of Berwick, who was deeply sensible of the honour of such a precious trust.[1]

Prince Charles arrived in the camp on August 3, incognito as the Chevalier de St. George. Sir Thomas Sheridan and Dunbar and two other gentlemen accompanied him, and he had two friars as chaplains. Berwick found the honour assigned to him somewhat discounted by the anxiety he suffered from his charge's reckless delight in danger.[2] The young Chevalier was something of a "handful," as the old Chevalier had been in old Flanders days; though this Berwick, being responsible, was less easy over it than the great marshal had been when the distracted Booth appealed to him. But there is affectionate pride rather than complaint in the account he sent to his brother, the Duke of Fitzjames:—

"The Spaniards are much delighted with the accomplishments of that young gentleman. . . . We have now, God be thanked, accomplished the taking of Gaeta, the siege of which, though it held but a very short time, gave me more anxiety than

[1] *Conquista de Napoles y Sicilia, por el Duque de Berwick. Coleccion de Escritores Castellanos.* Madrid, 1890.
[2] *Ibid.*

any I have ever known. You cannot imagine the uneasiness I was under. I speak in regard to the Prince of Wales. The king his father sent him hither to the siege, with his commands that I should not only take him into my care but on all occasions lead him on to glory: a task which gave me more pain than all that happened to me besides. The prince was scarce arrived when he entered the trenches with me, where neither the noise of cannon nor the hiss of bullet could produce any sign of fear in him. Next day, being my turn to relieve the trenches, I chanced to be in a house much exposed to the enemy's fire, when five shot penetrating at once I thought it time to quit my station. But the prince coming up soon after, far from being terrified at the instant danger, entered the house and continued there a considerable time without any kind of dread [while] the walls were broke through on every side of him. In a word, this prince shows that souls born for great and noble achievements always outwing the common course of years. . . . Now delivered from my pain, I can indulge myself in pleasure of beholding a prince who has so much endeared himself to men of all ranks in the army. There is a perfect charm in everything he does or says. . . . The King of Naples is perfectly ravished with him. . . ."

The duke does not give the well-known story of the prince at Gaeta; how, when his hat blew into the sea, he would not have them bring it back to him, but bade it swim on "to England." Perhaps it belongs to the Stuart Apocrypha.

Gaeta fell on August 9, and Don Carlos, as King Charles of Naples, entered in triumph, accompanied by the Prince of Wales. They rode to the cathedral, where the bishop sang *Te Deum*, and a triple salute was fired in the square. Next day they went to Naples by sea in a squadron of Spanish galleys; the Prince of Wales followed the king in a galley specially prepared for him. He stayed a month at Naples, where the young king was crowned, and the prince, says Berwick, made himself greatly loved by all who saw him.

Proud as James was of his son and heir, he was jealous for the younger boy, whose merits stood in danger of eclipse by his brother's military glory. The little nine-year-old Duke of York had cried to ride to Gaeta with his brother, and passionately flung away his little sword on being refused leave to flesh it so early. To punish him his father took away his

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

From the Miniature in the possession of James Cheape, Esq., of Strathtyrum

garter, saying it did not become him to wear one without the other.

"As far as one can judge of a child of his age, he promises yet more than the prince," James writes to Colonel O'Brien. "My son's good behaviour is prodigiously talked of, and is a very great comfort to me," he writes at the same time to Lord Inverness. ". . . I have all reason to hope that his brother will not be inferior to him when he makes his appearance in the world, for at present he promises at least as much, and I have also the satisfaction to see they love one another very well, tho' I believe the Duke's affliction on his brother's journey proceeded as much from emulation as tenderness."

Prince Charles was enchanted with his new experiences of camp and court; outwinging in other than martial delights the more prudent course befitting his years, but too natural to a boy not fourteen out on a holiday of unusual allurements. The king, proud of the praises that reached him of his first-born from all sides, had occasion for anxiety, and was compelled to warn the boy as to his conduct with regard both to himself and his illustrious comrade. The young head was evidently somewhat turned by triumph, for James wrote to Charles, September 1: "I . . . hope in answer to this you will show me you have profited of my last letter which I recommend you to read over now and then. Your last indisposition will, I hope, contribute to make you more temperate in your dyet. . . . When you take leave of the King of Naples, you will return him thanks in a proper manner for his goodness to you and ask him the continuation of his friendship, adding compliments in the Queen's name and mine with our acknowledgments to him on your account. . . . I beseech God to bless you and give you grace to apply yourself and improve in all respects as you ought, I being yet more solicitous about that than about your health, as dear as it is to me." "You will take care that my son, in consequence of what I now write to him, speaks in a proper manner to the King of Naples in taking leave of him," the king wrote to Dunbar. Charles had evidently kicked at the reverence due to his Majesty, the boy-conqueror of Naples, by such a great person and distinguished hero as the fourteen-year-old Prince of Wales: sad forecast of crazy self-will and self-importance in years to come. A sadder forecast still is his father's anxiety

as to his "diet." A self-willed boy in a camp is sorely tempted to emulation of carelessly-living seniors, and at fourteen the fatal habit may have been learnt that brought him and his cause to ultimate ruin.

On September 12, the Prince left Naples for Rome. The queen was in wretched health, suffering from asthma, and her husband dreaded the coming winter for her. The doctors, it was said, would not allow her to leave Rome for the sharp air of Albano, though she had never spent more than a few days there at the end of the king's *villeggiature*. She passed a day there now and then with the king, as before, returning to Rome at nights. James went to Albano to receive the prince, who returned from his campaign, glorious and well, on September 14—not incognito, but in great state as Prince of Wales, with a guard of fifty men, an officer and a flag, as he remembered forty years later ; also with two Spanish horses, the gift of the King of Spain and the enthusiastic praises of every one who had seen him. His father drove to meet him on the road to Genzano. Next day his mother came to welcome him, bringing the Duke of York, returning to Rome after dinner. She went back and forward between Rome and Albano during the autumn, and was able to nurse the dying Duchess of St. Aignan. She had lived just long enough to share in her boy's triumph.

It was, alas! necessary to temper the joy of home-coming by paternal rebuke, and the prince took this in such bad part that he had to be punished by confinement to his rooms. The laurels of Gaeta had turned his head completely. From this time he was his own master. He had already thrown off the rule of tutors, and now he struggled to emancipate himself from the rule of his father and sovereign, and a separate party began to form in the Court.

James was far too wise to exult without measure in his boy. He was pleased that the Duke of Berwick should suppose Dunbar to have educated him well, but as to the public admiration, "he did no doubt behave very well, tho' on like occasions the world sometimes exaggerates even in good." Congratulations poured in from France, from the boy's grandfather, Prince James Sobieski, who was in ill-health ; from everybody. James sent Charles to pay his respects to the Pope, who was much pleased with him.

The Duke of Berwick had not accompanied the prince, as had been expected. He stayed behind to besiege Capua. Already the shadow of death had fallen upon him in the height of his brilliant prosperity. He had inherited consumption from his mother, and though he kept his command in Naples, he was seriously ill, spitting blood.

The Duchess of Berwick, the marshal's widow, had always acted the part of a typical stepmother towards Honora de Burgh's son. Now she requested of the king that her husband's insignia of the Garter might be given to her own son, the Duke of Fitzjames, who was bringing it to his Majesty. But the king said he had already promised it to the present Duke of Berwick, for whom he had always a great affection: more than ever now, since he had taken such good care of the prince. The Duke of Fitzjames could not reasonably pretend to it, and must hand the Garter over directly to his brother. James referred only to the marshal's insignia, for in his own journal of his journey and embassy to Russia the Duke of Berwick says that the king gave him his K.G. in 1728, when he assisted—on the way, or on a stolen visit a little later—in making peace between their Majesties. The "Jacobite Peerage" among the Stuart Papers dates the K.G. 1725.

Though the king and queen were living peaceably together, and the prince and his Spanish cousin were on the most friendly terms, James was still ignored by the Spanish sovereigns. "[Their] conduct towards me is certainly mighty particular," wrote James. His pension had not been paid for nine years, and only a small portion of the pensions paid by Philip V. to the princes had reached them. James kept a Father Clerk as a sort of agent at the Spanish Court, but Clerk had done little good for him there.

The Earl Marischal had left James's Court, which he found "no place for an honest man," and joined Ormond at Avignon. From thence he went to sunny Spain as James's accredited representative, but he did little more than Father Clerk had done. James tried to content himself with the kindness shown by that incomprehensible Court to his son.

The queen died at Rome, January 18, 1735. James, always so reserved as to outward expression of his private griefs, broke down completely when he lost her. He had watched by her

sick-bed with the greatest care and tenderness.[1] Her sons made themselves nearly ill with weeping, and her father, Prince James Sobieski, is said to have nearly died of grief.

Her body, clothed in her ordinary dress, was immediately carried from the palace to the Church of the Holy Apostles, accompanied by five of her ladies, her servants, and a great train on foot bearing torches and wax candles. The Duchess of Strozzi, who had lovingly attended upon her friend during her illness, presided over the embalming of her body, after which she was clothed in the Dominican habit, and lay in state until Sunday, January 22.

Then the magnificent state funeral took place at the Pope's expense (who also paid for all the family mourning). Of wax alone, 13,000 pounds were burned. She was now dressed in royal robes of laced gold and ermine, clasped with gold, and a purple velvet mantle lined with ermine, under which her fair hair hung loose about her neck—the lovely hair her knights had so admired when they carried her off from Innsbruck. She was next conveyed to a bed of state in the basilica of the Holy Apostles, placed under a canopy surmounted by a crown and surrounded by lights. Thirty-two cardinals in purple mourning habits knelt around, while the friars of the basilica chanted the Office for the Dead. Then the body was carried in procession to St. Peter's, followed by all the religious orders in Rome, the clergy of St. Peter's, the chamberlain and clergy of Rome, the choir of St. Peter's, the Chapter, and her own household and the king's. The streets were lined with guards, and all the windows and balconies were crowded with sightseers. The king watched the funeral procession from his palace windows, and spent the day in prayer with his sons.[2] After the High Mass, her ladies removed the regal robes, leaving only the simple Dominican habit, white tunic and scapular, black cloak with capuce, and they put the veil of the sisters about her head.[3]

Then she was coffined, and laid "for the present" in the crypt under the north aisle of the great Church of St. Peter. Her heart was taken to the Church of the Holy Apostles, where

[1] Letter in the Bodleian, dated Rome, January 23, 1735. Printed as a pamphlet in the British Museum.

[2] State Papers, Tuscany, 37.

[3] From the printed Account of the Funeral Ceremonies of Clementina, Consort of James III. British Museum.

a mural tablet commemorates it. The Pope raised another and larger mural monument to her memory in St. Peter's, which bears her portrait, and confronts Canova's monument to the memory of her husband and sons.

Fra Leonardo was absent in Iesi when he heard of her death. He had had constant news of her during her illness from the Duchess of Strozzi, and had written to her as constantly. He was very uneasy about his last letter, which might not have arrived until after her death ; for the Father, of course, believed his royal penitent's stories of her matrimonial martyrdom, and his sympathy could hardly be calculated to please a husband.

James behaved more considerately in the matter of this belated letter than Clementina had apparently given her director reason to expect. He writes to the Frate on February 12, 1735, acknowledging condolences, then :—

"I have always intended to write to you since my loss, but time has constantly failed me. However, I have not failed to burn, without reading it, one of your letters which was found, with other papers, under the Queen's pillow after her death.

"All that you tell me of her gives me great comfort. She was beyond doubt ripe for heaven, where I hope she will obtain from God her soul's desire. I have much yet to say to you about her and about myself, but I do not care to confide such matters to paper ; the more so, as I experience some difficulty in writing with my own hand. For this reason I am impatient to see you again, as much to receive consolation and help from your teaching and kind words, as to inform you myself of some circumstances, which are for me and which will be for you a subject of consolation in what concerns the Queen. I beg of you to let me know when I can hope to receive you in these parts.

"I am very much obliged to you for your prayers for the Queen's soul and the share you kindly give me in them, in which I have the greatest confidence, as I shall always have the most sincere friendship for your person. JAMES R."[1]

In letters to secular friends, James shows that he had been reviewing his melancholy married life, and that though he still

[1] Labis, *Vie du B. Leonard de Port Maurice*.

could not see how he had erred in his conduct, he brought himself to forgive Mrs. Sheldon and even Cardinal Alberoni. It may be doubted whether he recognised that Clementina—who might have made a merry and loving wife to a man of a happy temperament and happy in his circumstances—was brought to her sad state by his own melancholy, his endless occupation with affairs, his daily disappointed hopes, by the mixed religious education of her son, and by her necessary but trying exclusion from political business. She had not expected poverty, a shadowy crown, an equivocal position, an atmosphere of gloom, when she fled from Innsbruck under the charge of the gallant, gay, and witty Wogan. She is perhaps the most pitiable of the victims on whom fell the shadow of the fate of the Stuarts.

So Clementina Sobieska passes out of history. So ends a poor, sad life in shadow, that had known a morning of brilliant hope; a life too short to see the manhood of her sons; a profoundly unhappy life, even beyond the unhappiness of other throneless queens. Disappointed ambition and constant ill-health may explain much of her behaviour, but cannot wholly excuse it.

The anonymous writer who describes her death and funeral says: "The only error she ever committed was owing to ill arts and her natural vivacity of temper. It was atoned for by repentance, frequently expressed in most moving terms; and her whole behaviour from the day of their reconciliation to the day of her death was a continual proof of the sorrowful sense she had of that fault towards a husband who never could be justly charged with one towards her, even upon that unhappy occasion."

Clementina bequeathed, besides her jewels and money, much of her character to her sons: to Charles, her restless ambition, her suspiciousness and jealousy, her impatience of contradiction and control; to Henry, her hot temper, her haughty spirit. She left also for the comfort and honour of her survivors the reputation of having, like James II., died in the odour of sanctity. Cardinal Gotti at once wrote the official "Life and Miracles" of Clementina, but such royal biographies are hardly evidence. From shortly after her death to 1771 at least, miracles of healing were attributed to her intercession.[1]

[1] State Papers, Tuscany. Add. MSS. British Museum, 34,638, f. 247; and others.

CHAPTER XXX

A GREAT ADVENTURE

"There was a wind, it cam' to me,
Over the south an' over the sea . . .
An' blew my plaid, my only stay,
Over the hills an' far away.

But though't has left me bare indeed
And blawn my bonnet off my head,
There's something hid in Highland brae,
It hasna blawn my sword away."

AFTER his wife's death the sad king grew sadder than ever, and spent long hours daily, not only in the Church of the Holy Apostles beside his palace, but in visiting other churches all over Rome. It is marvellous how such a busy man found the time. Always more or less of an invalid, his infirmities grew upon him, but neither health nor devotion nor society interfered, until the last years of his long life, with his constant and careful attention to business; nor did his melancholy, still less any irritation from the wear and tear of continual disappointment, ever change the gentle and courteous tone and clear reasonableness of his innumerable letters. His patience and tenderness with his sons, his gratitude to those who served him, his loyal trust in those he had reason to believe trustworthy, his high chivalrous refusal ever to stoop to base means to reach the much-desired end of his patient and laborious policy, his unfaltering common sense, remained for ever the same. His sons were growing up in great promise, and, aware of his own increasing physical inability ever to lead an army to victory, or to fill such a difficult post as that of a Catholic king over a Protestant people, he probably, though secretly, gave up at this time all intention of ever leaving Rome, and in his heart abdicated in favour of his gallant young heir. Schemes for immediate restoration being in abeyance, his chief care was now for his sons' education.

He brought them up to be sturdy English gentlemen,

born and bred though they were on Italian soil. From early childhood they were made accurately acquainted with English names and family histories. They spoke English *en famille*, and ate by preference of English dishes. They were both passionately fond of hunting on the Campagna, and went shooting small birds nearly every day in the Borghese gardens. An English adherent sent a present of bowls to Prince Charles, but he had no bowling-green, and he never learnt to play until he came to Blair Athol in 1745.

But it was a very dreary little Court in which the boys grew up: their father harassed on all sides by counsellors scrambling for influence over himself and his sons; all fiercely jealous of one another, Protestant of Catholic, Scottish of English and Irish. It was just as it had been at Bar and at St. Germain's; full of all the intrigues and jealousies and greeds of Versailles, said Prince Charles later, as the acorn contains the trunk and branches of the oak.

Idleness was the foe most to be dreaded for the princes, yet they grew up innocent as lilies among thorns. "Pleasurable vice," at least, Charles did not learn from his tutors, though he had thrown off the yoke of the study. The little Duke of York was delicate, and more studious and thoughtful than his elder; but Charles had thoughts of his own. His mind was turned entirely towards regaining his lost crown. For the present he was compelled to turn his energies to sport; to roughing it in the woods and on the bleak Campagna, hardening himself that he might be fit to lead a hardy race to victory. Lord Elcho, an "unfreend," said Charles spoke little to those who visited him, whereas Henry knew how to converse, and took much interest in English affairs. In middle age Charles was the better conversationalist of the two.

In April 1736 Lord Inverness came to Rome, and was received with great affection by James, with distinction by the Pope and society, but not with rapture by his brother-in-law, who was said to be jealous lest Hay should displace him in the despotic empire he possessed over the king. But that was only one of Walton's suppositions, and Inverness returned to Avignon on July 24.

Just when James was about to set off as usual for his spring sojourn at Albano, a curious "accident" happened to

delay him. The account given in Rome and reported by Walton was that on May 16 James was taken suddenly ill because of a shock. A coachman had maltreated "with words and blows" a Spanish pilgrim close to the Muti Palace, who had merely asked of him the way to the Datoria. The king's guards, hearing the disturbance, rushed up and severely handled the coachman, and the Pope sent the police. James was strangely disturbed by the occurrence; had a succession of fainting-fits, and kept his room three days, allowing no one to see him but his doctor. His sons went to Albano, but he could not follow them until the 25th; then quite cured *except for a swollen cheek*. Could the sacred Majesty of England itself have been the person so roughly knocked about? This does not seem to have occurred to Walton, but later, when he was engaged in watching for the slipping away of Prince Charles, his employers reminded him of carelessness with regard to a slipping away of James in 1736. There was constant rumour all through the summer that James was going to France; also persistent rumours of a marriage between Prince Charles and a French princess or his cousin of Bouillon. James was fully and continually in evidence all 1736 at Rome and Albano, but he may have made an attempt to escape to Paris to look after affairs there personally. The disguise would provide an easy method of leaving Rome with one of the many Spanish pilgrimages.

Jacobite hope continued buoyant. Rumours were joyously echoed about Rome that contemporary riots in London were in favour of James, though he and his Court took no interest in the more serious Porteous riots in Edinburgh which so greatly alarmed the Government as to its security.

The Duke of Berwick did not arrive at Albano until October. He was said to be on his way to Spain, and had many conferences with his uncle and the French ambassador, but he returned to Naples after a short visit. In February he came back to leave his son at the Clementine College and proceed himself to Spain, whither he was urgently summoned. But he was manifestly a dying man, wasted to a skeleton, and the doctors declared the journey could be undertaken only at the greatest risk. So the king forbade the journey, taking upon himself to arrange the matter with the Kings of Spain and Naples, and in April Berwick returned to Naples.

Prince James Sobieski, too, was dying. By a deed of gift dated February 12, 1737, he made over to the two Stuart princes the jewels pledged at the Monte de Pietà at Rome for 100,000 Polish crowns. These included the Polish crown jewels which had been pledged to the House of Sobieski, and which he had, in 1732, bequeathed to their mother. By the new deed he gave to them all sums due to him from the Republic of Poland, and especially the 400,000 Rhenish florins advanced on the security of the Duchy of Ohlau: reserving to himself a life interest and power of revocation.[1]

It was no doubt to return thanks for this gift that, in the spring of 1737, King James thought of sending Charles to visit his dying grandfather in Silesia. Prince James Sobieski was too ill to care for such a turbulent guest, and in May the boy was sent instead to make a tour about Italy incognito as Count of Albany: a title he was, alas! to resume long years after as a name for failure. Dunbar attended him; also Francis Strickland, who had been of the St. Germain's household, one of the loyal family of Sizergh; and Henry Goring. These two last very different men were to be thenceforth closely concerned in the hapless prince's history. The prince's adventures and ill-humours have been recorded elsewhere.[2] They produced no results of importance.

In December 1737 Prince James Sobieski died. Unfortunately his bequests to his grandsons did not benefit the legatees so pleasantly as was expected, but led to prolonged family litigation, and also to endless disappointments.

By this time death and division had left the conduct of Jacobite affairs in the hands of feeble folk, or of busy conspirators of relatively low rank. The Earl Marischal alone was by all men loved and trusted, but the Earl remained a Jacobite merely from a sense of honour. He was the last man to make a good conspirator, and cared little for kings and courts; his honesty, his humour, his lucidity and weariness of intrigue, kept him practically in the background.

In 1737 Lord Orrery died, and Colonel Cecil, who had married an Oglethorpe, cousin of Madame de Mezières, and was so much *lié* with Carte and the Oglethorpe family in their political affairs, succeeded to the Jacobite leadership in

[1] Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports, Report X., Part VI., p. 218; Lord Braye's MSS.
[2] Lang, *Prince Charles Edward.*

England. Lord Mahon doubts his discretion, and says that Walpole got secrets from him.

The Lord Mayor and the city were Jacobite and suspect. Intrigues at this time are more than usually bewildering; charges of complicity, more daring or more daringly denied; but it is fact that at this time there was much under way, and that Carte was a chief agent therein. James himself was quite in the dark; had "no expectation of any enterprise in [his] favour; in the raising of which report [he] trusted the government had no hand in," he wrote March 4, 1738.

Walpole was in power, but against him there was, headed by the heir to the Protestant succession, the most formidable of oppositions, described by himself as consisting of the Tories, the discontented Whigs and the Boys and all the literary lights of the day; all crying for war with Spain; all protesting against the corruption of the minister who was for peace. If Walpole should be pushed from high place, how should he help himself back? How had his enemy Bolingbroke acted in a like situation? War was in the air, and surely the hour and the man had come. On the last day of 1738 Prince Charles would be eighteen. Brave and daring, steadied beyond his years by high, fixed purpose, full of hope and fire, he was already the real though unrecognised king and leader. In him the White Rose had budded again, and was breaking to full flower.

The old men having nearly all died off, a new set came forward about this time; whether better or worse remains to be seen. In 1737 a young man came to Rome destined to play a darkly conspicuous part in the drama now opening—John Murray, afterwards of Broughton. He frequently met Prince Charles, but was not presented to the king, though he must have made Secretary James Edgar's acquaintance, and impressed him favourably.

In 1737 or 1738 Gordon of Glenbucket came to Rome with his scheme for a rising. King James found this mission lacking in authority, and sent Captain Hay of Drumelzie[1] to the Scotch Jacobites, and Murray of Broughton with him to assist him. Murray was at the same time selected by Edgar to fill Colonel Urquhart's place as unpaid correspondent in

[1] James was very kind to Hay of Drumelzie's brother, who wanted to fight a duel about nothing (1741); forgave him, reasoned kindly with him, like a father with a son, and when, the same night, the fiery young Celt broke out again, tenderly talked it over with him, and sent him to France to be out of the way. (Murray.)

Scotland: an appointment ratified by James, subject to the Duke of Hamilton's august approval as first Jacobite of Scotland.

Towards the end of 1738, seven Scottish chiefs took a solemn engagement to gather their vassals to the king's standard. They were the young Duke of Perth and his uncle, Lord John Drummond; Lord Linton, heir of Traquair, who succeeded to his father's peerage a few months later; Lochiel; Campbell of Auchinbreck, his father-in-law; Macgregor of Balhaldy, who, his family name being proscribed, called himself Drummond, who engaged "for poverty and ambition," says Murray, and who was from this date of great importance in Jacobite counsels;[1] and Lord Lovat, who was furious with the Government he had latest served, and engaged in the new plot, thirsting for money and revenge. Lord John Drummond went to Rome, anxious, says Murray, for the post of King James's agent at the French Court. Balhaldy was appointed to the post; hence no love lost between him and Lord John.

This was the opening chapter of the 'Forty-five. Balhaldy was commissioned to treat personally with the king in the name of the seven, but he did not arrive in Rome until early in 1740.

In June 1738 a very heavy grief came to James in the death of the Duke of Berwick. After a serious relapse in the preceding October he had rallied somewhat, as consumptives do, and had been appointed Spanish ambassador to the King of Naples. King James had affectionately interested himself in the building of a magnificent ambassadorial carriage to present to his very dear nephew, who had been so loyal and loving all his life. Though his malady was hopeless, his death came quite unexpectedly. His son, James Francis Edward, third duke, remained some years longer to finish his education at the Clementine College, and constantly visited King James, who did his best to supply a father's place; but he was less in the company of the princes than their inseparable friends, the young St. Aignans. All the year there were rumours of Prince Charles's approaching journey, and of his intended marriage

[1] He had been Sempil's "principal intelligencer" in Scotland; then came to Paris as Plenipotentiary for Scotland. The Scots said he had always been in low life; had tried several trades without success, and had left the country in danger of being taken up for a £50 note. So Lord John Drummond wrote to Edgar, February 25, 1743 (Stuart Papers, Browne). Lord John had stood up for him at first.

with a French princess or the Bouillon cousin, but the year dragged its monotonous days out without any such adventure.

At the Carnival of 1739, the prince-royal of the Saxo-Polish dynasty, a cripple, came to Rome, and was met at a Carnival masked ball by the two princes, sons of the Sobieski queen. Charles and Henry, to obviate difficulty of precedence, attended incognito but without masks ; dressed as two dainty Watteau shepherds in white silk and diamonds, and admired enthusiastically for their grace and beauty. Prince Henry especially was "more beautiful and dignified than could be imagined," writes Fanny Burney's "Daddy Crisp," who was present. "He danced miraculously, as they say he does all his exercises: singing, so I am told, most sweetly, and accompanies himself, and is, in short, the Admiration of Everybody." Prince Charles opened the ball, and presently King James came in, in mask and domino. Nothing could be more charming than the English princes' manners towards the Polish prince against whose cause the elder had fought. They had taught the Roman ladies to dance English country dances, as the fair young Honora de Burgh, Duchess of Berwick, had taught the ladies at Versailles, and the princes danced them at this Roman Carnival ball to old English tunes, while their father looked proudly on from his group of English gentlemen.

Other accounts give the palm to Prince Charles. "The elder has much better parts and a quicker apprehension than the younger, who, sensible of his inferiority in that respect, makes it up by greater application. The last is more lively, the other more considerate . . . both virtuous . . . both exceedingly good-natured and well-bred. . . ." "The elder, who is the more reasonable and has the better knowledge and judgment, does not show any attachment to any particular mode of religion, to which the younger seems more disposed!" Who would not hope the cause of such bright boys must come quickly out of the shadows? Such stories of their promise were spread in England by friend and foe alike.

On July 9, 1737, the last of the Medicean grand-dukes had died, and according to treaty, Francis of Lorraine, Maria Theresa's husband, had mounted the throne of "Cosimo and his cursed son." Francis was politically allied with the House of Hanover, but his natural sympathies were with his old friend King James, and his obedience was due to James's friend the Pope. In

April 1739 he ordered Mr. "Walton" out of his states. But Walton was too valuable to be dislodged. Horace Mann's earnest representations to the Duke of Newcastle overrode the grand-duke's. General Braitewitz was persuaded to provide information for Mann and Walton, and new spies were engaged in Rome. Jacobite plotting had little chance of secrecy, and Mann knew all about the money that came to James by Genoa (from Scotland), and of the projected marriage between Prince Charles and the third daughter of France; that is, the second unmarried princess. English travellers in Rome were "tampered with" persistently; they were assured that Prince Charles made very light of his religion, and a report reached Florence that James had abdicated in his favour.

Walpole had been more than suspected of intriguing with Lord Orrery, though only to get secrets out of him. He was now said to be intriguing with Colonel Cecil—perhaps for the same purpose, perhaps in sincerity. He was certainly trying to make friends to himself of the mammon of Jacobitism to provide for himself in expected eventualities.

In 1739 he sent Carte to Rome with a verbal message to King James, declaring his desire to transfer his allegiance and services to the *de jure* monarch, should his intentions with regard to the Church of England and the persons of the Hanoverian family be kind. James seems all along to have been rather surprised and teased by Walpole's overtures, than credulous and gratified. He had known so much of the sort! But he sent Carte to England bearing an autograph letter addressed to Carte, but destined for Walpole, in response. Carte kept a journal of his mission.[1] Avery, half spy, half agent, who had been busy in 1716 and later, was employed by Walpole to meet Carte and bring him to Chelsea. On the night of September 16, Carte, much tutored and warned by Avery as to what he must not say, was presented to the minister. Sir Robert began by saying that, since Carte, as a clergyman, must be averse from bloodshed by invasion and must wish his country's welfare, would he prove his patriotism by saying what was passing abroad as to preparations and designs? Carte was confounded. Had the great man changed his mind? or had he himself been betrayed? He replied that he never

[1] Add. MSS. British Museum, 34,522, f. 1. Transcripts of the Stuart Papers made for Sir James Mackintosh.

inquired what were his Majesty's plans ; he was only a simple historian. Walpole insisted that Carte must know of 10,000 stand of arms concealed in England, and offered him a pension and a large sum down that would be kept quite secret if he would throw up the ungrateful party with which he was concerned. Carte replied that, though the poorer for his late troubles, when even his books were seized, he was content with the small income that remained to him from his writing. As to 10,000 hidden arms, Sir Robert might as well have supposed him to know of 10,000 hidden elephants. Why had he come then, and why had he been in Rome ?

Presently came the question, Would the king consent to the princes being brought up Protestants ? It were not decent to ask that of him while he was under papal protection, said Carte, but the princes were young and free from prejudice. After discussing possibility of war with France, in which Walpole and Carte both refused to believe, he told Carte of a new mode he had heard of drinking healths ; putting a ring in a glass which they "drank about." Carte said it was new to him also, but privately supposed that this must be the ring of the Knights of Toboso [1] with the inscription, "To a fair meeting on the Green." Walpole asked how Bolingbroke now stood with James, and was told worst of every one. This pleased Sir Robert, but Carte took leave utterly bewildered, and determined on leaving London at once. Avery assured him all had gone well, and persuaded him to stay on. Walpole fell ill, and Carte did not see him again till September 26. Then he presented King James's letter of July 10, and throwing off reserve, blessed God for having put it into Sir Robert's heart to think of restoring the rightful king ; repeated King James's promises for the safety of the Anglican Church and of the Hanoverian family, and held up the example of Monk as a pattern and precedent. He "had never felt so inspired to speak." Walpole listened earnestly and attentively ; seemed much affected, but was silent. He read King James's letter over twice and asked leave to keep it. Then he again astounded Carte by saying he had never sent any message to him, that he had never spoken of Carte to Avery except as to the probability of gaining him over to Hanover—Carte the staunch non-juror ! and he called on Avery to confirm his denials. He laughed in

[1] A mock order in James's household, of which the princes were patrons.

high good humour, saying he had always known Avery was a Jacobite, but never imagined him capable of representing him (Walpole) as one.

So Carte left Chelsea, exceedingly indignant; met Anne Oglethorpe in London, but failed to see Colonel Cecil, who was ill; then left for Paris, where Avery wrote to him with another authorised request for an interview with Walpole. Carte declined to return, and despatched his journal to Rome.

James replied (November 11) that he did not know what to think. He was very doubtful of Walpole's sentiments. There was nothing to do but wait to see if Walpole should write direct to himself. Meantime James would have nothing to do with Avery, whose proceedings of 1716 and 1736 were too well known to him. He praised Carte's zeal and courage, "whatever happens," and turned his attention to the Scottish clergy, who were again trying to choose a Bishop of Edinburgh without his direction, and to add to their own episcopal numbers. It was impossible to disoblige a Church which had suffered so much for their lawful king. He gave the clergy power to keep up the already authorised number of bishops to seven without any application for his consent, reserving only the appointment of the Bishop of Edinburgh to himself.

On October 19 war was declared by England against Spain. The most serious preparations for invasion had been making all the year by James and his sons in the raising of money by realisation of their property. On January 24, 1739, the two princes made a deed of gift of the money secured to them upon the Duchy of Ohlau to the Apostolic See, and Cardinal Paolucci, the nuncio at the Emperor's court, was at the same time formally empowered to receive the sum. The reason for this arrangement was that they could not proceed to recover their rights at Vienna in their own names. Against this arrangement the princes' aunt, the Duchess de Bouillon, appealed as only surviving child of Prince James Sobieski. The Chancery of Bohemia decided as to the Ohlau property in favour of the nuncio; but just as he was on the point of receiving the money, in September 1741, the Prussian invasion of Silesia suspended business, and General Kleist took possession of the castle of Ohlau with its contents. The Duchess de Bouillon had died in 1740.

In the following year (1742) the princes sold their rights in

their grandfather's property in Poland and Lithuania to Prince Radziwill for 800,000 Polish florins, of which 630,000 were paid down by Prince Radziwill's agent, Lascaris. These were in part spent by the princes in redeeming the Polish jewels from the Monte de Pietà.

To finish with the story of this money—on December 22, 1742, the princes divided the jewels and other property of their mother, and at the same time the jewels of their grandfather's deed of gift, pledged in Rome ; to Prince Charles being apportioned the custody and care of the Polish crown jewels—a great ruby, two large diamonds in gold settings, and a small ruby ring—until they should be redeemed by the Republic of Poland or the right of redemption be barred, the redemption money to be divided equally between the brothers. Of the remaining effects of their mother, the duke reserved a gold watch and chain, a silver toilet service and a walnut wardrobe, and gave up the rest to his brother.

Then the Duchess de Bouillon's son and daughter, the Prince de Turenne and the Duchess de Montbazon, claimed half of the jewels and half of the 400,000 Rhenish florins on the Duchy of Ohlau, of which the princes had not received a penny. The squabble went on and on between the families, though they remained the best of friends, but nobody seems ever to have received the Rhenish florins. In 1763 the princes were still being advised how to recover them. On November 19, 1771, they were appointing the Prince de Rohan their agent, with full powers to recover the money ; but though a legal opinion, undated and unsigned, of about 1772, declares the right to be with the Stuarts, up to 1777 they had received no news from him of the fairy gold, though Lord Caryll then wrote to remind De Rohan of the matter.

Prince Charles was to sail in the spring of 1740. Early in 1740 Balhaldy came to Rome from the banded Scottish lords and chiefs. James sent him to Fleury with leaders' names and arrangements. Fleury admired the order and concert so well formed ; said Lous XV. had particular confidence in the Scots, and would give help—when authentically informed of like disposition in the English ! He awaited Lord Barrymore's report, which delayed, owing to the "nonchalance" of the English envoy, Colonel Brett. Brett turned up presently fully authorised by the English Jacobite leaders, now, besides Lord Barrymore,

the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Dr. King of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and Sir John Hinde Cotton, M.P. In March James appointed the Earl Marischal Commander-in-chief for Scotland. Ormond was to command in England. The Earl Marischal declined the command, and begged that James might allow him to retire with "a great Plutarch to a country life of peace and quiet." Inverness, at Avignon, had in 1739 reopened correspondence with Lochiel, hopeful that they might shortly meet "where they first met," resolved to throw away the scabbard, never to return to that side of the water. A commission was sent to poor Tom Forster, but he died (1739) before receiving it.

Inverness was never to meet Lochiel on the right side of the water. He died of gout at Avignon in October 1740, suddenly, while his wife was on a visit to Rome; greatly lamented by James, as "one whom I had known so long, esteemed so justly, and who was so deeply attached to myself and my cause."

The languid negotiations that laid the train for the explosion of 1745 are described in many books, and are of scanty interest. The comings and goings of Murray of Broughton and Balhaldie, their jealousies, suspicions, and recriminations, are familiar to every student of the time. The florid reports brought from England to the French ministers, Amelot and Maurepas, by Balhaldie and Butler, misled France into inviting Prince Charles to Paris. The invitation was verbal, delivered by Balhaldie, and it appears that Cardinal Tencin was not in the secret. James clearly perceived the snare, and wrote to Louis that, though he sent his son to France, he knew that he was acting beyond the rules of prudence.[1] On the night of January 9, 1744, James committed Charles to his fortunes. The prince took leave of the father whom he was never to see again, and set his face to that path where his sorrows were to be.

Our concern is not with the prince, but with the anxious father who knew life, and knew France too well to share the dreams of his son. "The sad lucidity of soul" of James is visible in his letters from the first. As early as February 13 he wrote to Sempil: "The promises of France are not to be reconciled with her negligent and indifferent behaviour to the prince." He was not received, or, if received at all, it was in

[1] James to Louis, Dec. 22, 1748, *Memorials of Murray of Broughton*, pp. 492–495.

private. France made the futile and ill-managed attempt at invasion of February–March 1744, but Charles all the while was skulking incognito, and after the failure he was neglected and left, in poverty and loneliness through a whole year, to try to find out which of the Jacobite agents who came to him in secret were least untrustworthy. James in Rome, wholly unable to see clear in the disputes, merely recommended union, and severely blamed Charles for pretending to trust advisers whom he knew to be untrustworthy. Dissimulation, he said, was unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman.

James, despairing of that French assistance which he never ceased to believe absolutely necessary for the success of an English campaign, applied to the Court of Madrid for leave for his younger son to serve with the Spanish army in Italy. In that month of March the army was in motion, and General Macdonnel on his way to join it. He was anxious not only to find occupation for the boy, but to separate him from the men who were about him, especially John Townley and Francis Strickland, whom he had long distrusted, and was now beginning to see in their real colours, and he refused permission to Townley to attend upon the duke in his campaign should he make one. Townley thereupon went to France with the secret intention of joining Prince Charles. James had given him permission only to visit the prince, and continued earnestly to warn his son against admitting him to any sort of familiarity. A fortnight later (March 23, 1745) James wrote to Charles that Strickland, whose offices with Charles he had long dreaded, had sought the duke, and expressed great concern for having incurred his displeasure. He had disowned all share in Townley's operations, and professed to be pleased at the dismissal of that gentleman. He declared that he had meddled in nothing that related to his Royal Highness for some years past, but owned that he had formerly complained of the duke to the king by express command of Prince Charles. The duke had said little, but always spoke of his brother with the greatest respect, and with full confidence in his affection. "You may judge by it," James adds, "what odd work we have amongst us. It is inconceivable with what malice and violence people have acted against the duke. I fear Lord Dunbar has been too much mixed up with them, but will bear with them for the present."

To James's increased annoyance and apprehension, though he had given reluctant consent to the prince's demand, Strickland followed Townley to join the prince. He was in bad health, and stopped at the Baths of Lucca on the way. James, dreading the influence Strickland's tales would have upon Charles, wrote urgently to that wayward personage, that the less he had to do with Strickland the better. He was "an ill man," James described him later,[1] who had introduced into the family a spirit hitherto quite unknown there, and which the king was determined to root out if he could. Charles must be on his guard against the pair of them, Strickland and Townley; a precaution he owed to himself as well as to his brother, and to his father, who had little reason to be pleased with either of them.

Old Sir Thomas Sheridan, who arrived in Paris in July, also troubled the anxious father, who had once trusted him so fully as one from whom the prince would always hear the truth. Charles had the strongest affection for Sheridan, but he was now quite out of James's favour, who styled him "the boldest of Adventurers." Paternal warning was all in vain.

The prince's identity was not even yet wholly clear in French society, for De Luynes took him for "the second son" when he described him in his journal (June 11, 1745), Henry being still in Italy. "He is still at Fitzjames," writes De Luynes (he had really just left the place). "He loves hunting, which is almost his sole amusement. They have lent him riding and carriage horses. His father gives him 5000 livres a month, and the King of France 1000; 8000 livres are all the income with which he must meet all his expenses. He has six gentlemen with him; one of them was once his sub-governor (Sheridan). In him he has most confidence. He eats soberly, drinks with pleasure, but without excess; passes many hours alone in his chamber morning and evening reading or making music."

It was pleasant to his father to hear from him early that June that he had gone to visit his mother's nephew, the Duke of Bouillon, at Navarre by Evreux. Other cheerful news had come too. On May 11 the Hanoverian army under the Duke of Cumberland had been defeated at Fontenoy; English troops must therefore be further withdrawn from the

[1] James to Sheridan, July 25, 1766. Browne, iii. 459.

British Isles. Yet the immediate consequence of this necessity startled King James like a bombshell thrown into his quiet palace at Albano.

All this time the prince had been managing affairs with rare skill; keeping his measures secret even from his father and his spy-ridden court. In early May he had been invited by the Highland Jacobites to come over at once to their head. James in Rome was utterly disheartened by the broken faith of both French and English, but he "really could not blame the English," he said in his reasonable way. Prince Charles, face to face with dissensions and difficulties seemingly insuperable, cold-shouldered by Louis and his Court, was not disheartened. He had found out the lies of Sempil and Balhaldy, and trusted them no further. He gave up troubling with the English Jacobites, "affred of their own shaddo," he scornfully said, and looked to his Scots; who, for their part, almost unanimously held him off. Forsaken by great friends, betrayed by lesser, he who held religion so cheap, whose faith had been so assiduously undermined, now seems to have turned in his need from leaning on that hand-piercing reed of France to strenuous appeal to Heaven. Lord Elcho a year later assured an anxious Protestant that the prince's religion was still to seek; but in this day of lonely effort, he very likely did his best to be good and loyal to the faith of his baptism. His honest mistakes and their consequences must not be reckoned against *him*. In November he told his father how he went to the sacraments as regularly as in Rome, which was not after the fashion of Voltairean Paris; but he certainly made a fatal mistake in his choice of a confessor. He said that, to avoid publicity, he left the Abbé Sempil, his director, and went with the crowd at the Church of the Cordeliers (Franciscans). There he selected for director a Father Kelly; related to the non-juring George, he believed, which was unlikely; strongly recommended to him for "lerning and a wright way of thinking." No one was to know that the prince went to Kelly but Sheridan and Stafford.

That this Kelly, three years later, was justly reported to King James as a drunken fellow who regulated the prince's fatal diversions, does not necessarily prove that in these earlier days Kelly had shown himself in such colours, though Sheridan and Stafford may have been fully aware of his character.

They were the Catholic members of the prince's small suite, and naturally trusted by him in such a matter. The strictly-living Duke of York was presently to give his confidence to this same friar. It was too natural that Charles, utterly distrusting Lord Sempil, whom he had found lying, should refrain from giving confidence to Sempil's reverend kinsman, even under seal of confession. Sempil was obviously and naturally furious. In April he wrote to James that Sheridan "had the prince in his hands," that his Majesty himself had never so wholly possessed his son's confidence, and that Sheridan concerted with H.R.H. what he was to write to his father, "tho' he makes the prince do it in his own style and manner." How did Sempil know? Charles was more probably the person deceived. He no doubt preferred an easy-going director; but though he still liked wine, as De Luynes hinted, that fatal taste in its beginnings is not at all incompatible with sincere though unsustained religious effort; and indeed the consciousness of his weakness would incite a clinging to observance in one who was anxious to do right, but aware of the strength of temptation.

Jealousies were so general and of such long standing that it was nearly useless to listen to reports. The gulf widened between Sempil and the prince. Each kept his secrets from the other. On the prince's side, such action was absolutely right. The Earl Marischal himself had protested to the king against the Parisian ministry (September 5, 1744), declaring that Sempil and Balhaldy told nothing but lies, and were working to oust himself and Ormond from the king's service. "Your Majesty is wise and just," he continued; "can you desire that either the Duke of [Ormond?] or I [Browne prints "the Duke of P[1] or I," but has perhaps mistaken O for P], undertake ever anything on the word of Lord Sempil or Balhaldie?" The prince was treated like a child, he himself protested. Sempil certainly treated him with great insolence. Sempil, like every prominent Jacobite, was determined on ruling king, prince, and policy. James loyally stood by his minister, but was forced to reprove him (January 26) for withholding a paper from the indignant prince. "It really was against all rule, and was very wrong, *Ma Io lo compatiseo for*

[1] The Duke of Perth, an inexperienced though devoted and chivalrous young man, was then in Yorkshire. The Duke of Powis also was concerned

this time. . . . On receipt of this, you will send the said paper to the prince." After this episode Balhaldie was "in a very bad humour, and Sempil not in a good one." "It is really a very grievous thing to me to see you all in pieces among yourselves," writes the king. . . . "It looks as if almost nobody thought of anything but lording it over one another. . . . The worst of it is that [the King of France] cannot but remark more or less the divisions that are amongst us, and that must greatly discourage him from acting for us." "The chief branch of our hope at present," he wrote to Charles, March 8, "is certainly in [Sempil and O'Brien's] endeavours with the French Court, and, therefore, they must be borne with."

"I am very young," the Prince replied, April 12, "and it is very hard for me to foresee many things, for which all I aim at is at leste not to do harm, not being able to do good." He was hard at work on his own grand project, and made mistakes, as all must do who would make anything. He borrowed 40,000 livres from Waters to send an envoy to Scotland. His father paid the sum with difficulty, and, not knowing the secret, was considerably annoyed that the money should be employed "to uses so distant, so uncertain, and of small advantage to the cause. . . . All these messages to Scotland end in nothing but in costing money either to my friends or me, and in fomenting *tracasseries* and divisions." The prince had suggested the sale of his jewels. They would not bring any sum of real use towards a restoration, but might be of great use for personal expenses, protested James. If Charles had not spent this large sum, his father could have given it to him for his expenses of the desired campaign with France, where it would have been much better employed. But Charles was looking forward to quite another campaign.

It was unfortunate that there should be evident and puzzling reserves from his father and sovereign, but he had made up his mind what to do, and why should he court disapproval or discouragement? A timorous policy had never yet succeeded. He further perplexed his father by his careless ciphering—which must have been bewildering indeed if proportionate to his usual spelling. "You should really make use of another hand," James wrote to his son, March 30; "you want to use no caution or management in your letters to me . . . and your age and want of experience, as you term it, are even

motives for you to write more freely and fully to me on all matters, for you may be very sure I shall never expose yourself or your letters so as to do you any prejudice, but always give the best advice and all the assistance I can on what you write to me about and everything else. . . . I cannot but recommend you to bear with Balhaldy and Sempil. . . . In truth I was formerly uneasy to see both your person and affairs in their hands alone, but that is no more the case. . . . I fear it is what most of our people aim at, and therefore you must particularly be on your guard." He still hoped Charles might go on a campaign with the French, attended if possible by some officer of merit and distinction; Lord Thomond or Lord Tyrconnel if possible.

By the middle of May James had lost all hope of the prince being permitted to make a campaign. Balhaldie insisted on going over to England to see what the lazy Jacobites were doing, and James assented half reluctantly, the dangers being so great, but insisted on paying his expenses. Every turn the war took seemed to him a new reason for France "to think seriously of his interest." He sent 3000 livres to Sempil to enable him to follow the Court to Flanders. "As long as I have anything, the cause must not be starved," he wrote, June 1. But he assured Sempil (June 14) that no imaginable situation would determine the French ministers to act for him without concert with the English Jacobites. Sempil lamented that the ministers had not yet got out of Fleury's economical methods. Balhaldie presently wrote from London that there was no alteration in the king's friends there —as indeed there was not!

Nor was any alteration in the tormenting jealousies and *tracasseries* among the Jacobites of Paris. Lady Clifford, sister of the Duchess of Gordon, a very meddlesome politician in Paris, wrote to the king, to protest against the men who were about the prince, not because they were immoral and corrupting him, but because they were of insufficient rank and importance. The blood of all the Howards rose in protest. "Don't you see plainly that till the prince has proper people about him, he may go on years and ages in the same fruitless way he has passed days and months, since he has been in France? . . . She does not wish to impugn the honesty of the people about the P., but they are unknown, low-born,

of no credit or weight, and so useless. That none is allowed by them to see the P. or have anything to do with him." In the last words her ladyship gives her protest away. She was of Sempil's faction, and therefore held at arm's length, and neither the prince, at this date, nor his father was willing to admit female politicians to their counsels.

So the prince, without her assistance, took his "firm resolution to conquer or die." He made his arrangements with his few trusted friends at Navarre and with two ship-owners, Routledge of Dunkirk and Walsh of Nantes. He borrowed 180,000 livres from the Waters', his father's bankers in Paris, and fitted up Walsh's frigate, the *Doutelle*, and a man-of-war, the *Elizabeth*, which Routledge had secured for him. The ships lay at Nantes at his orders. He equipped them with twenty small field-pieces, 1500 muskets, 11,000 broad-swords, ammunition, dirks, and other supplies, all or most of which were shipped on the *Elizabeth*. He had 4000 louis-d'or in his pocket. It was not much of an equipment for the overthrow of a settled government, but the next few months were to prove what a small force is material equipment compared with the heart of a hero ; with a brave, bright spirit, with such charm of gracious kindliness as could draw after it such deathless love and loyalty. For he brought ruin to those who loved and followed him ; blood and tears, death and exile, loss of kin and home and country ; and yet the passionate love lived on. Who would not for such a prince have bravely died ?

On June 12 he wrote a budget of letters. To his father he wrote two. In the first, "he believed his Majesty little expected a courier at this time, and much less from himself, to tell him a thing that would be a great surprise. He had been above six months ago invited by their friends to go to Scotland . . . this being, they are fully persuaded, the only way of restoring you to the crown and them to their liberties." He was in any case obliged to fling himself into the arms of his friends and die with them rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes—"you yourself did the like in '15. . . . I have tried all possible means and stratagems to get access to [the King of France] or his minister, without the least effect. . . . I have been obliged to steal off, without letting [the King of France] so much as suspect it. . . . I think it of

the greatest importance your Majesty should come as soon as possible to Avignon, but take the liberty to advise that you would not ask leave of the French Court . . . . Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels . . . for I never intend to come back, and money next to troops will be of the greatest help to me. . . . I write this from Navarre, but it won't be sent off till I am on shipboard. I have wrote to Lord Marischal telling him to come immediately. . . . To the Duke of Ormond I have writ a civil letter, showing a desire of his coming here immediately, but at the same time leaving it to his discretion so to go. I should think it proper, if your Majesty pleases, to be put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion ; but what I chiefly ask is your own, which I hope will procure me that of God Almighty."

He wrote at the same time to the King of France, apologising for leaving the country without his royal host's consent or knowledge, reminding him how, though invited to the country, he had in vain tried every possible means of reaching him. He wrote to D'Argenson that he was leaving Lord Marischal to look after the help promised by the king: also to O'Brien, who, if he were surprised, should not be so, seeing how often the prince had spoken of taking such a step. And he wrote a private letter to his father.

If Prince Charles startled his father, he himself had evidently been as unpleasantly startled by a threatened step on the paternal side. Probably, it may have been merely the resolution that James had half taken to abdicate in favour of his son, of which he had informed the French king on the eve of Charles's departure from Rome. Yet if this were so, it is strange that Charles should add the following note to the letter intended for Edgar's and other eyes (for clearness, I replace the cipher names by the real names, with pronouns to match, as Lord Mahon has cleared up the spelling):—

"I write to you this apart for to entreat your Majesty in the most earnest manner to desire you for God's sake not to give me what you designed that is a secret, for it would be of the greatest hurt to your business . . . you and your family is ruined if you do that thing. You think this is an absolute secret, but you are mistaken, for I have heard it from several people to whom I flatly denied it, and said I was very sure it

JAMES III.

(Chevalier de St. George)

From the Miniature in the possession of James Cheape, Esq., of Strathtyrum

was not true, to which every one of these said, God be praised ; for if it were so, both father and son would be undone. Sovereigns upon the throne can do such things, and even then it is not advisable ; but a private man ruins himself and his family in doing on't, especially one that has a great many enemies."

If this refers merely to abdication, why should Charles oppose it so vehemently ? Bolingbroke and others, who knew the English temper well, had recommended such a step. At this time James was fifty-seven, but the perpetual unrest of his life had added the burden of twenty years and more to his tale. He was a confirmed invalid, and had become so rooted in Italian soil that it would be no easy thing to transplant him to another country, where climate and conditions were so different. He knew something of the northern climate, and had not found it desirable either in the May "haar" of the Forth in 1708, or in the snows of Christmas in 1715. He hated the snows of Urbino, and the too-plenteous rains that deluged even Central Italy ; but between Italian rains there shines the real sun ; there is no British fog. Now that he had sons to take the honourable burden from his weary old shoulders, he wanted nothing for himself but to end his days in peace and quiet. He had failed at his best ; he was not likely to succeed now. On the other hand, there was a gallant prince of twenty-four to fill his place, brave and beautiful, physically strong as he had never been ; ready in action, full of the dauntless spirit that makes success. Should Charles fall, there was a brother ready to leap into his place. Even the reported creedlessness of Charles was superiority in the sight of those who had accepted thankfully the creedlessness of the Electress Sophia. It seems, looking back and seeing as those saw who looked forward, that Charles as a vigorous young king, not Prince Regent, would have had a stronger hand to play, and would have been infinitely more acceptable to the nations. A little later, and it was too late ; the times had changed less than the prince, and it was well for James to keep those shadowy reins in his hands ; but at this moment abdication would have been wise enough, and, for all his real love for his father, it is pretty sure that the prince would have eagerly rejoiced in being his own master. He was, in fact, acting already as if he were. A pang of sorrow may

have wrung him to think that his father should not be, even for a year, restored to his native land and actually wear the crown of his fathers; but after that moment of pain——? No; it was not in abdication that he saw the ruin of father, and son, and cause.

Nothing more definite can be found in letters as yet accessible, but the most probable explanation of the prince's tone of terror is that his father was contemplating retirement to a monastery, like Charles V. and other weary monarchs. It would have been a less suicidal step than the extinction of the young Duke of York under a cardinal's hat, against which Charles was to rage two years later. Possibly James may have harboured such intention only for an occasional weary moment. Possibly those who knew of the abdication plan may have guessed and suggested the further step to Prince Charles. There is little doubt, from Charles's letter and from contemporary Roman gossip,[1] that he had some reason or other to fear it.

[1] State Papers, Tuscany.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE 'FORTY-FIVE

"He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's owre the hills we daurna name,
He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.
My father's gane to fecht for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame, . . .
What lads e'er did, our lads will do,
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too."

FOR all the months, the years of preparation, of expectation, of disappointment, the news was received at Rome with amazement and fear. But James, though he never would have advised this step, wrote to Sempil and the Earl Marischal (August 11) that "if it is rash, I cannot but say it is a bold undertaking, and the courage and sentiments the prince expresses will always do him honour." On the same day he wrote to Louis XV., to apologise for the prince's action and disown any share in its inception. "With regard to myself," he went on, "it is long since your Majesty has been informed of my reflections and views with regard to the renunciation of my rights in favour of my son. I continue in the same mind, with the difference that, what I considered formerly to be to the advantage of my family, I now hold to be indispensable and necessary even for my honour. My infirmities increase with years, and I feel sure I should act rashly, I even say dishonourably, were I to assume the burden of government when I am absolutely incapable of any fatigue, whether of mind or body, and therefore quite unable to fulfil the duties of a prince upon the throne; whereas I have the comfort of having a son fit to work with perseverance and success for the good of his people, who has already had opportunity to prove himself worthy to govern them. God alone knows when the roads will be open, and there is a new motive against putting off my abdication. The right time for publishing it will be when I know that my son is happily landed in some part of Great

Britain. But however proper and necessary I consider this step to be, I will not take upon myself to publish it unless in concert and agreement with your Majesty. I beg of you not to delay to tell me what you think of it."

The French Court acclaimed the daring of the prince's venture, and James cheered up. Louis and his ministers were only too glad to have the responsibility of initiative removed from their shoulders.

On June 22, O.S., the prince sailed from Nantes. On August 4 he wrote to his father from Loch Aylort, near Borrodale, that he was joined by brave people as he had expected, and in a few days the standard would be raised. On August 19 (O.S.) it was raised by Tullibardine at Glenfinnan, at the head of Loch Shiel: *Tandem Triumphans*. On August 21, O.S. (September 1), the prince, £30,000 on his head, marched from Glenfinnan to the south.

At Rome there was more of hope and enthusiasm than anxiety. James strove to find occupation for his younger son in the Spanish army, but Philip, like his cousin at Versailles, dared not admit so embarrassing a recruit to his standard. Up to the preceding April James had had no answer whatever as to this campaign. Now that his brother was marching through Scotland the Duke of York would remain no longer in Rome, waiting for the poor chance of a Spanish commission. In his letter of August 11 James had written to the French king: "The example of my elder son naturally influences the younger, and he cannot bear to remain in Rome while his brother is in Scotland. Though the difficulties in the way of leaving this country are greater than ever, he would rather do impossibilities than fail to hasten to Avignon, there to await your Majesty's orders."

Henry was wild to join his brother at once, but this the king would not permit. Things were too uncertain to justify risk of both brothers' lives and liberties. If ever France should send troops into England, the Duke of York must be at their head and the Duke of Ormond go with him; but at present he must not cross the sea. James, however, consented to a compromise, and allowed Henry to go to Avignon, where he would be conveniently at hand when the happy moment should come. From Avignon he might write to Louis XV., and, in a kind of incognito, wait to see what came of it.

On August 29, 1745, Henry left Rome secretly, as his brother had left, two and a half years before. He had wished to be attended by Captain Hay of the king's household, but the king could not spare Hay, and ordered Sir John Graeme to join him as his sole attendant. Indeed James could not afford to give him a numerous suite, and would have enough to do to keep him with decency at Avignon, should he stay there any time. Continual remittances to the prince drained the royal exchequer. Henry had pawned his own jewels for his brother's assistance; the small pension granted annually to him since his mother's death had not been paid that year, and James hardly knew how to keep up three separate establishments for himself and his sons, while his own Spanish pension had been stopped ever since the quarrel with Clementina in 1725. In spite of the undreamt-of good fortune which attended Charles so far, he had no hope of the final success of the campaign without French assistance.

Henry's action was expected, and British and Sardinian fleets were watching the coasts to catch him, but he arrived safely at Avignon, where he was the guest of the dying Duke of Ormond. Ormond's wars and "amoors" were over. He had failed to obey his king's commands out of no failure in loyalty, but in obedience to a commander kings themselves must obey. His last service was to receive his king's son. He died November 15. Henry went on to Paris and Dunkirk.

After the occupation of Edinburgh, the victory of Prestonpans, and the proclamation of his father, the ministry of Louis XV. began to treat with James as a power, and on October 24 Argenson and O'Brien drew up and signed on behalf of their respective sovereigns a treaty at Fontainebleau, which provided that (1) there should be alliance between France and the states submitted to Prince Charles; (2) the King of France engaged to assist Charles in all that was practicable against their common foe (not England but the Elector of Hanover); (3) a body of troops, drawn from the Irish-French regiments, should be sent at once to Prince Charles (under a thousand were sent at once under Lord John Drummond); (4) in consideration of the alliance, no assistance must be given to mutual enemies, but both parties must work for a peace reciprocally advantageous to both nations; (5) a treaty of commerce must be arranged to cement the

alliance. By a secret article the prince undertook to grant all facilities for recruiting.

Good news travels less swiftly than ill. So late as November 8 James knew little of what had happened, and then only through the newspapers, as he wrote to the Duke of York. "But his surprising progress and success," wrote James, "do not make me the less solicitous for his being powerfully assisted by [the King of France], who is actually sending some small succours to him which is so far good, but it is not a small matter that will, I fear, suffice to make him withstand the forces the government is gathering against him. . . . I have not writ these many weeks to the Earl Marischal, supposing he might be going every day to joyn the prince. . . . I can see he has himself no great hopes in the project, though to be sure he is doing what he can to determine them to act vigorously and speedily for the prince's support."

Hurry of business allowed of no journal-keeping, and not till October 7, O.S. (18, N.S.), did Charles write his account of the "battle of Gladsmuir . . . one of ye most Surprising action that ever was." After this date only one or two letters of his to his father have been preserved. He was never a good correspondent, but it seems improbable that dislike of penmanship should account for such strange silence. Letters were no doubt destroyed when in danger of interception. The prince would send off three or four expresses to make sure that some one might arrive. He pressed for succour by a landing in England. "As matters stand, I must either conquer or perish in a little while," he wrote to his father from Edinburgh, October 15 (O.S.). James lived in an agony of apprehension for his son's safety. Charles was sad at heart in spite of hard work and resolute cheerfulness. France and Spain had promised to assist him as soon as they should hear of his arrival in Scotland, but they sent nothing beyond Lord John Drummond's handful of French and Irish. Worse still, there was no encouraging news from the English Jacobites, who had promised so persistently and had drunk so plentifully to the king over the water. But the king on this side of the water, in his regent, was evidently another person to whom they owed no loyalty. They shrunk back. The Northumbrian squires at least may be excused. They had the awful warning of 1715 before them.

Hope of reducing Edinburgh Castle was abandoned, and a council of war decided upon marching into England, trusting that personal appeal might call up the shy Jacobites of the northern counties, and that numbers might be augmented by French troops under the Duke of York. "I wish to God I may find my Brother landed in England by the time I enter, which will be in about ten days," Charles wrote to his father, October 15, O.S. (26), "having with me near 8000 men and 300 Hors." On October 31, O.S., the prince and his army marched out of Edinburgh, leaving what scanty garrison they could spare.

Carlisle surrendered to the prince's arms on November 16. On the 20th (Dec. 1, N.S.) the prince marched on. Wade was presently behind him on his left, and Ligonier was marching from the south to meet him in Lancashire. He reached Preston on the 26th (O.S.), where a Morgan and two Vaughans, brothers,[1] came in with a few common men ; all that was to come of the grand promises of Sir Watkin Wynn. At loyal Manchester the army was increased by a muster of good men and true under Francis Townley, brother of the king's bugbear. On December 4 (N.S. 15) the Prince arrived at Derby, and put up at the Virgin's Inn.

The thought of what happened there is sad enough. The prince's council next day insisted on retreat. The English Jacobites had broken all their promises. Though crowds cheered the prince all along his march, they did not follow his banner. There was no news of the Welsh. Armies on the right and on the left were marching against him. The chiefs declared it were madness to go on. The prince appealed in vain ; declared he would march on to London alone. All but the French "ambassador" (M. Boyer D'Eguilles) were against him. The chiefs prevailed. On December 6 the retreat began, and the princely heart was broken.

From Derby the Highland army made a retreat wonderful for its rapidity, fighting, under Lord George Murray, Cluny, and Glenbucket, a gallant rear-guard action at Clifton. Though nothing can excuse the prince for leaving a doomed garrison in Carlisle except his expectation of being able to return and relieve them in a few days with his northern army, the clans

[1] The elder was great-grandfather of the late Cardinal Vaughan, and of Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

held well together. Perhaps the news of the retreat from Derby contributed to the causes which made France abandon the proposed expedition from Dunkirk. But no sane commander, with the intelligence which was possessed by Lord George, would have pushed further into England. The army had expected French aid too long, and aid from the English Jacobites was certainly not offered.

Of the rout of Culloden only vague rumours came to Rome, and even to France. Some said the prince had rallied the Highlanders, and was again at their head. King James "remained in the utmost consternation and affliction at Albano." On June 6 he wrote to Prince Charles: "God knows where or when this will find you, my dearest Carluccio, but still I cannot but write to you in the great anxiety and pain I am in for you from what the public news mentions from Scotland. . . . I am, though, still in hopes you may be able to keep your ground in Scotland till you can have assistance from France; but if you really cannot maintain yourself in Scotland, do not, for God's sake, drive things too far, but think of your own safety, on which so much depends. Though your enterprise should miscarry, the honour you have gained by it will always stick by you; it will make you be respected and considered."

Prince Henry had lingered on the coast until the end of April, when the news of Culloden was brought to him in church, as the news of Buckingham's murder was brought to Charles I. Then followed nearly six months of terrible suspense, while the beloved prince was hunted like a partridge over the Highland mountains, and the old king waited in Rome, uncomforted by the presence and sympathy even of his younger son. But Henry seemed to dread return to the dulness and purposelessness of the old Roman life. Suspense, too, could be better borne in action. With practical common sense, he wasted no time bemoaning fate and hoping for the impossible, and he asked leave of the King of France to serve in the approaching campaign in Flanders. He was refused leave further than to be present at the siege of Antwerp under the Comte de Clermont, where, as D'Argenson admits, "he behaved with a valour which was at once natural and hereditary." [1]

All news of Charles was vague and contradictory. In

[1] D'Argenson, vol. iii. p. 70. 1857.

September a report reached the king that he was again at the head of "some Highlanders." James wrote to him sadly, without the least faith in news of such good fortune. Were it true, it was perhaps safer than hiding. He was "alone, without comfort or satisfaction of any kind, without knowing when I can have that of seeing you again, for were you now in France, I cannot go to you, and you could not come here without abandoning all our affairs. But your Brother is not in the same case, and I even writ to him not very long ago, upon the subject of his coming to make a visit here after your arrival in France. . . . Till I know you are in a place of safety, I can scarce think or write of anything but what relates to you."

Sir James Stewart sent to the king an account of the remainder of the Spanish money brought back to France. James replied that as it could not now be used to support the expedition, "a better use cannot certainly be made of it than for the support and maintenance of those who acted in our cause and now suffer for it." Spain would approve, much more the prince. But it must not be given indiscriminately, but be carefully managed; no misplaced generosity at the beginning and nothing left for later comers. All must be apportioned according to merit, rank, and necessity.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE PRINCES IN PARIS

"Although his back be at the wa'
Another was the fau'tor;
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.
He gat the skaith, he gat the scorn,
I lo'e him yet the better,
Though in the muir I hide forlorn,
I'll drink his health in water,
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.

I'll maybe live to see the day
That hunds shall get the hatter,
And drink his health in usquebae,
As I do now in water.
I yet may stand as I hae stood
Wi' him through rout and slaughter,
And bathe my hands in scoundrel blood,
As I do now in water.
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water."

Jacobite Song.

On October 10, Charles, rescued from Scotland by the ships of Warren, landed where Queen Mary had landed, at Roscoff. He and his brother met with eager affection, soon to be broken. Charles was a hero in the eyes of the French nation; to the Court he was an embarrassment. He made one splendid progress to Versailles, glittering like the star which they say appeared at his birth.

The slow, sad post brought joy and comfort with the news of his son's safety to King James only on November 3. He wrote at once to recommend Tencin and O'Brien to Charles as sure and trusty friends, and warned him that he would have much to bear from the French Court. "You will not have less need of the courage and fortitude in bearing and suffering in that country than you had in acting in Britain." It is marvellous how well James, at such a distance, at the mercy of

divers accounts, understood the situation, and how little the prince, on the spot, understood it.

The triumph, such as it was, was brief. Ministers frowned, though the princes were fêted everywhere, not only by the Jacobite colony in Paris but by the French *noblesse*.

Before very long, dissensions arose between the brothers. D'Argenson, who always disliked Henry, blames him for the quarrels—says he was extremely jealous, and hated his brother! As to the jealousy, that seems to have been all on the other side. Henry naturally felt aggrieved at being persistently excluded from all his brother's councils.

Charles had little heart for Parisian gaiety. Terrible news came over the sea of the vengeance the House of Hanover was taking upon those who had taken arms against it. Never since the cruel old days of Henry VIII. and Somerset had Scotland known such a reign of terror. The details are too familiar for repetition.

Eager interest was made to find a royal bride for the prince. Princesses of Massa, Modena, Spain, Sweden, and France were vainly suggested. The eldest princess of Modena was the greatest beauty in Italy. If kings and politicians fought shy of him as a bridegroom, he on his side was far too sick at heart to think of marriage. "My opinion is," he wrote to his father, "I cannot as yet marry unless I get the king's dauter." This was Anne Henriette of France of the Black Eye, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris in 1744. He was anxious, nevertheless, to do a little matchmaking for his brother, and wrote urgently but mysteriously to his father on the subject.

James replied, December 16, 1746, that he was afraid Charles would disgust the Court of France by the way he acted towards them. "It must be very obvious to everybody that it is for the interest of our family that at least you and your brother should marry, but I don't see neither such haste in the matter. This is a very critical juncture, and if our great affairs should yet go well, you might both of you have the first princesses of Europe, whereas perhaps now you could not have the last; and besides, naturally speaking, on all accounts methinks you should think of marrying yourself before your brother. When you explain your idea to me, I shall be better able to judge of it."

The news of the ruthless harrying of the Highlands

drove Prince Charles frantic with grief, and extinguished all taste for the honours and hero-worship which the Parisians and the ladies of the Court poured at his feet. The brothers were at one in distress and indignation; but it was the Duke of York, who, with O'Brien, appealed to D'Argenson that he should intercede with the British Government through M. Vanhoes, their French correspondent in ordinary, for the mitigation of such cruelties, which seemed to them no less impolitic than savage.

Far more fatal to the Stuart cause and its hapless young leader than French coldness and Hanoverian ferocity were the evil influences fast closing round him. As he had been surrounded by evil counsellors in Rome, so he was surrounded in Paris. Townley was there, but not on very intimate terms with Charles, who, however, got him the cross of St. Louis. Death had removed Strickland, but men of his stamp abounded among the Jacobites. There were also mere adventurers, greedy to seize such crumbs of influence and power as might fall from the table of their betters who had left their places out of policy or despair. The prince's familiars were now Kelly the parson, a true man, and Kelly the priest. Somebody—Lord Mahon gives the letter unsigned—wrote from Paris to Dunbar, April 15, 1747, that Friar Kelly was setting about a report that the king was imbecile, and was governed despotically and dishonestly by Dunbar; and as people knew Kelly to be on most intimate terms with the prince, it was common belief that his royal highness despised his father.

The Duke of York anxiously expostulated, warning his brother of the danger of keeping such men about him, and Charles did not receive expostulation in good part. Discord so long smouldering, now assiduously fanned by the Kellys, burst into a flame. Charles sneered at Henry's piety. Henry left him in tears, resolved never again to live under so harsh a tutelage as his brother's, and they set up separate establishments. Charles withheld his confidence: Henry met reserve with reserve. Charles was unreasonably indignant, and bitterly resented his junior's opposition to his counsellors, and condemnation of his private conduct.

The duke naturally reported this distressing state of affairs to his father, who wrote to rebuke the prince for his treatment of his brother, and warned him in especial against Kelly.

Charles protested (December 19, 1746): "I do nothing without consulting my dearest brother, and when I do happen to do contrary to his opinion, it is entirely out of my own head, and not by anybody else's advice."

On January 13 James wrote to Charles. He was ill, and very weary of Charles's infatuated treatment of the French Court, which imperilled his future subsistence. "My health grows so crazy," he went on, "that I am no more able to apply to business as I formerly could, and for some weeks past I have scarce been able to read myself the letters I have signed." His household too were troubling him. "I do not say all this out of lazyness or peevishness, but merely to unburden my heart freely to you. . . . As long as I have life in me, I shall certainly do you what little service I can, of which you can have no doubt when you consider that when I had a near prospect of recovering my own, my greatest desire was to leave it to you, and if that was not executed it was only on the motive of the greater good of your service; so that I have equally sacrificed to you any ambition I might have had on one side and my desire of passing my old days in quiet on t'other."

Fresh news came of the wild doings in Paris, and on February 3 the king wrote again to Charles at very great length; reminding him of all that happened in 1742, when his counsellors were poisoning his mind against his brother, and persuading him to lead an unchristian life: reminding him, too, of what had passed between them when they parted in January 1744, when even then, in spite of the prince's profession of affection and duty, it was easy to see how Charles had been influenced against his brother. Until Sheridan had joined Charles in 1744, James had been satisfied with his son's confidence in him. Then Strickland went and in spite of promises was not sent back, and on his return to France Charles had excluded all his father's men from his confidence. "You cannot sure mean your own ruin," urged the king, "or believe that the disadvantage of religion might be remedied by a free way of acting and thinking. . . . You know that nobody is a greater *Englishman* than myself." The only safety was in a strict bond of union and confidence "betwixt us three. . . . *Enfin*, my dear child, I must tell you very plainly that if you don't alter your ways, I see you lost in all respects. . . .

When you read this letter, consider that it comes from the most tender and loving of fathers, whose only temporal concern is your and your brother's welfare."

To Charles's letter of December 19 his father replied indignantly (February 10) that he did not understand what Charles could have to admonish his brother about, or why they should be at variance on any points; that he treated him, though his brother and not his son, and only a little younger than himself, as he had no right to treat the meanest subject; that he could not afford to keep his sons at Paris in separate establishments if they quarrelled and parted, and if Charles refused to accept the proffered French pension:[1] that if he continued to act as he did, he would utterly disgust the French Court. It was all plainly the product of Kelly's malice. Were Kelly no more about the prince, Charles's eyes would be opened, and they would all three be good friends and easy together. It was not the first time such tricks had been played. Could persons be true friends who alienated him from his father and brother? Their union made them strong against the weaknesses and passions of their friends, and would help them to get the better of their enemies.

At this point Charles suddenly disappeared from Paris. Always curiously secret, he had a new plan, or several vague plans in his head, though it was conjectured that his abrupt departure was to avoid playing a part inferior to his claims in the pageant of the Dauphin's wedding. In the long letter of February 3 his father reproached him with having mentioned to Edgar that he was leaving Paris without saying for where. On the 15th the king was "struck and concerned" to hear that Charles was off to Avignon; he could not understand why. It was time those mysteries should cease. Charles went to Lyons, taking with him Kelly, Sullivan, Sheridan, Mr. Vaughan, who had joined him in England,[2] and perhaps Young Lochiel.

Henry wrote to Charles at Lyons to inform him that the king had a project of sending him into Spain. He must obey,

[1] On account of the great expenses incurred by his sons, James was obliged to discontinue several pensions. State Papers, Tuscany.

[2] La Roche to Horace Walpole: State Papers, Tuscany. Mr. Vaughan and his brother had fought at Culloden, were attainted, and fled to France. The younger brother returned secretly to England, and lived in Herefordshire as a cattle-drover. The elder remained in Spain and held a high commission in the Spanish army.

but was sorry to be parted from his dear brother: "provided we can meet in a right place at last, that is the essentiall." The project had probably recurred to James as a means of ending the miserable quarrels between the brothers, and of finding occupation at least for one of them. Ostensibly, he wished to send the younger into Spain because he deemed it advisable to have a son at each Court. Charles wrote to Henry from Avignon, February 9. He was never more astonished in his life! Even so long back as when he was in Scotland, he had formed a design of going to Spain, and he had left Paris with that very intention. He had not asked leave "for fier" of being refused. He entreated Henry not to think of starting for Spain until he saw the result of his own journey. It was true the king's orders were pretty positive, but he would change his mind under the present circumstances, and allow Henry to postpone his own Spanish trip.

Henry submitted, but Charles returned, hustled out of Spain, about March 20. He had been received with consternation, refused even sympathy, and implored to keep away, though his travelling expenses were kindly paid by the King of Spain, and the continuance of his pension promised. "An angel would take the spleen on this occasion," he wrote to his father. The French Court now threw off the last pretence of sympathy, and though Louis XV. gave him some money, the princes were treated with a cool faithlessness, a careless unkindness, which stung their proud young hearts to the quick. Such poor hopes as had persisted with Charles during these months of disappointment were finally starved out. The unhappy young man, thus isolated by circumstances, was now thrown almost entirely upon the society of the unprincipled partisans who beset him; who, whether out of design to serve themselves or to serve the British Government, took advantage of the situation to endeavour to sap all religion and morality in him.

Now he declared that he knew no religion but his sword. De Luynes thinks he said it in a fit of temper. The truth unhappily was that his chosen advisers forcibly represented to him that if he hoped ever to become King of England, he must sooner or later break with the Church which was so obnoxious to the English people. He was, however, advised that he might not as yet openly discard the religion which

remained his strongest plea for the assistance of Rome, France, and Spain. This difficulty of conflicting interests might, nevertheless, be met in some measure by a free way of living and thinking. So Charles, who had had the most makeshift of educations, who could not spell simple English words, took to Voltaire and philosophy. At the same time it was urged upon him that not only his Catholic faith was un-English, but that temperate living would lay him open to suspicion by hard-drinking Tory squires and statesmen; the Squire Westerns whose loyalty to the exiled house began and ended with copious potations in its honour. His early tendency had been strengthened during the five months of his Highland wanderings, when constant exposure and starvation made whisky, when it could be come by, a too welcome refreshment. Now, seeing faith flickering out in a black abyss of despair, maddened by the strain of hope deferred, smarting from intolerable slights, he was haunted by suicidal suggestion. Most dangerous of all to one so intensely active by nature, he had nothing to do! He was an easy prey for the tempters.

There is no condonation here for the vice which dealt a more fatal blow to the Stuart cause than treason, butchery, or fate. There is no hope of washing clean by happy discovery a memory so stained by hostile report. But to those who pause to weigh and judge, the dark close of that life, whose morning was so very fair, is surely for pity and tears rather than for disgust. His was the darkest tragedy of all that befell his fated race. Glory of martyrdom, radiance of devotion, had always shone over his forefathers through treason, exile, and death. None of them had been tried as this man was tried. Think what it was to have come so near—so near to the heart's desire, and to have failed! Not by his own fault; he had done well. Then, for the breaking of a high heart, came broken pledges, bitter mortification, hope deferred. Utterly lonely in desertion, yet surrounded by tempters pointing an easy way to oblivion; tempters even suborned to tempt him to his undoing. Then, surely, we may look with compassion rather than contempt at the awful ruin of the winsome, the brave, the chivalrous Prince Charlie.

It is to be feared that the jovial friar-director who "regulated his Royal Highness's diversions" winked at other princely misdemeanours, but there was no winking on the part of the

young brother, who was all his life a scrupulous model of moral propriety. Finding affectionate reasoning, stern rebuke, and anxious warning alike unavailing against a very madness of obstinacy and favouritism, he took a sudden secret resolution by which the blow fell that was to part the brothers for nineteen years.

In April there was a change of ministry at the Muti Palace. Dunbar resigned the seals he had held so long. It was said that he and his master had differed on the subject of Prince Charles. James, in his grief, probably raked up the old story of 1742, and reproached the ex-governor with the ex-pupil's developed misdeeds. He could not have dismissed him as an inducement to Prince Charles to return to Rome, as has been asserted, for when Charles was ultimately forced to leave Paris, Dunbar was the very friend to whom he turned for hospitality ; whereas James filled Dunbar's place with O'Brien, whom the prince hated and blamed for the great catastrophe that followed Dunbar's removal. Dunbar left Rome for Avignon on Saturday, April 8, and took up his abode with his widowed sister, Lady Inverness.

On that same April 8, James lost an old and faithful friend in Cardinal Acquaviva, minister of Spain and Naples at the Papal Court.

On the 17th, he wrote again to the prince, much concerned at the bad reception in Spain. There was all the more need to cultivate the French ministry, and to accept the offered French pension. He also gave advice which he was presently to countermand ; that Charles should remain in or near Paris until the peace or an expedition should compel removal. If he should retire of his own accord, the French would think themselves authorised to abandon him, while if he remained, the Court would feel compelled to soften the blow of expulsion, even to promote and facilitate a match with one of the Duke of Modena's daughters if Charles were to "nick" the right moment. For an exile, a French or Spanish marriage was impossible, but he might well be satisfied with a princess of his grandmother's family. He must appoint a secretary, and another to go between himself and the French ministers, since he and his brother were very unequally matched with old, experienced men. Charles had sent O'Sullivan back to Rome and James had knighted him as the prince desired

it, and O'Sullivan deserved it, though giving titles was against his present rule. Finally, he wrote: "I cannot end this without expressing to you my concern to remark from your letters your uneasyness (ill temper) and jealousies in relation to your Brother, by which means it is impossible he can be of any service to you, as he will even become a constant subject of uneasyness to you, so that I own I am tempted to send for him back hither, and tho' I don't order him to return to me, yet I now write to him that he may do so when he pleases, and the truth is, as matters now stand, I think it would be more for your service that he should be here, were it but for a few months, and were he to stay here, he would be of the less expence to me, and I could be better able to supply you at a pinch. *Enfin*, my dear child, my whole thoughts are turned to provide as much as is possible for the real good and advantage of both of you."

This letter had as little effect as usual upon the recipient. The letter referred to therein had immediate effect. It came as a call to freedom and peace.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE DEFECTION OF THE DUKE

"Ah! my Prince, it were well,—
Hadst thou to the gods been dear,
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,
With the war-pipe loud in thine ear!
To have died with never a stain
On the fair White Rose of Renown,
To have fallen, fighting in vain
For thy father, thy faith, and thy crown!"

ANDREW LANG.

ON April 29, the Duke of York invited the Prince of Wales to supper. The prince arrived; the guests were waiting; the house was brilliantly illuminated, but the host was missing—had not been seen for three hours. Sir John Graeme had not attended him, and knew nothing. Charles waited until midnight in an agony of fear lest his brother should have been assassinated or kidnapped in mistake for himself by the Hanoverian emissaries who were perpetually lying in wait. Not for three days was his suspense relieved by a letter from the duke, dated April 29, at Paris; written before his departure, and entrusted to somebody who was in the secret, to be delivered when he had made his flight safe.

He begged "10,000 pardons" for having gone away without notice. The fact was, he had a great longing to pay a visit to his father, who had been nearly two years now without having seen either of his sons. Were he only to stay with him one fortnight, it would be of inexpressible comfort. It was useless to expect leave to make the desired campaign. He could be of no particular use to his brother. As to the motive of concealing his journey, he knew Charles would not have allowed him to go without an express order from the king. There was no time to lose, not "to travell just in the violence of the heats." When once he had been with his father, were the king to think it necessary for Charles's service, he would

not stay till "autome," but come back in the dog-days, very willingly.

Charles was furious, and wrote at once to his father; the note, with a simultaneously arriving letter from the duke, was the first news the king had of Henry's journey. James highly approved of the step; was pleased to have his son home for the summer, and remonstrated in his invariably kind and sensible way with his wayward eldest-born for his unreasonable anger. Charles raved against O'Brien. James declared that O'Brien knew nothing about the journey, and James was a truthful man. Henry had left a letter, doubtless sealed, with O'Brien for the King of France, to which M. de Puyssieux made a mighty civil answer in his most Christian Majesty's name, highly approving of the "Duke of Albany's"[1] journey. Charles also wrote to Louis XV. by O'Brien, making angry complaint. He received the same reply. Sir John Graeme remained in Paris, transferred to the prince's Court; whose congenially convivial customs would no doubt make up for the strong Irish element which Sir John must have found so antipathetic.

When light came, it was a thousand times worse than darkness—a bolt to blast the prince's prospects for ever.

On June 9, James wrote to the King of France; on June 13, to Charles. To Louis, who had very likely been in the secret all along if he himself had not, James explained that it had not been solely for the pleasure of seeing his father that Prince Henry so abruptly turned his back on the French capital, but to consult him as to his religious vocation! The boy had been given to piety since his childhood, and the life he had lived in the world for his twenty-two years was in his father's eyes unmistakable proof of the purity of his motives and the reality of his vocation, so much so that James would have believed himself to be opposing the will of God did he resist his son's pious desire. They had consulted the Holy Father, who entirely approved, and promised a cardinal's hat at once to the royal postulant.

With Prince Charles the king went further into detail. His long letter is published by Lord Mahon in his Appendix, and

[1] Henry used the title for incognito in Paris. He was never created Duke of Albany, the title of the second son of a King of Scots and borne with that of York by Charles I. and James VII., also by Hanoverian princes. Hence much of the wrath with which he was to hear of his brother's creation of a Duchess of Albany.

by Dr. Browne in his *Highland Clans*. As the epistle is so easily accessible, only its substance need be given. James announced to his "dearest Carluccio" that Henry would be made cardinal in a few days. Charles would be able to say with truth that the step was taken without his knowledge or approval. Henry had long been conscious of, but had suppressed, a vocation. James believed that Henry had no other chance of happiness and tranquillity "You will understand what I mean without my enlarging further on this last so disagreeable article: he would have been useless to you, remaining in the world." This is not easily intelligible, as James had, not long ago, been discussing with Charles a marriage for Henry. But then he had not known of the vocation. James only asked that there might be no breach of affection.

Charles, not being consulted, had been deceived; there is no other word for it. A step fatal to his hopes had been taken—a step that later secured him from abject poverty, but that he could not foresee. James, in brief, renounced hope and recognised fate.

Charles received the news as he might be expected to receive it. He cut himself off from brother and father, and went his own wild way. The step was welcome to Europe, Catholic or Protestant. The Stuart cause would no longer be a serious trouble when nothing was left of it but a wayward youth. O'Brien, whom Charles suspected of having managed the affair of the cardinalate, was called by James to Rome in May 1747, as Lord Lismore. Charles demanded publication of the barony given in 1717 to the good Lochiel, a man who cared for none of these things, who only asked that he might be allowed to return and perish with the people whom he undone. Charles's request was refused.

Finally, despite James's moving entreaties, Charles, refusing to leave France under the terms of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, was seized at the door of the opera-house, bound, and carried to Vincennes. On January 14, 1749, James learned that he had arrived at Avignon on December 27. France threatened the Pope. Charles must go; and on February 28 he rode out of the town with Henry Goring into the night which so long hid him from the diplomatists of Europe. Henceforth, for long, James knew nothing of this "wandering knight so fair," save by brief notes without date of place.

Nothing could be more regular than the king's life as chronicled by Walton. Every winter was spent in Rome. Every New Year's Eve there was a great reception for congratulations on Prince Charles's birthday, even when Roman society supposed the lost prince to be dead. It was rarely that even illness prevented James from hearing daily mass in the Sant' Apostoli, and from attending all ecclesiastical functions, especially those at which his son officiated at Santa Maria in Campitelli. On January 17 he always attended a mass for his wife, sung by his son, in St. Peter's, where she was buried. St. George's Day was annually celebrated in his parish church of the Holy Apostles. The Duke of York was exceedingly fond of music, and he held receptions every evening in his rooms at the Muti Palace and also at Albano, where the best musicians of Rome performed. James rarely missed appearing at these assemblies, unless he were seriously ill or quarrelling with his son, as, alas! was often to happen. In May he always removed to Albano, accompanied by the duke, after a visit to the Pope, who gave him a handsome present in money for the expenses of the *villeggiatura*. These were heavy, owing to much hospitality expected from him. The king and the cardinal returned to Rome for every St. Peter's Day, attended the functions and illuminations, and remained in town until September, when they would return to Albano for six weeks or so. While he lived at Albano the Pope was usually in *villeggiatura* at Castelgondolfo, close by, and they walked and talked much together in the garden of the Barberini Palace, which still stands on the steep ridge rising from the Campagna.

He had many intimate friends who constantly visited and received him—the Pope first of all, a highly cultured and sensible man, and the Princess Salviati. The French ambassador, the Duc de Nivernois, lived at Frascati, and visited James constantly both at Albano and at Rome; but his society was far from conducive to his Majesty's pleasure. At best he bored James, and their long conversations were chiefly upon the inability of France to assist either James or Charles. The auditor of the Roman Rota, Monsignor de Canillac, was *persona gratissima*. Many cardinals were his good friends, especially Corsini, Spinelli, and Valenti, Secretary of State. He did not see nearly so much of Lanti, now Protector of England. Cardinal Alexander Albani had forsaken his cause, and such a great

coolness had grown between himself and Cardinal John Francis Albani that he could not endure the friendship that presently sprang up between the Duke of York and the older cardinal. Cardinal Alberoni sometimes tried to meddle in Jacobite affairs, though he was practically banished from Rome to legations in papal cities, until he returned, old and ill, to die in Rome, June 26, 1752, quite unregretted.

There was much anxiety for the Duke of York who was very delicate, threatened with consumption, occasionally fainting ; but this was little compared with the intense anxiety as to his brother, from whom there was no news unless a rare line without date or address, saying only that he was well and wanted for nothing. All manner of rumours floated about Rome as to his whereabouts. He was usually supposed to be in Poland ; except by the papal entourage, who rightly guessed him to be hidden in France or Flanders.

James had other trouble, in the hostility shown to Prince Henry's haughty pretensions by the Roman princes. Money, too, was very scarce ; and James, hitherto so exact in his payments, was getting into debt to his tradespeople. Walton reports that Henry, nevertheless, had a mitre made for himself set thick with diamonds. As he was not then a bishop, the decoration may have appertained to his position as commendator of the French Abbey of Anchin, whose revenues, however, failed to come in, in spite of much conversation and correspondence on the subject. In 1754 the revenues were at last paid to Henry, and James's cheerfulness and much comfort and hospitality at Albano were the immediate visible result.

The prince being in hiding, Jacobites of all sorts turned to the poor king and the Duke of York for countenance and support.

By October 1749, melancholy had again possessed James —now a real disease, like King Saul's. While the cloud was on him he would speak to no one, and it was vaguely guessed that he had bad news from or of Prince Charles. More probably, utter lack of news would have better explained his silent misery. His faithful heart sorrowed over the death of his old doctor St. Paul, and Henry began to be seriously anxious about his father's health, which probably meant his sanity. James had no internal malady. Hypochondria was his sole

complaint.[1] His frequent painful gastric attacks and faintings were entirely from indigestion. He ate too much, his doctors said, and his congenitally delicate constitution suffered.

There was much going on, and probably James knew more of it than Walton found out: more than enough for intense anxiety. Jacobite measures were now entirely in the prince's hands. Sir Walter Scott believed that about 1750 there was really a strong revival of Jacobitism in England. In September 1749 there was a sort of "hunting of Braemar" at the Lichfield races, when Dr. King, the Atterbury of the day, drew up a list of 275 loyal gentlemen there present. The centre of loyalty had removed to the Midlands. An insurrection was indeed to have been started at Lichfield races in September 1747. Balhaldie had been in London, and found the party staunch, though nervous, scared by revelations that had come of the treason of Murray of Broughton, to whom Lord Traquair had so foolishly babbled. Francis Kennedy was sent by the prince to Scotland to find the remains of the money buried near Loch Arkaig, and Goring was sent to England for funds. Kennedy did get a lot of money through. He was arrested in London, but Archy Cameron raised £6000 of the treasure, though it did not reach the prince. The English Jacobites sent over £15,000 to their prince, since he had parted with the men they distrusted, Kelly, Graeme, Lally, and Oxburgh. There was another step to be taken before a new rising could be successfully set on foot. Religion still barred the way to victory.

The year 1750 was the Holy Year, the Year of Jubilee, and James, though suffering from his usual malady, was able to assist in royal state at the opening of the Holy Door on Christmas Eve. The Pope, on the Duke of York's anxious appeal, brought spiritual authority to bear upon the king's despairful melancholy, and the duke devoted himself to the cheering of his father. People said that James had come to believe that Charles was imprisoned in a French fortress. His sweet temper had yielded to the strain of circumstance, chafed by incessant anxiety and frequent mortification. Walton (February 1) heard that his fits of anger were so terrible that not

[1] State Papers: Tuscany. Walton here quotes the king's doctors. Mr. Vaughan, author of the *Last of the Royal Stuarts*, is wrong in asserting that James suffered from a painful internal malady.

even his son dared speak to him. With Canillac he broke into invectives against the French Government. Then there would be long silence on the subject at the Quirinal and at the Muti, as if Charles were no longer in the world. James was apparently in despair.

Jacobitism smouldered in the Midlands and Northumberland. In June 1750 one of those small disturbances, of which the Jacobites made so much, occurred at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where a few hundred rioting colliers proclaimed Charles III. King of England. The enthusiasm of the Newcastle colliers excited the king immensely—he who had so sadly looked upon the 'Forty-five as chimerical from the first. He flung off his gloom, and his palace at Albano burst into brilliant festivity. There was an air of gaiety and plenty, constant assemblies and concerts. Adherents believed Charles to be actually in Scotland.

Not for Charles was the Church's peace of 1750. He was bent on war. He had intended to sail for England in the summer, but gave assurance (May 3) that he would expose nobody to danger but himself. Lord George Murray answered to James for the loyalty of the Highlands. They had had a great shock, and had lost many men, but since 1746 new men had been growing up. Perhaps Sweden might send a thousand men under Marshal Keith.

On July 2 Charles applied to his father for renewal of his commission as regent. James granted it, telling him he was a continual heartbreak, and warned him he must not wonder at schisms since he set the example, nor expect favours and friendship from people whom he did all in his power to disgust. He hoped this new mark of trust and kindness might touch his heart and open his eyes. Charles was wild and self-willed, and had fallen among thieves, but he could soften at the great moments of his life. He must have felt tenderly to his father, now that he was once more risking all, for he asked Edgar to send him the king's portrait in an intaglio ; therefore for constant wearing, not exhibition. Edgar sent two, cut by Costanza ; a garnet with the king's hair and initials, and an emerald. Charles, thanking Edgar, August 25, lamented that his Majesty should be "prevented against the most dutiful of sons."

He deposited 186,000 livres with Waters, and ordered Mr.

Dormer, his Antwerp agent, to procure 26,000 muskets and other weapons. On September 12 he sailed from Antwerp, and reached London on the 16th. The incidents of this little running up to town have often been told, with variants ; chiefly by himself, to Gustavus III. of Sweden and by Dr. King. He stayed with Lady Primrose in Essex Street, Strand. He met the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Westmoreland and about fifty adherents in Pall Mall, and offered to head a rising if 4000 could be mustered. He walked in the Mall, visited the Tower, and was entertained by Dr. King. And on one day, between the 16th and his departure five days later, he renounced the Church of his baptism and entered the Anglican Communion by way of St. Mary's-le-Strand—then called "the New Church in the Strand."[1] On the 24th, finding matters hopeless, he left London for Paris.

He had found, if possible, less union, less earnestness than ever among the English Jacobites. Æneas Macdonald said there were not three who agreed on the way of restoring the king. They would do no more than drink Jacobite toasts in private. To-morrow always was their favourite day, as it was the "Tempter's" in Mr. H. A. Jones's play.

The prince's conversion was not by any means made so public as might have been expected, seeing how strongly such a step had been recommended. It was not until 1752 that news of it reached France and Rome. Archibald Cameron did not know of it until his last interview with the prince before 1753. Hume dates the conversion 1753, which is impossible. We have Prince Charles's own, but only, authority, in his declaration of 1759, for dating it on this visit of 1750. Lord Denbigh and Sir James Harrington knew only in 1752, which also was the year of a burst of Protestant vigour on the part of the royal convert. If James knew presently, he kept it a secret. Perhaps Charles made a mistake in the date, and it really took place in 1752 ; or perhaps he repented for a time, finding things so hopeless in England, and said nothing about it. He may have supposed his new Protestantism a recommendation in the eyes of that shining light of the gospel of Voltaire, Frederick the Great, for he went next about Ger-

[1] St. Clement Danes is the elder church, built in 1682, to replace the old church built 1002. St. Mary's was founded in 1714, consecrated 1723 ; therefore a "New Church" in 1750. *Cf.* Charles's notes in *Pickle the Spy*.

many, hoping to persuade that potentate, and his friend the Earl Marischal, to engage openly and actively in his cause.

James was much and visibly troubled by a letter from Charles in October—natural enough if it did no more than notify his unproductive return from England. If he notified also his conversion, James disbelieved it, or kept it a secret except from the Pope and his dear friend Valenti. Only after much reluctance he showed the letter to Henry; later to Cardinal Valenti.[1] He was much less melancholy after discussing it with Valenti, who may have persuaded him that the conversion was merely a foolish experiment—as it was. The long discussion with the Pope in November may have been on the conversion, though Walton supposes that discussion to have been solely upon money. The Pope then promised James that his pension of 12,000 scudi should revert to Charles, which does not look like believing in the apostacy, and there were rumours that Charles was coming to Rome, and that it was for him that the Borghese Palace was being furnished. Whatever the troubling letter contained, neither adherents nor Roman society had a suspicion of the prince's apostasy, and it does not seem probable that either James or the Pope could have known of such a fact, if it took place that year.

On December 30 the king wrote to Prince Charles: "Tomorrow you enter your 30th year. May you see more than double that number, and happier ones than you have already past! . . . In the darkness you keep me . . . I can pray and wish but I can neither judge nor advise except on the one single article, which is so obvious and so important . . . your securing the succession of the Family by marrying." *Not a word of any change of religion*, which would have been an important subject on which James was very competent to advise. He urged marriage strongly, as giving security to the prince's person and improvement to his position, and new life to the cause.

Sir Horace Mann wrote to Cardinal Alexander Albani that "something of great consequence had happened to Charles, he could not conjecture what." Albani replied, January 9 (1751), that all he knew was, the Cardinal of York was ill of grief and James in deep affliction. Then it turned out that the Cardinal's

[1] This is only on the evidence of Walton's spy.

illness was not grief but smallpox. Albani made light of the illness, and said that James made the most of it in a letter to Charles, in hope that fraternal anxiety might bring him to Rome. If James were ignorant of Charles's apostasy, there was still cause enough for his great uneasiness. He really knew nothing of where Charles was, and what he was doing; only that, like the baby in Punch, whatever he was doing, he mustn't. James was ailing and very melancholy, but had no illness beyond his usual attacks of severe indigestion.

It took very little to irritate him now against those who looked upon him with cold curiosity and no sympathy, says Walton. Mann saw too much sympathy in such curiosity. English visitors had poured into Rome, expecting that a Jubilee meant high festivity, though they had been warned to expect the reverse; that during the Holy Year even the theatres were closed. They came to stare at King James at his devotions in the Sant' Apostoli, to his great annoyance. He even sent for Cardinal Riviera, Protector of Scotland, to complain. In the spring of 1751, Mann was annoyed to find how many English had come to live in Rome who would be corrupted by the Jacobite Court, and increase its opportunities for mischief. In April, the French ambassador reported that Charles had been in Paris; had even announced himself to the French king. There was a conflicting rumour that he lived in Poland, married to a Princess Radzivill. James was more pressingly concerned now for money than for particulars of Charles's residence. It was the chief matter of his endless correspondence, especially the delaying income from Henry's French benefices. He was so sombre and taciturn that Walton was convinced there had been some great catastrophe which those around him hid carefully; but these fits were very frequent. In March James took the jewels out of pawn that had been pledged for the Scottish expedition, but this was far from meaning that he was in funds. The generous Pope had allowed him, after much entreaty, to do so, says Walton, without paying the 24,000 scudi advanced upon them. They were polished, exhibited, packed and sealed, ready to send away by courier. For the prince's approaching marriage? conjectures Walton. Henry had some of them set in a chalice.

On April 23, 1751, the son of George II., poor "Fred who

was alive [was] dead." The Jacobites rejoiced ; very foolishly, for he was said to have been friendly. James rebuked his household publicly for such unseemly joy : even the servants were scolded if they looked pleased. Black melancholy seized him, on his summer return to Albano. His friend Cardinal Tencin was in disgrace at Versailles, and France refused his nomination of Tencin's nephew, the Bailli, to the cardinalate. Adherent visitors complained they were not so pleasantly received as of yore. Some supposed Belloni the banker must be pressing for payment of advances, as he himself was suffering from bankruptcies : others thought Charles was dead.

But on April 19, James and Edgar had each received a letter from Charles, of February 24, after a silence of many months. James replied, again without any reference to conversion. Obviously, he knew nothing of such a step. He was hurt that Charles made no allusion to his brother's recent smallpox; said that it was plain he could not think of marrying, and once more warned him against his friends. Why should they have reserves from him ? "You will see by this that I am neither tyred nor rebutted by your reserves towards me." Sir William Hay was retiring from his service, old and infirm, and going to France. "If it ever comes in your way, be kind to him."

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE REVOLT OF THE DUKE OF YORK

1751–1753

THE Cardinal of York had so far devoted himself to his father, and was his patient and affectionate companion, but he had his mother's hot, haughty temper, as he had shown in his contest with the Roman nobles. He had never recovered his strength since he had smallpox, and was now threatened with consumption—coughing and spitting blood, growing thinner every day, always hungry though always eating. Constant anxiety and indigestion had worn his father's temper very thin. Long kingship, at least over his immediate circle, had made him autocratic, as is the way in small kingdoms. Henry was twenty-six, but he was the king's youngest, his Benjamin, and, cardinal though he was, seemed to his father still a little boy. His gentle, affectionate nature, delicate health, and small stature had always made him seem much younger than his age, but he had grown much during and since his two years' absence from parental leading-strings. James was a king and a father, and tenacious of his rights. Henry was not only a man and a priest with rights of his own, but a prince of the Church, a person of established great position, and not only was he financially independent of his father, but his father was dependent in large measure upon him. It was the more difficult to reconcile these conflicting rights as the father and son dwelt under one roof, and the happy relations between them began to be disturbed.

Henry even without his French dues was growing rich. Besides his Roman commendams, a Neapolitan preferment, and a Spanish pension, he was now given an important and lucrative post in the cathedral of Seville ; but money, far from sweetening and softening life, came to embitter.

The first great offence was when Henry dismissed his chamberlain, an Englishman named Lee or Leigh, and re-

placed him by an Italian, Abbé John Lercari, a Genoese. James was furious, attributing the change to Henry's confessor, Father Ildefonso, who set him against the English. He accused Henry of making friends of people of low birth. Henry, being musical, associated familiarly with his choirmaster, Buranello, and other musicians, after the manner of James III. of Scotland. James declared that Henry's "favourites" were dividing him from his father so that they might manage his revenues. Very likely they were. James also wanted to keep those revenues entirely in his own hands, and felt outraged when his son protested, egged on, doubtless, by Ildefonso and Lercari. It was also a grievance that Henry should have ceased to interest himself in his brother's affairs. Henry demanded a separate establishment. James fell ill with anger and anxiety. His arbitrariness may be excused when it is remembered how Prince Charles had been influenced by false friends to set up in opposition to his father and all that had come of it; but jealousy, as much as anxiety, must explain the aversion of James from one friend after another of his son's. He could not endure that the young man should seek cheerful society beyond his own gloomy neighbourhood.

In August 1751 Frederick of Prussia sent the Jacobite Earl Marischal as his ambassador to Paris, and shortly after James heard from Prince Charles himself in Paris. Henry Goring was travelling between Paris, Berlin, and Sweden on the Prince's business. To the Earl Marischal's surprise, his appointment vexed his own sovereign, who did not like his taking such service under a foreign king, though he said later that he was glad of it. James was further hurt to find that the Earl did not wear the Thistle he had given him, even at the friendly French Court, any more than he had done in Vienna and Berlin. The earl was sorry, but hoped it might soon be otherwise.

The Pope was appealed to by James and his son in their quarrels. James would go first with his story, and Henry follow with his, declaring that his father's tyranny had grown so insupportable that no one could live with him. The Pope, sympathetic and sensible, admitted faults on both sides, but upheld paternal authority. So Walton reported.

On December 23 (O.S., 12), 1751, Lord Bolingbroke died at Battersea, killed by an unskilful operation for cancer in the

face. He had long retired perforce from politics, distrusted by the various governments of George II., and had amused his leisure by philosophical writing. There had never been any resumption of direct relations with the Stuart Court, though it is said that he sometimes meddled in their affairs. Walpole the historian blames him—"that masterbrand of sedition, Bolingbroke"—for the dissensions between James and his sons.

In June 1752, perhaps in the bitterness of losing the confidence of his best-loved son, the king himself took what an enemy might have called a favourite in Monsignor Lascaris, who had acted as Prince Radziwill's agent in the matter of marrying Prince Charles to the Radziwill princess. He was supposed to be still trying to make up the Polish marriage for the Prince. He was established in Rome as the Cardinal of York's vicar in the Vatican, and acted from henceforth as one of James's secretaries and closest confidants.

In 1751, if not a little earlier, a very loyal servant came to James in Andrew Lumisden, who entered his service as secretary. Lumisden had been the prince's secretary in Scotland, and had carried the royal purse through the campaign to Culloden and the rendezvous at Ruthven; had hidden for months in the Highlands, escaped and lived at Rouen till 1751 under attainder. Then he came to Rome.

In 1752 there was much doing for the prince, much cause for anxiety. James in Rome was fully aware of what was going on though he was only informed, not consulted. He could have nothing but sorrowful fear for such mad schemes, dread of the consequences to his son. His health was wretched. Edward Walpole, historian of George II., who came to Rome that year, describes his going abroad, looking like a ghost—the ghost of Charles I., so like in his misfortunes, not in his faults; so like all the Stuarts in his features and air of fatality that from the moment of seeing him (1752), Walpole could never doubt the authenticity of his birth. Tall, meagre, and melancholy, enthusiasm and disappointment "had stamped a solemnity upon his person that inspired pity rather than respect"; but Walpole, respectful in spite of Whig prejudice, remembered the brave story of Malplaquet, how gallantly the sad ghost had borne himself in the day of life and action and hope. He respected also the honourable poverty in which the royal exile lived. "The most apparent merit of the Chevalier's court," he goes on to

say, "is the great regularity of his finances and the economy of his exchequer. . . . His payments were not only most exact, but he had saved a large sum of money which was squandered on the unfortunate attempt in Scotland."

New and fiercer quarrels broke out between James and Henry. The Pope had to remind James that the Cardinal of York was a dignified personage, and had up to the present behaved well. He must not be treated like a naughty child. But James would not hear reason—he who once was always reasonable!

James was harassed to death, and now, at this very time (August) Rome rang with the news of Charles's apostasy. It was said the deed had been done at Dantzig. The news came first from Tencin in France, where it was doubtless announced in the interest of the plot now brewing. D'Argenson declared that if it were true, Charles would soon be King of England; at least, upon the death of old George II. D'Argenson's failure in this prophecy discounts his opinion of six years earlier. The conversion was not believed in after a nine days' wonder. In 1759 the prince had to protest officially and so emphatically as to the sincerity and disinterestedness of his conversion in 1750 that his many informal assertions of his Protestantism had obviously been taken for mere angry words. His only religion was hatred of the Church for which his crown had been lost, and from the date of his apostasy his downward steps hurried stumbling, faster and faster. How could sincere Churchmen believe in it, any more than Catholics did?

Rome and Walton ceased to believe in the report because James seemed so indifferent. Had it been true, would he not have given way to manifest despair? Had it been untrue, would he not have denied it publicly? But if the news was old news to him, emotion had worn out. His household certainly considered it, as D'Argenson did, a good move. On September 26, Edgar wrote officially to Sir William Hay, formerly of James's household, who had gone to Paris: "His Majesty took notice of what you say of Lord D[enbig]h. As there is a report generally spread at present, but I am persuaded without foundation, that the prince has declared himself a Protestant; the first rise of it, by what I can learn, came from what it is pretended that lord would have said in the south of

France. If he had ever he had done (*sic*) he certainly, since he spoke with such freedom and openness to you, could not have missed to mention to me, which makes me rather conclude that all that is said is mere invention and a story." Further evidence, however, came to Rome in November of 1753, when Charles dismissed all the "Papist servants" of his household at Avignon, and sent them to his father to be provided for. Mann now had information that Charles was in Ireland. A great scheme was certainly in hand. Irish priests, says Walton, were coming thick about the Muti Palace, and James was having frequent interviews with Belloni the banker.

In this fateful year there came into the prince's life a new and evil influence in the form of Miss Walkinshaw, whom he had met at Bannockburn House in 1746; who since had been a canoness in a chapter of noble ladies in the Netherlands. Charles was then living at Ghent, and sent a messenger to her to remind her of her old promise. From 1752 to 1760 she lived with the prince, bearing his incognito names as his wife. It was an unfortunate union, for in 1752 there was so much doing that Jacobite nerves were strained. Suspicion of treachery loomed large, for Miss Walkinshaw had a sister in Leicester House. James was not too much preoccupied with Henry's rebellion to suffer exceedingly from the new Walkinshaw scandal.

The Earl Marischal, as Prussian ambassador to Versailles, was giving new hope to Jacobitism. Charles had also gained a new friend, one with a bad reputation in England and Scotland, if we may believe a jealous rival, but sincerely attached to himself — Alexander Murray, brother of Lord Elibank. In 1752 Murray was the head of the next and last serious plot, and the basest, to restore the House of Stuart.

The Jacobites were stirred the more sharply to new exertions by their knowledge that the House of Hanover would presently show to fatal advantage as against their candidates. It was ceasing to be foreign. George II. was old, and a gallant young grandson, English born, sober and sincerely religious, was ready to take up the sceptre soon to fall. The quarrels between George II. and his son had been silenced by death. Scandals of family variance were now with James and his

sons. News of dissensions in the Muti Palace would fall as discouragingly upon English ears as did the old story of the matrimonial quarrel of 1725. D'Argenson in Paris knew all about it. "Verily, it is a family of *têtes-de-fer*," quoth he. De Luynes, too, knew that the Pope was at his wits' end, trying to patch up the quarrel, which had broken out anew on the score of Henry's extravagant expenditure. He still demanded a separate establishment. James, relenting, promised the Pope to agree to anything except a separate establishment. Henry wrote a submissive letter: he would return, but only on condition of at least a separate table. English comment was severe.

Henry went to Nocera and Bologna. Lascaris wrote on the king's behalf. Henry refused to return without Lercari, bought horses and carriages at Milan, sent for his silver plate from Rome, and informed the Pope he meant to live at Bologna. The Pope reminded him that cardinals must not live out of Rome unless they were bishops or legates; told him he owed his father entire obedience and submission, and that those who advised him otherwise were his worst enemies; and ordered him back to Rome. The rebel prince submitted. Peace was restored. Henry was the more penitent when he found the Pope and the French king took his father's part, and thought less of him than before. He was allowed his separate table. Lercari remained exiled at Genoa.

Even the prying Muse of Biography turns in pity from the last long years of a broken man; from the fretful reason that had been so reasonable; from the angered temper that had been so perfectly controlled. James had no previous knowledge of the foolish Elibank Plot of 1752, though later apprised of it by Young Glengarry.

In June of 1753 a new element came to disturb in the shape of a pseudo prince Charles, who audaciously entered Rome after announcing himself by letters to the king, the Cardinal of York, and a Roman lady of the Falconieri family. He escaped before the authorities caught him, but James was much upset by the affair, for who could dream of such an imposture unless the prince were dead? Another false Prince Charles appeared later, and attempted to impose upon the Prince of Baden. Early in June the Cardinal of York fell seriously ill, apparently of consumption. James was in such

distress that he withdrew from society, but at Christmas Henry began to recover.

James was not without his private information and aware of leakages from his Court. He began to distrust his servants, and every day forbade them to speak of his affairs, good or evil. It therefore became more difficult to Walton to pick up news, and it was with great difficulty that he got a journal of the household at the beginning of 1754. James, however, was less nervous about the English who stared at him in church. He was interested, returned their bows graciously, and got their names.

CHAPTER XXXV

SHADOWS CLOSING IN

"Now, who will speak and lie not,
And pledge not life, but give?
Slaves herd with herded cattle,
The day grows bright for battle;
And if we die, we die not,
And if we live, we live.

No churl's our old-world name is,
The lands we leave are fair,
But fairer far than these are,
But wide as all the seas are,
But high as heaven the fame is
That if we die we share."

A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Jacobite Song.*

THE year 1754 opened sadly. James's melancholia increased, and relations were more than strained between him and the Cardinal of York, who was too delicate to bear irritation. In February James received a new friend in a Baron de Mareschal, whom Walton declares to have been a Prussian ex-officer, ennobled by Frederick and dismissed under a cloud from the Prussian service, who claimed to be a noble Scot related to the royal house. Mareschal was "extraordinarily respected" by James's household, and caressed by James and the Cardinal as no traveller had been for long, and entertained frequently at the royal table. He must have had credentials, but, like other well-introduced guests, he may have been a spy. James grew more cheerful; was presently in high spirits, saying he had good news from Prince Charles—news perhaps brought by Mareschal, whoever he was.

James now kept much to his room, suffering from a pain in his side—taken at first for sciatica—which turned out to be hernia. Henry, who was at Nettuno, was called home. He fainted on leaving his father's room. James probably had a slight stroke about this time. His right eye was nearly blind, and his right hand rather numb. He recovered, and drove

out in the broiling heat of June, wrapped in a great cloak, so weak that, instead of being attended by his gentlemen, a strong man went with him to support him. Dropsy was now suspected, and James was nervous about himself. The doctors, said Walton, believed he would not survive the following winter. His mind was still clear, for he went on writing or dictating letters constantly; and, except with regard to the offending Duke of York, he must still have been courteous and amiable, for he retained his friends. He had all his life possessed the gift of friendship; making many friends, forgetting none, and never forgotten. The great Roman dignitaries, Cardinals Valenti, Corsini, Spinelli, and others, could have spent those frequent long hours in his sick room only out of pure affection, since there was nothing to be gained by such attention and conversation turned so often and so wearisomely upon wearisome subjects—French perfidy and rebellious children. But Lascaris was the friend he liked best to have with him. He had letters from Charles which he showed to no one but Lascaris.

For a while James was in better health, revived by the waters of Aqua Santa, a well between Rome and Albano. His appetite revived, and at the end of July he went out in his ordinary clothes, not in dressing-gown and heavy cloak; but in the querulousness of illness he continued to vex the soul of the Cardinal of York, who had now transferred his affection to Cardinal John Francis Albani, the king's magnificent host on his first visit to Rome, 1717. Albani, it was complained, was teaching Henry extravagance. James, out of lifelong necessity, was used to the careful spending of every soldo. There was really no reason why Henry should not live up to his exalted position in Rome. James's own invalid expenses were few. No poor pensioners were allowed to suffer. As to the probability of any attempt upon England that would require financing, Prince Charles had taken such matters entirely out of his father's and brother's hands.

In this year Charles reverted to Catholicism, probably to satisfy His Most Christian Majesty, who was nothing if not orthodox. Charles was trying to serve two masters, and his Catholicism was kept secret as his Protestantism had been. At least, a notable improvement must have taken place in his conduct at this time, but there is no hope of pleasing everybody.

M. de Marsac attributed this blessed abstinence from the bottle to bigotry in religion!

King James knew something of current political events in Paris, for Lady Lismore, in September 1754, was forwarding messages and parcels between him and Monsignor Louis Gualterio who, on James's nomination, was then nuncio at Paris, and for whom James was now seeking a cardinal's hat. Such royal prerogative remained to him still. His appointments to Irish Sees were not always attended to, but cardinals called upon him on receiving their hats, and he still had the crowned head's right of nominating one at each consistory;[1] two, says the angry D'Argenson, who could not understand why, since an actual reigning monarch might nominate only one. He said James made a considerable sum of money by these nominations. In 1754 James nominated his left-handed nephew, the Bishop of Soissons, Berwick's son, but Louis XV. opposed the nomination emphatically. He would not even yet, in the reign of Pompadour, forgive the bishop's victory over Châteauroux at Metz in 1744. In December, to gratify the French Court in the interests of the coming expedition, James nominated the Archbishop of Sens, confessor of the Dauphiness, and was gratefully thanked. He was less successful in Rome seeking lucrative preferments for his new friend Lascaris.

The war of 1755 between France and England meant much increase of correspondence and of anxiety about Prince Charles. The 12,000 annual Roman scudi were now entirely handed over to the prince, the Duke of York being sufficiently provided for. James resumed his baths of Aqua Santa water, but the pain in his side returned, and he was much concerned for himself, and very irritable. The Duke of York could do nothing right. His father had not the least sympathy with his musical tastes and his intimacy with Buranello, his choirmaster and favourite composer. In July he was unreasonably vexed that Henry should spend much time rehearsing a new Mass he had had composed at Venice for his beloved Santa Maria in Campitelli.

The Seven Years' War continued; most fiercely in India and North America. In 1755 England lost Minorca, a disgrace at which Prince Charles was indignant, though the

[1] State Papers, Tuscany.

English cared no more than if George II. had lost his pocket-handkerchief.

Now, 1754, the Earl Marischal, his health and heart broken, he said, by age and crosses, forsook the prince. Charles was startled by this unexpected desertion, and profoundly hurt. "My heart is broke enough without that you should finish it," he wrote to the defaulter. At the same time Frederick of Prussia retired from the position of grand patron of Jacobite plots, but the Jacobites hoped that the war might still serve them, and Lord George Murray was ready to take up arms for the House of Stuart. The Scottish Jacobites were prepared, but while Miss Walkinshaw remained with the prince, and perhaps communicated with her sister at Leicester House, they would not risk their lives. A remonstrance was forwarded to the prince, signed by "C. M. P." (Cluny Macpherson) and "H. P." (perhaps Henry Patullo: Sir Hugh Paterson also was deeply engaged in the affair), entreating him to dismiss her. Charles indignantly refused, and nothing was done. The faithful and patient but over-tried Henry Goring had left him early in 1754. The Earl Marischal returned to Berlin in June, taking Goring with him, who died not long after. Charles retired to Basle, where he lived over a year. He paid a visit to Paris in April 1755, and in May made proposals to the friendly Duc de Richelieu, but James heard that the interview was unsatisfactory, and wrote to Charles, May 20, that he himself was his greatest enemy.

Communication between Charles and his relatives continued to be vague, fitful, and of doubtful value. Horace Mann tried to get news of the wanderer from Cardinal Alessandro Albani, who was far from being a friend to the Pope's expensive and embarrassing guest. No news was bad news, and definite news was worse. James was heartbroken. He was still able to keep the nominal direction of affairs in his hands. It was one thing to abdicate in favour of a promising and popular prince in 1745, feeling himself even then too old and too much of an invalid to adapt himself to English ways and the duties of government, but another now that Charles was proving himself so unfit to take any reins, even of phantom steeds; so James kept firm hold upon them, only renewing his son's commission of regency, which he could withdraw when he pleased.

That the prince was in England in 1755 is fairly certain, and that he then held a council at Mereworth, the last great Jacobite council held in England. Lady Falmouth, Baroness le Despencer, when owner of Mereworth, showed Scott the room the prince occupied in the house between 1750 and 1762, the year of Lord Westmoreland's death. Lady Falmouth's father and mother remembered an old servant at Mereworth who had seen and known the prince at Mereworth and recollected him perfectly.

In January, James was greatly shocked and disturbed by the news of Damien's attempt upon Louis XV. He had another dangerous relapse in February. His fainting-fits were attributed to his too great application to letter-writing. He recovered, but he was now so weak that the Pope gave him a dispensation to take soup or chocolate before receiving Holy Communion; a dispensation so extraordinarily exceptional that the Emperor Charles V. had to be brought forward as a precedent. In May, James made up his intermittent quarrel with the Cardinal of York and went to Albano: the gayest visit that had been paid there for long. In the autumn there followed a great breaking of the peace.

In September the Vice-Chancellorship of St. Peter's fell vacant, and James asked the Pope to bestow the office upon his son. No notice was taken of the application. James, deeply offended by this unexpected blow, left Rome at once for Albano, without the customary official notification, not even deigning to take the papal guard with him, and threatened that unless proper reparation were made for the affront, "he would be obliged to carry himself and his misfortunes to another country." As if there were any other country open to him! It was not so much the refused boon as the silence that cut so deep. The Vice-Chancellorship was given to Cardinal Archinto, who now was also Secretary of State, King James's dear friend, Cardinal Valenti, having died after long illness. The Pope sent Spinelli to explain that he had thought silence kinder than refusal. Spinelli might say he had forgotten to write, if he thought it better. James threatened to publish a manifesto to show other Courts how he was insulted by Rome. He had ordered his furniture to be removed to Assisi, but he accepted the apology, and countermanded the removal. Henry kept out of the quarrel, to his father's annoyance. Then

a rumour that Charles was in Scotland diverted the royal mind. A manifesto in James's name, published in Scotland, reached Rome and caused much stir. Then silence fell upon the subject and new gloom upon the king.

Bad weather drove the Court back to Rome earlier than usual, and now came great difficulties as to how James and the Pope should meet. With tragic unexpectedness the matter was taken out of their hands by the dangerous illness of that good friend, Benedict XIV., and James could not be received. He brought himself to call on the supplanting Vice-Chancellor and Secretary of State, to express his sorrow for the Pope's illness, but the Pope he never saw again except once in September, during a temporary amelioration, in the sacristy of St. Mary Major. The Pope lingered, and the cardinals made ready for a conclave, and some were courting the influence that still remained to the King of England. James also kept fairly well and good-humoured; even gratified the Cardinal of York by going to hear a new cantata at the German College. He spoke cheerfully of Charles, though no one dared anger him by asking questions on that topic. Frederick of Prussia believed that France intended to employ the prince this year in Ireland. King James's friend, de Stainville, was leaving Rome for the French embassy at Vienna, but it was hoped he might speak well for the cause with the Emperor. M. de la Roche Chovart replaced him at the Vatican. James was so much pleasanter that more visitors than ever came to Albano in that spring. The Pope hovered between life and death all the year, and was obliged, perhaps not ungladly, to refuse audience to his difficult royal guest. James had several serious attacks of acute dyspepsia, but in spite of exhaustion from pain, he recovered.

On November 6, 1757, Baron Philip de Stosch, known as John Walton, died at Florence.[1] His papers were at once removed to the British Legation. His nephew offered to take his place, but was not accepted, for now accounts of King James's Court had become very scanty and worthless.

On May 2, 1758, Benedict XIV. died, and Clement XIII. (Rezzonico) was elected in his place: the last Pope to hold Avignon and the last to recognise a Stuart king. In November

[1] Letter from his nephew to the British Government. State Papers, Tuscany, Record Office.

the Cardinal of York was consecrated in the Church of the Holy Apostles Archbishop of Corinth *in partibus infidelium:* a magnificent ceremony performed by the Pope himself, assisted by Cardinals Guadagni and Borghese. James was too ill to be present. Henry was now in affluent circumstances. He was Camerlengo; also Commendatory of the Holy Apostles, a position he held until February 1759, when he exchanged it for Santa Maria in Trastevere, which still bears his arms.

In August, James was seized with "convulsions" walking in a garden belonging to the Cardinal of York. Spasms of indigestion recurred, and left him weaker than ever, though he went out occasionally in his coach. The doctors now declared his malady to be senile consumption, and his death might be expected at any time; but the tale of his years was not even yet nearly told. He was now much in bed, emaciated beyond belief, and so weak, he could scarcely speak so as to be heard, and fainted frequently. Very few were now admitted to his room. Mann was told by one admitted to see him that when he was asked about Prince Charles "he answered with signs of deep affliction, 'Never mention his name to me.'" But presently James recovered sufficiently to hear his son's name mentioned a great deal; if not to rejoice once more in hope, at least to feel again the quickening of anxiety, which was better than the deathly lethargy that was falling upon him.

In 1759 Quebec fell to the arms of Wolfe. French honour cried out for *revanche,* and another expedition on behalf of the Stuarts was contemplated. This time the courtesy of consulting King James was not forgotten, ill as he was, and Prince Charles sent for Lumisden, to the loyal secretary's delight. Lumisden had already been on secret expeditions to Germany, Austria, Paris, and Venice. Alexander Murray and Lord Clancarty dealt between the prince and the French. O'Sullivan, who had landed with the prince in Moidart, received a commission in the French army mustering at Brest. The Duc de Choiseul and the Maréchal de Belle Isle were the chief patrons of the expedition. Madame de Mézières was at last too old for active participation, but her daughter, the Princesse de Ligne, represented her in the affair. Prince Charles came out of his hole and went to his cousins at Bouillon. From Bouillon he went to Brest in disguise, with Alexander Murray, now a great

favourite, says Macallester. They were to sail with Thurot to Scotland or Ireland, while Conflans invaded England. Barbier says that Charles refused to go with Thurot and be an *épouvantail.* Thurot, after all, committed only a few small depredations in the Western Highlands. "The conquest of Ireland by Monsieur Thurot has miscarried," laughed the Earl Marischal in Spain. Conflans sailed, but was beaten by Sir Edward Hawke in Quiberon Bay at the end of October. With Conflans' ships all hope of restoration by French arms went for ever to the bottom of the sea.

At the end of the year, age and failing health compelled Lord Lismore to resign the seals of Secretary of State to James, and he retired to Paris. He had suffered much from gout during his ministry, and had been affectionately tended by his grateful master, who spent many hours at his bedside when the faithful servant lay agonised and incapacitated. Lismore died in 1760. Lady Lismore and her son continued to act as James's diplomatic agents in Paris.

The post of Secretary of State, vacant on Lord Lismore's resignation, was not titularly filled up, but on November 9 (1759) James wrote to Sir John Graeme, inviting him to succeed to that "true friend and faithful servant" as minister, to be called Chief Secretary only. His own health unfitted him now for almost any application, but there was not much to do. "This climate is favourable for old people," he went on, "and I am persuaded you will be able to live very comfortably in this place." Graeme could have no more than the pension he had so long enjoyed, but an apartment in the king's house, and a separate table with a scrivener and two horses would be at his disposal. James was no longer able to eat save alone. The Chief Secretary would also be made a Scotch earl. He must inform Lady Lismore of his coming, and settle a correspondence with her. The king enclosed a letter for her, and another to present his new minister to the Duc de Choiseul. Graeme took the title of Earl of Alford, in commemoration of his grandfather's heroism under his chief Montrose at the battle of Alford. He was of the Graemes of Maxwell Place (?), had been brought up to the law, and was out in '15. Since then he had been employed by James on missions to Vienna, Spain, France, and other Courts, and had always given satisfaction—save during his residence with the princes in Paris. The

Cardinal of York was very fond of him, and even Prince Charles wrote to him frequently.

On March 29 James fell very ill with convulsions, and was once more at the very point of death. There was great concern for him in Rome, but he recovered. He was so thin and weak that the doctors thought it impossible he could hold out for long. Old Lord Alford was ill at the same time, but able to be consulted in all business by the anxious Cardinal of York. On April 16 James had a severe relapse, and his son gave him the Last Sacraments. The papal blessing was sent for, and the Pope came in person to give it, and sat nearly half-an-hour by the bedside while the king most tenderly commended both his sons to the Pope's fatherly care. It was like his father's death-bed over again, with the Pope in the place of Louis XIV. There was the same burst of sorrow and gratitude. Pope Clement had confirmed Pope Benedict's promise of transferring the Roman pension after James's death to his son; but to the cardinal, not to Charles, says Mann. James hung between life and death till the end of May. Preparations for his funeral were begun in the church of the Sant' Apostoli, and even when he mended somewhat, the scaffoldings remained to be ready for relapse.

James recovered, most durable of creaking doors. In the middle of May he took a turn for the better, and had the bed made in which he had lain forty-seven days, and presently he could get up a few hours every day. From senile consumption he could not recover, but he might linger for some time. The funeral preparations were not suspended until the middle of June. His long toil at least was over. He could no longer attend to any business. Alford and the cardinal opened all his letters, and troubled him never with the contents.

But memory and affection were not dead, and he longed for his dearest Carluccio, that he might see him and be fully reconciled before death should divide them. The prince was at Bouillon with his cousins and, financed by France, which in spite of Quiberon Bay still meditated invasion, he had emerged from the poverty of Basle into possession of "an ecclesiastic, two gentlemen, a fine equipage, a great many hunters, eight footmen in livery, and so on." So Sir Joseph Yorke, British Minister at The Hague, reported to Lord Holdernesse, April 1,

1760. The intendant at Bouillon told his Excellency's informant that he had the French king's orders to furnish the prince with everything he wanted, to show him all the respect imaginable, and to make his abode at Bouillon as agreeable as he could. Charles was still making a show of orthodoxy, though alas! in other respects he was hurrying fast downhill. There is no need to trace here that dreary progress. He had been discouraged by Quiberon Bay from temporary amendment. Now he refused to listen to his father's touching appeals and assurances that he could visit Rome in perfect privacy and safety. James sent 12,000 livres for the journey. Charles wrote to Edgar (April 13) that he was suffering from nerves. No doubt he was, for he was seldom sober. In June (or July) the ill-treated Clementina was driven to fly from him secretly, with her child: against his violent will, but with the full concurrence of James, who was only too glad to help in the breaking of that miserable and ruinous *liaison*. She fled to Paris and placed herself, with her child, under the protection of the King of France, who refused to give them up to the storming prince, armed as the fugitives were with the authority of the King of England. Louis established them in the Convent of the Holy Sacrament in the Rue du Bacq. King James allowed them 6000 livres a year to provide for the little Lady Charlotte's education. The prince raved; then his father declared that he had assented to the mistress's flight only if she had Charles's permission.

James was well enough in September to want to go to Albano, but not well enough to obtain his doctor's permission to do so. He was so weak that he could now stand only brief visits from Cardinal Corsini and a few other old friends.

Death was busy that year elsewhere, and, sparing the House of Stuart, struck down the prince who sat upon their throne. George II. died October 27, and George III. reigned in his stead; was welcomed to the throne as an English born prince at last. There had been hope for the exiles in previous demises of the crown; here there was despair. Those English whose patriotism had chafed under foreign rule, and had kept up a merely traditional and sentimental loyalty to the Stuarts, felt themselves justified by new circumstance to transfer their hearts' allegiance to the stalwart, honest, religious young prince who was so proud to be an Englishman. Mann heard

that on the death of George II., James had issued a protest of his rights, sent privately only to the Courts of France and Spain, but he could not obtain a copy.[1]

At Christmas, James had a return of convulsions, which left him still weaker. On December 29 he entreated the Maréchal de Belle Isle to persuade Charles to come home, plaintively pleading for the son of his love; recalling the prince's old affectionate ways rather than his present harshness.

On July 13, 1761, the Cardinal of York was translated to the Roman See of Frascati: one of the six Sees which carry the title of cardinal bishop. It was filled lately by another Englishman, the late Cardinal Howard. The duke took up his residence at Frascati on July 18, and for the rest of his life it remained his best-loved home.

James never saw his son in his beautiful new home. Just before Christmas 1761 he had another convulsive attack, so serious that the Cardinal of York was called from the midst of a function in St. Peter's to attend upon his apparently dying father. All through the year James remained just alive, recovering a little, then seized again by the spasms that came of his digestive trouble, and "whiles falling into dwams." On January 4 England, still at war with France, again declared war on Spain.

James, just alive, went on outliving old friends and foes, one after another. George Kelly died in 1762. On September 24 of the same year that good and faithful servant, James Edgar, went to his rest. "The Cardinal of York attended him just before he died," a certain Mr. John Kerrick wrote from Rome, October 1, "but did not prevail upon him, with all his endeavours, to alter his sentiments of religion. . . . He [the cardinal] is looked upon here as proud and foolish, but withal charitable and humane."

On October 13, 1762, James had a stroke of paralysis and lay long unconscious. He was again quite given up by the doctors, but he came round, though his mouth was now drawn on one side and his speech barely intelligible. On February 10, 1763, a general peace ended the Seven Years' War between England, France, and Spain, and the last faint

[1] Careful research proves the taking up of the Champion's gauntlet at the coronation of George III. to be pure fiction; but also proves possibility for the secret presence there of Prince Charles.

flickering hope of invasion on behalf of the Stuarts was extinguished.

In 1763 Lord Alford, overborne by age and infirmities, resigned his office as Chief Secretary. He retired to Paris, where he died. Andrew Lumisden then became sole secretary.

CHAPTER XXXVI

CONCLUSION

"Requiem æternam dona eis Domine ; et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Requiescant in pace."

JAMES lingered on to the amazement of his doctors. In the spring of 1763 the Cardinal of York was dangerously ill of "a purple fever" (typhus ?). In May he received the much desired and highly dignified appointment of Vice-Chancellor of St. Peter's, which brought with it the magnificent palace of the Cancellaria, close to the modern Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, built by Bramante for Cardinal Riario with stones from the Colosseum.

Another old friend died at this time, Cardinal Spinelli ; and after much solicitation by the Stuart Court, Cardinal John Francis Albani succeeded him as Protector of Scotland and head of the Scots College : the first important preferment that came to the Duke of York as a sort of regent, for his father was now quite incapable of concerning himself in such matters.

In November, the king's general health took a turn much for the worse. His life, a weariness to himself, was of the greatest consequence to his poorer subjects, for all his pensions might not be continued to his sons, and their withdrawal would mean extreme distress for his own numberless pensioners, who were keenly anxious as to his will. The Duke of York had the care of supplying needs and soothing anxieties as to the future ; also, to judge upon constant new appeals which required great discrimination and tact. Not even everybody who was deserving could be supported, while most dubious claims were continually set forth. Scores of impoverished Jacobites, militant or only sympathetic, and hundreds of needy adventurers who had not lifted a finger, perhaps not even a voice, for the cause, pretended to owe their poverty to loyalty, and claimed that it was King James's duty to support them and

their families for life. Had King James been reigning at St. James's, with the revenues of the empire at his command, he could not have supplied all that was demanded. The Duke of York said they would do what they could, but the little they had to give must, in the first place, be given to those who had risked their lives or actually lost their fortunes in their service. The remainder they could only bestow in simple charities.

And here a protest may perhaps be permitted against the almost universal and perpetual reproach of ingratitude which is cast upon the whole House of Stuart. Charles I. had no opportunity of rewarding his followers, who applied in their legions to Charles II. His Merry Majesty did what he could, but declared that if he were to ennoble every one who expected it, the House of Lords must meet on Salisbury Plain![1] James II. denuded himself of every penny he could to support his exiled adherents, and was heart-broken at being able to do so little for them. His queen and his children sold their jewels, and went bare and even ill-nourished to help the poor Jacobites who came to St. Germain's. These princes were themselves dependent upon alms. They had no lands nor civil lists, yet they were dunned as importunately as if they had been on the throne.

Lady Lismore and her son had been managing James's affairs in France in a sort of ambassadorial character. Plotting still went busily on between Prince Charles and certain English Jacobites, encouraged by French resentment for the loss of Canada and other colonial possessions, and by the humiliating Peace of Paris in 1763. The prince's whereabouts was still known only to a few energetic supporters, chiefly women. The Duke of York had grave reason to disapprove of Lady Lismore's proceedings, and took the private affairs of the family out of her hands and her son's, warning them that if they complained they would be deprived of the pension the king allowed them. He was always anti-Irish, as against the philo-Irishism of Prince Charles.

Henry tried to persuade Charles to return to Rome before his father's death, since to be on the spot might make all the difference as to his future position, to what should be done for

[1] Lord Ailesbury says: "Many were rewarded at the Restoration, claiming to have brought it on, who little deserved it."

the great claim he would inherit. In this, says Lumisden, the duke's disinterested conduct and love of his brother was very conspicuous, for it was quite against his own interest to have Charles in Rome, especially while the king lived. He worked on his brother's behalf with the utmost zeal, and even induced the Pope to invite him and to promise him the same treatment and honours King James had always had. To facilitate the Pope's consent and remove the objection of expense to the Camera, the duke himself proposed to resign to his brother the 10,000 crowns a year, which the Pope had settled upon him in the event of the king's death. Under the king's settlement of the previous year, all his savings would have gone to the duke. By the prince's return he would deprive himself of that money also, and hand it over to his brother, as well as what had been saved since the making of the settlement.

Charles refused to come unless he should be received with full royal honour, and recognition promised to him on his father's death. The Pope promised he should be received with distinction, and his father's appointments, income, and palaces continued to him, but as to any marks of royalty, he neither could nor would grant them, but was resolved to do in that respect as the Courts of France and Spain did, and he sent an envoy to these Courts to find out their intentions. Mann believed with much reason that those Courts, like Rome, would be only too glad to seize upon the coming change as an opportunity to end the perplexities brought upon them by recognition of a Stuart king. Rome was grateful to George III. for his lenity towards Catholics, and would be glad to prove it. The Stuart title was an obstacle in the way of perfect peace between England and the Church. Cardinal John Francis Albani did all he could to further the efforts of his friend the Cardinal of York, but the Pope was as a rock. As father of all Christians, he must not exasperate the English against Catholics.

In December 1764 Henry again entreated Charles in his own interest to come to Rome. Charles again refused. Nearly a year later, September 20, 1765, Henry writes sadly, "After all I have said and done, I quite despair of everything ; my only comfort is the consciousness of having omitted nothing either to convince or persuade the [prince] to do what is for his true interest." James knew little of the *tracassaries* going

on ; nor even, said the spies, of who was about him. In September 1764 he had had another stroke, yet again his expected death deferred. The spies said that after this he never regained consciousness, except for a few hours in the mornings, and for the rest of the time he knew nobody, not even his doctors and attendants. It was reported to Mann that since this last attack he was quite imbecile ; laughed continually, and was insensible of everything. This must have been the exaggeration of ill-will, for Dennistoun, who knew from Lumisden, says nothing of imbecility. The spies supplied "copy" according to Mann's requirements.

All through 1765 he lingered in the same condition. No one saw him except those necessary to his service. Correspondence continued between the anxious and patient Duke of York and his obstinate brother, but recognition came not and Charles delayed.

At the end of November 1765 James had a severe attack of his old malady, quartan ague. Charles again was urgently summoned, and the queen's apartments, hitherto occupied by the Duke of York, were hurriedly prepared for him. Charles still delayed, waiting to hear how the Pope would receive him. The Pope promised to receive him as Prince of Wales. "He is certainly coming," Lumisden writes to Lord Alford on Christmas Eve ; whom he happily assures that the prince's "prejudices" against the duke were removed.

On December 10 the king's ague abated, and on Christmas Day he insisted on hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion ; proof that he was not the imbecile Sir Horace Mann had represented him to be.[1] Two days later he relapsed, and had a fainting-fit. He was bled ; large quantities of bark were again administered, and he was rather better. Then the paroxysms of pain returned ; death seemed imminent, and he was anointed. On Wednesday, New Year's Day, 1766, about "22 o'clock," immediately after making a good dinner, he was seized with an oppression of the breast. The Prayer of Commendation was read—"Go forth, O Christian soul" —and the Pope's blessing was sent. Henry could not endure the scene, and went to await the event in his chamberlain's lodging. James died unexpectedly at a quarter-

[1] No priest would administer the sacraments to one not fully conscious of what he was doing.

past nine in the evening. There were present Cardinal John Francis Albani, his faithful friend Lascaris, the Grand Prior of England, Gian Battista Altieri, Canziani, the treasurer, and a few others. The Cardinal of York was not present. The tenderest of fathers died without the consoling presence of his two dear sons.

To unloving eyes his death was the uninteresting close of a weary pilgrimage, the welcome end of a weary watch ; the least heroic and least tragic of deaths ; the natural wearing-out of an old, never very useful, machine. But in larger other eyes than theirs, it was the end of nearly eighty years of martyrdom. Indeed, he had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith, and in the world where the wrongs of this world are righted and the dark things made clear, he had received his crown. Round his weary head no martyr's glory may shine ; no glory of romance such as lightens for ever the sad memory of his son ; only the soft veiled light of patience and goodness, of undeserved suffering long and bravely borne. James's private life had been of the purest ; wonderfully so, when we consider the temptations that beset even an uncrowned prince, and the tolerance of his period. Till sorrow, illness, old age, and the coldness of his eldest son, overcame his *bon naturel*, till he was no longer his true self, he was the most affectionate of fathers—patient, reasonable, forgiving, and honest : "The best of kings, and even of men," says Andrew Lumisden.

All that remained to do honour to the old king, the loyal son and guest of Rome for half a century, was done as generously and as splendidly as if he had reigned in power and glory all those sixty-five years and over. All the theatres in Rome were closed while his body was above ground.[1] After the embalming (January 3) the king lay in state in the chamber next to his own little bedroom, dressed in his usual clothes, with periwig and sword, wearing his orders, upon a bed covered with cloth of gold. Black curtains hung round from eight silver pillars, candles burned night and day ; masses went on incessantly from dawn to noon in the two rooms and in the Roman churches. Pontifical guards kept the palace doors and staircase ; his own servants watched by his body.

[1] Sir Horace Mann, with his usual spitefulness, said, "The Romans were vastly impatient to bury him that the theatres might be re-opened."

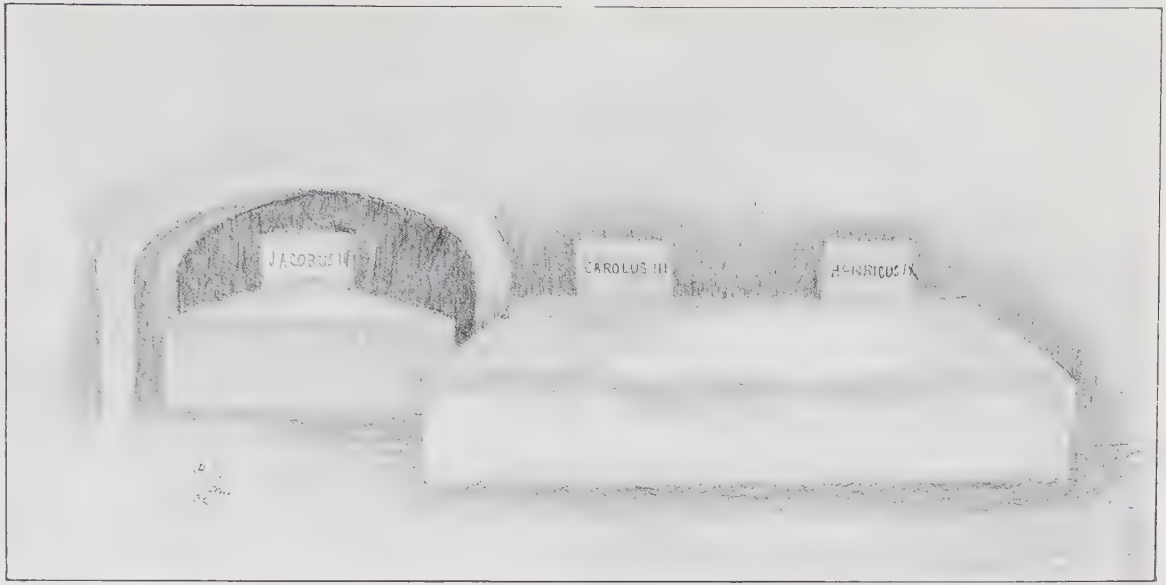
By his will he had requested to be laid in the parish Church of the Holy Apostles, where he had worshipped so long and so constantly ; but with the odd intention of doing him more honour than he desired, the Pope decreed that he must be buried in St. Peter's beside his wife. On the evening of the Epiphany, he was carried on a bier into the Church of the Apostles, which was hung in mourning as for a king ; decorated with inscriptions, armorial devices, and branches of cypress, and, after the gruesome taste of the age, with skeletons and death's-heads in silver. His clothes were now exchanged for royal robes of crimson velvet, and he lay before the altar on a bed of purple silk, his orders on his breast, with crown on head, orb and sceptre in either hand.

Next day the Requiem Mass was sung. It was a terrible day of storm and bitter cold—to his grave he had the weather against him !—but such crowds as came out to view the pageant had not been seen in Rome since Clementina's funeral. It was necessary to reinforce the guards, but perfect order was kept. Not only love of a show sent the Roman people forth to brave the elements. They mourned on all sides for the charitable king, the father of the poor, and for the Christian hero.[1]

The Pope was ill of asthma, and compelled by the bitter weather to keep his room. The Requiem Mass was sung by Cardinal John Francis Albani, Protector of Scotland. The Latin oration was delivered by Monsignor Orazio Mattei, Chancellor of St. Mary Major.

After the Mass, the king was carried to St. Peter's in great procession, escorted by the Swiss Guards in Michelangelo's glorious red and black and gold. The papal militia, under arms, kept the way. Shops were all shut, but windows were crammed. The traffic was stopped, and all Rome was gathered in the streets between the Sant' Apostoli and the Vatican Basilica. In the procession the island kingdoms were represented by the Heads and five hundred students of the English, Scots, and Irish Colleges bearing torches ; by the Grand Priors of England and Ireland and the Marchese Gualterio, as a Peer of Scotland (Earl of Dundee). The company of Royal Grena-

[1] Gualterio Papers (British Museum), 20,313, f. 309; also MSS. 6039, f. 201; 34,638, ff. 250 *sqq.* (Italian); 21,445, f. 160 (Spanish).



TOMBS OF THE STUARTS IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S

From a Pencil Sketch

diers ended the procession. At St. Peter's the king was coffined.[1] His old friend Lascaris pronounced the absolutions and sang the second Requiem Mass, as vicar of the Basilica: his old enemy, Lercari, Archbishop of Adrianople, assisted. The Cardinal of York was present at St. Peter's. Lumisden performed his farewell duty to his old master by setting his seal on the coffin. His services as secretary were transferred to his Majesty King Charles III.

Sir Horace Mann heard that James had left property in the public funds at Rome to the value of a million crowns, but thought that estimate exaggerated. The Bailli de Breteuil, who had attended Charles in France, told Mann that there was a revenue of near £15,000 sterling from James's French investments. Later, Mann found James had died much richer than was supposed, having had, besides the French revenues, great sums drawn from his wife's Polish property.

So the last British-born Stuart was laid to rest; not to sleep with his fathers. With him was buried the ancient Stuart royalty. Nothing of it remained but the disappointed hope and angry protest of his elder son, the gentle but dignified acquiescence of the younger. All was over that was mortal. The old song was sung; the last drama of the awful Stuart cycle was played out. The cause and its glory remained a banquet-hall deserted, whose lights were fled, whose garlands dead, and all but a little few and a mournful memory departed. But that few—and that memory! Green as the unfading pines of the Highland glens that memory lives for ever. And for that few!—We fools esteemed their life madness and their end to be utter destruction, but they are numbered among the heroes of all time. They stood with great constancy against those that afflicted them, and made no account of their sufferings, and they shone as sparks among the stubble of their sordid, self-seeking age. As gold in the furnace were they proved, and in time there has come respect to them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to perish in misery, but they who were faithful in love now rest in honour, and their names live for evermore where loyalty and faith are crowned.

[1] The outer coffin bore besides his portrait, crown, and arms, a view of London.

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